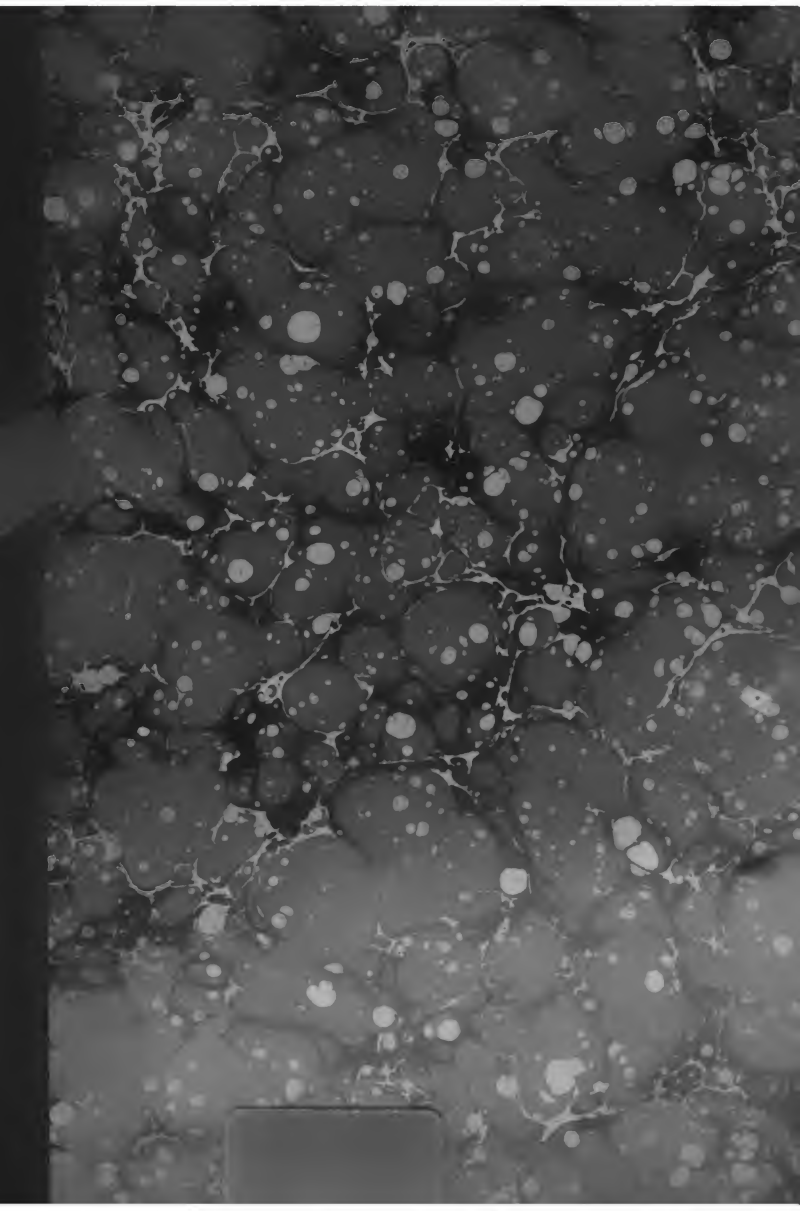
The Folk-lore journal

Folklore Society (Great Britain)



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THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL,

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(JANUARY—DECEMBER 1883.)



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Apperson (G. L.) Index to the Folk-lore of Horace . .	115
Black (William George) The Hare in Folk-lore . . .	84
Blind (Karl) May-chafer and Spring Songs in Germany .	187
Brinton (Daniel G.) Folk-lore of Yucatan	244
Britten (James) Irish Folk-tales . . . 52, 184, 316,	363
——— ——— Warwickshire Customs, 1759-60 . .	351
Continental Folk-lore Notes	380
Coote (H. C.) A Building Superstition	23
Crombie (J. W.) Some Spanish Superstitions . . .	295
Fenton (J.) Folk-lore in relation to Psychology and Education	258
Folk-tale Analysis	41
Gomme (G. L.) Bibliography of Folk-lore Publications in English 77, 344,	387
Gregor (Rev. W.) Stories of Fairies from Scotland .	25, 55
——— ——— Some Marriage Customs . . .	119
——— ——— Kelpie Stories	292
Hope (R. C.) Derbyshire and Cumberland Counting-out and Children's Game Rhymes	384
Jones (Rev. W. H.) and J. L. Kropt. Magyar Folk-lore -	354
Lang (Andrew) Anthropology and the Vedas . . .	107
Martinengo-Cesaresco (Countess). Songs for the Rite of May	153
Moore (T. H.) A Chilian Folk-tale	221
Notes, Queries, Notices, and News 28, 59, 90, 121, 166, 191, 226, 267, 297, 330, 363,	394
Palmer (Rev. A. Smythe) An Irish Folk-tale . . .	256

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Page

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

Introductory Chapter.

IN the second volume of the *Folk-Lore Record* (pp. 19-46) an attempt was made to describe a number of the curious ideas and superstitions which are found amongst the various tribes of people inhabiting the great island of Madagascar; showing some of the strange notions held with regard to animals, both real and fabulous, trees and plants, lucky and unlucky days and times, ordeals, &c. &c.* It was, however, mentioned that in addition to these illustrations of folk-lore, a considerable number of folk-tales had recently been brought to light, and that these, from their variety and the length of many of them, could only be properly treated in a separate form. Our principal object, therefore, is now to try and put a few of these Malagasy tales into an English dress, giving such notes and explanations as may be necessary to elucidate points which would otherwise be obscure. We shall also give selections from other native productions—fables, games, songs, and nursery tales, as well as illustrations of the imaginative cast of the Malagasy mind as evinced in their public speeches and oratory, with its wealth of imagery and illustration.

Even so recently as five or six years ago it would have been impossible to write much on these subjects, because the materials did not then exist in any collected form. It is only within this very recent period that the attention of European missionaries residing in Madagascar has been directed to the subject of native folk-lore; but as soon as research in this direction was commenced we were astonished at the abundance of material available in all parts of

* A short supplementary paper was also given on the same subject in the fourth vol. of the *Folk-Lore Record*, pp. 46-51.

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the country to which we had access. It may be thought strange, perhaps, that although many of us have been resident in Madagascar for fourteen or fifteen years, such tales and legends should have remained so long unknown to us. The explanation of this is, that not only have the needs of the people, and the consequent demands upon our time and energies, been exceptionally great since the destruction of the idols in the central provinces at the close of 1869, but also that many of these stories being connected more or less with the old idolatrous state of society then passing away, the people were somewhat ashamed of them, and probably thought that we should think them unworthy of serious attention. As soon, however, as it was seen that we considered them to possess interest, it became comparatively easy to obtain a good many of these relics of primeval times. It must be borne in mind that the Malagasy had no written language before mission work was commenced by the London Missionary Society in the interior of Madagascar about sixty years ago. They had, therefore, no books, or manuscripts, or inscriptions, so that all the "unwritten literature"—if we may so call it—which has recently come to light, in the shape of proverbs, oratorical adornments of speech, songs, legends, nursery stories, and folk-tales, has been preserved, up to about five years ago, solely in MS. or tradition.

The most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Malagasy Folk-tales has been made by a learned member of the Norwegian Lutheran Mission, the Rev. Louis Dahle, who published in the early part of 1877 a volume of 457 pages, small octavo, entitled *Specimens of Malagasy Folk-lore*. This was printed at the Press of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association at Antanànarìvo, and dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. W. H. J. Bleek, of Cape Town, so well known for his laborious investigations into South African languages and literature. Except the preface and title-page, this volume is entirely in Malagasy, and is therefore as yet a sealed book to those who are unacquainted with the language in which it is written.

In the same year (1877) several Europeans residing at Antanànarìvo, chiefly those connected with the L. M. S. Mission, formed a little society for the purpose of collecting and printing the folk-lore of Madagascar. Each member was expected to forward to the publisher, from time to time, any specimens of the native literature possessing interest, that might come under his notice, such as tales, fables and allegories, proverbs, public speeches, &c. Seven numbers of the

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publications of this society were printed at somewhat irregular intervals, each number consisting of twenty-four pages 12mo. For some reason, unknown to myself, the printing of this work was discontinued, and has not yet been resumed, although it is understood that there is still a considerable amount of material available for use in MS. Much as this is to be regretted, the 168 pages already in print are most valuable and interesting, as I hope to show by numerous extracts. In addition to the subjects already mentioned, the Malagasy Folk-lore Society's publications contain specimens of native riddles, and of rhymes which are a species of mnemonics, intended to aid in the learning of the numbers in arithmetic.

These introductory remarks would not be complete without a few words in addition, describing what had been previously done by two or three other missionaries in Madagascar, in a somewhat similar direction to folk-lore studies properly so called. In the year 1871 my friends, the Rev. W. E. Cousins and Mr. J. Parrett, published a small volume of 76 pp., containing 1477 Malagasy proverbs, a branch of native traditional wisdom in which the language is very rich. Owing to our increased knowledge since 1871, this collection of proverbs might now be very greatly enlarged; it could probably be doubled or nearly trebled in size. It has been justly remarked that "the proverbial sayings [of the Malagasy] present the fullest exhibition of the grade of mind among the people, both intellectually and morally."

Two years later, Mr. Cousins published another small volume of 58 pp., containing twenty-six *Kabàry* or royal and other speeches and proclamations, dating from 1787 to 1872. These public addresses are not only of considerable interest as historical documents, but they have a great value as preserving archaic words and obsolete or obsolescent forms of construction, and thus throwing important light upon the language. "This," remarks the Rev. D. Griffiths, who, with the Rev. D. Jones, did the chief work of reducing the Malagasy tongue to a systematic written form, "has reached its present state of excellence merely by ordinary conversation, speeches in the public assemblies (*i.e. Kabàry*), and pleadings in the courts of justice."

Three years later still (in 1876), Mr. Cousins issued another small volume of 56 pp., containing about a score native accounts of Malagasy customs, including the circumcision observances, the administration of the Tangéna poison-ordeal, marriage and burial ceremonies,

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and those connected with the New Year's festival, &c. Use has been made of many of these in some of the chapters in the writer's book, *The Great African Island* (Trübner, 1880).

An intelligent native officer named Rabézàndrina published in 1875 a pamphlet of 42 pp., giving a complete version of a favourite Malagasy story, the history of two rogues named Ikòtofétsy and Imàhakà, together with a shorter story. The former of these native tales was rendered into English by the late Mr. James Cameron, of the L. M. S. Mission, and was published in 1871, in the *Cape Magazine*, issued at Cape Town; and within the last two or three years, Miss Cameron, daughter of the gentleman just mentioned, has contributed to the same magazine English renderings of about half-a-dozen of the tales given in Mr. Dahle's collection.

Translations into English of about a dozen Malagasy folk-tales have been made by the Rev. J. Richardson, also of the L. M. S. Mission, and were published in the 1877 and 1878 numbers of the *Antanànarivo Annual;* but as the circulation of this magazine is chiefly confined to those resident in or closely connected with Madagascar, probably very few people have seen these Malagasy stories. Two or three specimens of the fables and folk-tales may be found in some other publications: in Copland's *History of the Island of Madagascar* (1822), in Ellis's much more valuable and complete *History* (1838), in Mr. E. Baker's *Outline of a Grammar of the Malagasy Language* (1845), and in some papers entitled, "Madagascar à Vol d'Oiseau," in the *Tour du Monde* (x. liv. 247, 248, 249), and subsequently translated into English in *Illustrated Travels*, vol. i. These, I believe, comprise all that is at present available in an English form of Malagasy folk-tales, songs, and fables.

Mention should also be made of a work in Malagasy which was printed at the Jesuit mission press at Antanànarìvo five or six years ago. This was the first volume of a *History of the Kings of Imérina* (the central province of Madagascar), derived from native sources, manuscripts written during the last few years, and traditions. This book gives, in addition to the history of the country, a considerable amount of information about the native customs as they are supposed to have successively arisen from the earliest periods, including not a little folk-lore, the beliefs as to supposed supernatural beings, divination, witchcraft, the idols, &c. The book contains 258 pages, and it is intimated at the close that three other volumes will complete

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the work, but nothing additional has yet (1882) been issued. Several articles containing information on folk-lore are also included in the contents of a Malagasy work entitled *Isan-kerin-taona*, or "Annual," but of which only two volumes (for 1876 and 1877) were published at the Friends' Mission press in Antanànarivo.

This historical introduction to the subject will indicate what has been done hitherto to make Malagasy folk-lore accessible to students, and how little is yet to be found translated into English, although a considerable amount is now printed from the native accounts, obtained either orally or in manuscript.

In this paper large use will be made of Mr. Dahle's collections, partly because hardly any of these have yet been translated, and also because his book, although professing only to give "specimens" of Malagasy folk-lore, has a completeness of its own, as it includes examples of all the branches of this kind of literature, as well as some from all the chief provinces of the country.

Mr. Dahle says of his work that it is restricted to branches of folk-lore of which hardly anything has yet been published, viz. adages, riddles and conundrums, songs, oratorical flourishes of speech, children's plays, bogey stories, and tales and fables. It does not include any strictly historical traditions, many of which are available; and although only printed for private circulation, Mr. Dahle thought it right to omit a good many pieces containing impure expressions and allusions, by which omissions the collection has been reduced very considerably. Whatever is found in the book is given full and unchanged, nothing being added by the editor but the descriptive headings. Mr. Dahle notes that many of the tales occur in different forms in different provinces, and that, had space allowed, other "variants" might have been added to those which are given in the work. He also says that, although care has been taken to include only purely native productions, it is possible that some of the elements contained in a few of them may have originated from or at least have been influenced by foreigners to a certain extent. Some of the tales, he remarks, "have a rather suspicious Oriental colour; while the curious ideas in some of them, the fine and florid, often very obscure, language of others, and the interesting form of not a few of the poetical pieces (*e.g.* the often very prominent *parallelisms* so characteristic of Oriental, and especially Hebrew, poetry), must claim the attention of many who are able to read them in the original."

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Nothing further need be added to these introductory remarks except to note that in addition to their value in other ways, this collection of folk-lore and folk-tales is of considerable use as throwing light upon the Malagasy language, by preserving numerous words and idioms which are seldom or never heard in other connections. Should we eventually be able to procure the variants of many of the chief stories from all the provinces of the island, the service which folk-tales will render in studying the various dialects of Malagasy can hardly be over-rated.*

CHAPTER I.

Oratory and Figures of Speech.

The first of the nine sections into which Mr. Dahle's book is divided treats of *Hain-tény làvalàva*, lit. "Somewhat lengthy clever speeches," *i.e.*, Oratorical Flourishes and Ornaments of Speech, which are occasionally expanded into an allegory. As with many peoples of lively imagination, but who have had no literature, the Malagasy are, as a rule, ready and fluent speakers, and many of them have considerable oratorical powers. The native language is pleasant and musical in its sounds, full of vowels and liquids, and free from all harsh and guttural utterances; and the mental habits of the people induce a great amount of illustration in their ordinary speech, which is full of proverbs and similes. In their more formal and public addresses these are also found in abundance, as well as allegories, fables, and figures derived largely from natural objects.

* I must here note that, this paper being written in England, the translations from these Malagasy productions are made at some disadvantage, as I have been unable to get any help from native friends. As many of the words used in them are obsolete they are not familiar to me, and numbers of them are not found in our dictionary, so that occasionally I have been at a loss for the exact meaning of a passage; and in many more instances, although the literal meaning of the words is plain enough, there is some figurative use of them, or some obscure allusion, which requires help from a native Malagasy to render the whole perfectly clear. I have done my best, but I am very conscious how many defects there are in these translations, which will be still more obvious to those who are living in Madagascar.

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Here is one of the first examples, which is entitled

The Desolate (one) forsaken by Friends.

I (am) a straggling piece of peel from the young shoots of the plantain tree; but when I still had possessions, while I still was in happy circumstances, then I was loved by both father's and mother's relations. When I spake, they were shamefaced; when I admonished, they submitted; so that I was to father's relatives their protection* and glory, and to mother's relatives the wide-sheltering sunshade; and was to them (as) the calf born in the summer,† both amusement and wealth, of whom they said: This one is the great *voàra* (a species of *ficus*), ornament of the field; this the great house, adornment of the town; this is protection, this is glory, this is splendour, this is boasting; this will preserve the memory of the dead, for (he is as) wide-spreading grass in the deserted village, and succeeding his fathers. Yes, they thought me a memorial stone set up, and I was (received) both with shoutings and acclamation.‡

Nevertheless I am (but) a straggling piece of peel from the shoots of the plantain tree; and now I am left spent and desolate, and having nothing, and hated by father's family, and cast off by mother's relations; and considered by them but a stone on which things are dried in the sun, and, when the day becomes cloudy, kicked away. Yes, O people, O good folks, for while I admonish you I also reproach myself, for I am both reproached and openly ashamed. Therefore, hark ye, take good care of property; for when property is gone, gone is adornment; and the lean ox is not licked by its fellows, and the desolate person is not loved. So do not waste the rice, for those whose planting-rice is gone, and who have to enter into the fellow-wife's house, are in sad case. Do not trample on my cloth, for I cannot arrange the cotton to weave another, and it is ill having rags to wear in the winter.

It will be observed how large a number of figures there is in these few sentences; some of the allusions are explained in foot-notes, but other points are somewhat obscure to those unacquainted with the habits and customs of the Malagasy.

* The word thus translated means, literally, a post set up as a protection to taboo a house or piece of ground.

† That is, in the rainy season, when there is plenty of fresh pasture.

‡ Memorial stones are largely used in the central provinces, and consist of massive monoliths erected with immense labour and expense.

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Many of the shorter of these "flowers of oratory" have the sententious forms of the proverbs; and others take the shape of a conversation between imaginary persons, whose names often afford a key to the sentiments they express. The language readily lends itself to such coinage of names; half a-dozen prefixes being joined to words or short sentences immediately turn them into proper names, each appropriate for the speakers, whether male or female, old or young, &c.

Very frequent allusions are made to fidelity in friendship, which is a strongly-marked feature of the Malagasy character, as shown by the practice of brotherhood-by-blood covenants. Here is an example, entitled

Mutual Love.

Let us two, O friend, never separate upon the high mountain, nor part upon the lofty rock, nor leave each other on the wide-spread plain. For, alas! that this narrow valley should part such loving ones as we are; for thou wilt be hidden, and I shall be unseen; so farewell until we meet again; for thou wilt advance and go home, and I shall return to remain; for if thou, the traveller, shouldst not be sad, much less should I, the one left. I am a child left by its companions, and playing with dust * all alone; but still, should I not be utterly weak and given up to folly, if I blamed my friend for going home?

Some of the pieces remind us of the English nursery rhymes of the type of the "Old woman who could not get home to get her husband's supper ready"; as is the following:—

The Bird who could find no Place to lay her Eggs.

I (sought to) lay, says the bird, upon high tree.† The high tree was blown by the wind; the wind was stopped by the hill; the hill was burrowed by the rat; the rat was food for the dog; the dog was controlled by the man; the man was conquered by the spear; the spear was conquered by the rock; the rock was overflowed by the water; the water was crossed by little red-eye (a small bird).

Several of the pieces in this section of the book refer to divorce,

* The common amusement of native children, equivalent to the "mud pies" of English children.

† Here personified by the addition of the personal prefix *Ra*, and the word for tree meaning, strictly, the lofty = the lofty one.

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and to the attempts often made to bring back to the husband a wife who had been put away. This facility of divorce and the general looseness of the marriage relation is one of the least pleasing features of Malagasy society; the power of divorce being usually in the husband's hands, and being often exercised for the most trivial reasons, and effected in an absurdly easy fashion. It will be seen, however, in the following piece, that the woman was often quite equal to her husband in power of repartee, and could speak with stinging sarcasm of his fickle conduct and heartlessness.

Sending home a divorced Wife.

Whereaway, O pair of bluebirds? are you going east or going west? If to the west, I will bind you hand and foot to tell to Rabàrimàso that for a whole year and throughout seven months thy friend has not bathed in warm water, but tears longing for thee have been his bath. Therefore say: May you live, says *Ratsàrahòbitsimbahofàty** [that is, the husband], for thou art not forgotten by him, though the distance be great and though the streams be in flood. And when *Rafàraélanàndefèrana* [Mrs. Long-enduring], heard that, she said: "Upon my word, I am astonished at thee, Andriamatòa [a term of respect to an elderly man or eldest son]: when you married me, you thought the road was not big enough for me, but when you divorced me you considered me a mere nothing; when you asked for me, you spread out like the broad roof of the house, but when you put me away you folded up like its gable. So enough of that, Andriamatòa," &c.

And so she proceeds to pile up figure upon figure to illustrate his ill-treatment of her; telling him, "Perhaps you think me a poor little locust left by its companions, which can be caught by anyone having a hand." "A protection," she tells him, "can be found from the rain by sewing together the mat umbrellas, but it is love that is spent, and love that is scattered, and love that has removed, and the cut ends of the threads are not to be joined together."† To all this the husband rejoins: "Unfortunate that I am, Rafàra, wife beloved, I sent unfit persons; to get you home were they sent, nevertheless to keep us separate is what they have accomplished; so come home then, Rafàra, for our children are sad, the house is desolate, the rice fields are turned into

* There is some significance in this long name, but it is not quite clear to me from its literal meaning.

† Referring to weaving cloth.

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a marsh," &c. Whether these efforts were successful is left to conjecture; one may hope that after such moving appeals the injured and indignant wife came back to her family; especially since they are followed by this additional address of the husband to the people at large to help him out of his difficulty :—

Second Speech of Ratsàrahòby.

Help me, good folks, for the fowl I had all but caught has flown off into the long grass, and the bird I had almost obtained for rearing has been carried off by the flood, and the bull I should have obtained for fighting has escaped to the top of the high mountain. So help me, good people, and say thus to Rafàra: (I) will be humble in spirit without obstinacy, and will follow what you have done; for if thou art as the storm destroying the rice, let me be the tree-trunk plucked up. And if thou art as hail destroying the rice, let me be the wide field on which it is scattered. And if thou art as the thunderbolt falling to the earth, let me be the rock on which it dances. And if thou art as the whirlwind blinding the eyes, let me be the lake, substitute for eyes. Because gone is my obstinacy, for gentleness only remains, for there is no support of life, since Rafàra is the support of life; so send me home Rafàra, lest I become a fool.

In Malagasy philosophy, as in that of all nations, there occurs frequent mention of life and its shortness; and, in the absence of any certainty as to a future life, a sentiment somewhat parallel to the old heathen saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," as thus:—

Take your fill of Pleasure while you live.

O ye prosperous people, O ye well-to-do folks, take your fill of pleasure while you live; for when dead and come to the "stone with the little mouth" [the native tombs, among the Hova, are made of large undressed slabs of basalt rock, in one of which a small entrance is cut] it is not to return the same day, but to stop there to sleep;* it is not to visit only, but to remain. The covering-stone† is what presses down over one, the red earth is above the breast, a temporary roof and tent walls surround one:‡ no turning round, no rising up.

* Here is a play upon native words (*mòdi-mòdy*) which are used alike for sleeping away from home for a night and also for dying.

† The four stones forming the sides of the Hova tombs are covered in by one huge slab, called the *Rànovòhy*.

‡ Referring to the native customs at a funeral, and in making a new tomb.

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Another piece speaks of

Things here on Earth not enduring;

and after referring to the different leaves, fruit, and flowers of various trees, proceeds to moralize thus :—

Thou dost not perhaps remember the sayings of the ancestors: Consider, O young folks, your stay here on the earth, for the trees grow only, but are not joined together, for if they were they would reach the skies. But it is not thus, for they have their time of springing, and of growing, and of being cut down. And just so with men: to them come prosperous days and days of misfortune; they have their days of youth, and of old age, and of death; but those who die happy and in heaven follow Impòina* and Radàma,* they are the fortunate ones.

A feature in native ideas is shown by another piece, which enforces the doctrine that "It is better to die than to suffer affliction."

Many of the compositions in this section of the book are in praise of wisdom and denunciation of folly; in fact no people perhaps are more ready to give and receive good advice than are the Malagasy. It is universally recognised as the privilege of all to give admonition to others, even to those highest in rank, if it is administered in the form of advice or *ànatra*. There are a great many references to animals in these admonitions; almost every bird known to the Malagasy is used as a simile, and its habits are described with great accuracy; so that a complete collection of all the references to the animal life of Madagascar found in the proverbs and fables would throw no little light upon the fauna of the island.

Here is a curious piece in the form of a dialogue, exhorting those in sorrow not to hide it from their friends:

The Bereaved one questioned and attempting to hide (Sorrow.)

Who is that person before thee?
I know not, for I did not overtake him.
Who is yonder person behind thee?
I know not, for he did not overtake me.
Why then are you so erect?
I am not erect, but chanced to rise.

* These are names of Hova sovereigns: the first died in 1810, the second in 1828.

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Why then do you sob so?
I am not sobbing, but merely breathing.
Why are you as if beside yourself?
I am not beside myself, but am thinking.
Why are you as if weeping?
I am not weeping, but have got dust in my eye.
Why are you sighing?
I am not sighing, but have a cold.
Why are you wobegone?

I do not wish to appear wobegone, but my child is dead! Then she bursts into a flood of tears and makes all the people sorry.*

Consider well! do not hide your calamity.

A fatalistic sentiment appears in the following, entitled

To Die is not to be avoided.

The guinea-fowl when flying departs not from the wood, nor, when hiding, from the earth, and the *fanòro* shrub dies on the ground. All the hairs of the head cannot bind death, and tears cannot hold him; therefore give up the dead, for the earth is the forsaking-place of the beloved ones, the dwelling of the living, the home when dead.

Here is a bit of "tall talk," in which the powers of nature are invoked to help against an enemy. It should be noted that all the natural objects mentioned are personified by adding to them the personal prefix *Ra-*, which can hardly be paralleled in English by our prefixes Mr. or Mrs. &c. without a somewhat comic effect, which is quite absent in the Malagasy:—

The far-reaching power of the Imagination.

The sun is indeed my father, the moon is my mother, the stars are but my subjects; Bétsimitàtatra [the great rice plain west of Antanànarivo] is my rice plot, the meteors are my guns, and the thunderbolts are my cannon, with which I will fire at those who hate me.

Here is another example of the same habit of boasting of one's own power, in the form of a dialogue between two men:—

* When a death occurs in any house, the relatives and friends assemble in large numbers to condole with the family, to *mitsàpa àlahèlo, i.e.*, to "touch sorrow."

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Each boasting.

Says Rafàralàhy [*i.e.* last male, or youngest son]: "Art thou Andrianàivo, who art child of Naméhana: rising up, eating the àviàvy * (fruit), and when stooping eating amòntana * (fruit); at evening playing with citrons, and in the morning bowling lemons?" "Just so." Then says Andrianàivo [middle male]: "Art thou Rafàralàhy, who art child of Iarìvo: when poor, having money in the mouth, and when rich, not sought for by creditors; riding on horseback, yet not calumniated; and carried in a palanquin, yet not abused?" "Just so."

A careful study of these Malagasy sayings, together with the native proverbs, throws considerable light upon the notions of the people as regards morals. Many of them contain much good counsel as to the avoidance of various vices and follies, together with rebukes of the loose native habits as regards marriage; for example, there is one against forsaking one's wife to marry a richer one! Then we have warnings against bad company, gluttony, dishonesty, and prodigality, and very many against lying and liars. The good and the evil man are compared, patience under misfortune is commended, and we are cautioned against trusting in appearances in the following references to the habits of the crocodile, the most dreaded of all the animals inhabiting Madagascar:—

The Slow-going one is to be feared.

A red male crocodile going down the Ikiòpa with the stream, its sly advance unheard, its movements unobserved, lying still in the pools without diving, and lying in the water without paddling. So then, say I, good folks, perhaps the old fellow [lit. "your elder brother"] is dead, and therefore does not show up, or is somehow prevented and so does not return.

But the people say: Thou art indeed childish and dost not perhaps consider that the crocodile, when he lies in the deep pools and does not dive, there is the warm place where he sleeps; and when he lies still in the water, not moving a foot, that there is the place where he

* These are both fine trees, very common in the higher regions of Madagascar; they are species of *ficus*, both bearing edible, though not very palatable, fruit.

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obtains his food. So let that teach you that the old fellow is not dead by any means, but is still looking after business.

This reference to the crocodile is but one out of scores of passages noticing the habits of animals in these pieces, and which reveal, as already remarked, a most accurate knowledge of their habits. In one of them the eels in the lake Itàsy are represented as in council, expressing their disappointment that a stone breakwater, made to prevent a too great rush of water out of the lake, has not proved a place for their greater enjoyment, but where they may more easily be caught. In another piece the different cries and habits of various birds are compared, and their unfitness for carrying a message; all of them but one, the *vòrondréo* (*Leptosoma discolor*), which has a loud distinct cry; while as to the others, the *fitatra* (a stonechat, *Pratincola sybilla*) would be always looking for food, the *sòŷ* (a species of *Nectarinia*) would be too melancholy, and the *fòdy* (the cardinal-bird, *Foudia Madagascariensis*), which goes in flocks, would always be flying off with its companions.

This observation of bird life is also illustrated in a short piece which enforces the familiar English household maxim that

Everything has its Place.

The whitebird (a species of egret, which feeds on the flies and parasites of cattle) does not leave the oxen, the sandpiper does not forsake the ford, the hawk does not depart from the tree, the valley is the dwelling of the mosquito, the mountain is the home of the mist, the water holes are the lair of the crocodile. And the sovereign is the depositary (lit. "resting-place") of the law, and the people the depository of good sense.

Equally numerous are the allusions to the various trees and plants and their qualities, and the way in which they illustrate human weaknesses and follies.

Love of children is a marked feature in these native sayings. They are called "the fat (that is, the best) of one's life" (*ménaky ny aina*), and are said to be "loved like one's self," &c. Equally distinct is the love of home and of one's native place: "Yonder road," says one piece, "is dreary and difficult, twisting about here and there, but for all that it is the way leading to the door of the house of father and mother."

Still more fully and pathetically is this warm family affection

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expressed in the following lament of a captive taken in war, with which we may conclude this division of the subject:

Oh that I could see Father and Mother!

Where away yonder, O bird, art thou speeding away by night? Hast thou lost in the game, or art thou fined, that thou thus hastest away?

Neither in gaming have I lost, nor a fine do I dread; but the road to be travelled I sweep over, and in the place of enjoyment do I rest.

Ah, just so, O bird, would that I also were a bird and could fly, that I might go yonder at the top of the high tree to look over and see father and mother, lest they should be dead, lest they should be ill; long have we been separated; for we are held in bondage by the people, and they are persecuted with gun and spear. We are slaves here in Imérina (the central province and home of the dominant Hova tribe); manure is our friend, the spade is our brother by blood, and the basket is our companion.* Our necks wait for the wooden collar, our backs await the irons, and our feet the fetters. And father and mother sigh out their lives at Vòhibé; so salutation (lit. "may they live") until we meet again, for long has been our separation.

Most of the principal towns and villages in Imérina are noted for some circumstance or other, either in their natural position, or their productions, or the disposition of the people, as clever, covetous, or brave, &c. This is sometimes expressed in stinging proverbs, which are quoted by their neighbours with great gusto, and are heard with equal chagrin by the unfortunate objects of these satirical *bon-mots*. Thus the people of Ambòhipéno are held up to scorn in the saying: "The arums of Ambòhipéno: they had rather let them rot than give one to a neighbour."

* Alluding to the constant work in the rice fields done by the slaves, in digging, carrying manure in baskets, &c.

(*To be continued.*)

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BABYLONIAN FOLK-LORE.

I HAVE more than once sat down to write a few words about the folk lore of the ancient Babylonians, but have given up the attempt again on finding how meagre and unsatisfactory are our materials for it. The clay books of the old libraries of Chaldæa and Assyria have furnished us with rich stores of mythology: we have learned that Babylonia was a very treasure-house of myths, many of which subsequently made their way through the hands of the Phœnicians into Greece, and we have even discovered that a particular group or cycle of these myths had been formed into a great epic by Chaldæan poets more than four thousand years ago. But while we have myths and religious legends, epic poems and hymns to the gods in abundance, notices of folk-lore, of popular tales and traditions, are scanty in the extreme.

Perhaps this is not surprising. Babylonian literature was necessarily intended for the learned and cultivated, for the very class, in fact, among whom folk-tales are least likely to be found. Royal libraries are the last places in which to look for the unwritten literature of the multitude; folk-lore found its home, not among scribes and savans, but in the houses of the peasantry, and the streets of the bazaar. As yet the "readers" for whom, we are told, the cuneiform books were copied out and edited, had no idea that there was anything worthy of regard in the popular stories of their uneducated countrymen; no Folk-Lore Societies had been thought of, much less founded. It is only by accident, therefore, that a stray folk-tale has here and there found its way into the Babylonian and Assyrian literature which has come down to us.

One of these tales has been preserved through its having gathered round the person of the most munificent patron of literature Babylonia

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ever produced. About 1900 B.C., or perhaps earlier, northern Babylonia was under the sway of a monarch named Sargon, whose capital was at Aganè, near Sippara. Here he established a library, which was afterwards very famous in the literary annals of the country. Works which became standard authorities on the subjects with which they dealt were compiled for it, and a large staff of scribes was kept busily employed in stocking it with books. The court was thronged with authors and learned men, among whom astronomers, astrologers, and soothsayers, occupied a prominent place.

But Sargon was not only a patron of learning, he was also a renowned legislator, and a successful general. He pushed his conquests to the shores of the Mediterranean, where he set up an image of himself on the Syrian coast, and he even crossed over to Cyprus, and introduced the culture of the far east for the first time into the islands of the Greeks.

It was little wonder, therefore, that Sargon I. became a hero of popular romance, more especially as he seems to have been an usurper, who had risen from the ranks. A text has been preserved to us which makes him thus recount the story of his life:

1. "Sargon, the mighty monarch, the King of Aganè, am I.
2. "My mother was a princess; my father I knew not; my father's brother loved the mountain-land.
3. "In the city of Azupiranu, which on the bank of the Euphrates lies,
4. "My mother, the princess, conceived me; in an inaccessible spot she brought me forth.
5. "She placed me in a basket of rushes, with bitumen the door of my ark she closed.
6. "She launched me on the river, which drowned me not.
7. "The river bore me along, to Akki the irrigator it brought me.
8. "Akki, the irrigator, in the tenderness of his heart, lifted me up.
9. "Akki, the irrigator, as his own child brought me up.
10. "Akki, the irrigator, as his gardener appointed me,
11. "And in my gardenership the goddess Istar loved me.
12. "For 45 years the kingdom I have ruled

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13. "And the black-headed (Accadian) race have governed.

14. "In multitudes of bronze chariots I rode over rugged lands.

15. "I governed the upper countries.

16. "I ruled the chiefs of the lower countries.

17. "Three times to the coast of the (Persian) sea I advanced, Dilvun submitted,

18. "The Fort of the God of Hades bowed."

The story, it will be seen, is the oft-told one, how the hero of noble birth is born in secret and exposed to death, but rescued and brought up in obscurity until the time comes when his true origin and character are revealed, and he becomes a mighty prince and conqueror. Sargon of Aganè is but the prototype of Perseus in Greece, of Romulus in Italy, or of Kyros in Persia; and, as in the case of Kyros so also in the case of Sargon, the legend has been fastened upon a real personage. It is curious that the doomed hero-child is usually enclosed in an ark or chest, which is entrusted to the water. This was the case with both Perseus and Romulus, whose story has a remarkable resemblance to that of Sargon; and it is impossible not to recognise the close likeness that exists between what we are here told of Sargon and the account of the exposure of the infant Moses, who was similarly placed in an ark of bulrushes, daubed with bitumen, and laid among the flags of the river Nile. On the other hand, Kyros, like Oidipous, was exposed on a mountain, and not on a river, and accordingly no chest or vessel was required for him. In declaring that Sargon was loved by Istar "in his gardenership," the tale confuses the king of Aganè with Isullanu, "the gardener" of Anu, Istar's father, "who made bright her dish each day," until she forced him to eat his own eyes and changed him into a pillar of stone. The rationalising history of a later day made the gardener Belêtaras or Tiglath-Pileser II. who had served the former king Beleous or Bêlokhos, it is recounted, in that capacity, and subsequently seized the crown (Agathias II. 25, 15.) That the successful usurper of popular tradition had been a gardener or "overseer of the orchard," was indelibly impressed upon the mind of the people.

Like other heroes, Sargon s father was unknown, though the legend

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did not go so far as to suggest that he had not an earthly one. Equally, too, like other heroes, his mother was a princess, though there was a reason for this in the folk-lore of Accad which did not exist in the folk-lore of Greece, or Rome, or Persia. Among the Accadians the wife and not the husband was the head of the family; descent was counted through her; and it was only through the mother, therefore, that the hero could claim a royal ancestry. As the folk-lore of Accad thus supplies an explanation of a fact which, Mr. McLennan notwithstanding, is not supplied in the folk-lore of an Aryan people, it is difficult not to suggest that the Aryan story of the exposed but eventually triumphant hero was originally disseminated from the banks of the Euphrates.

How Sargon obtained his rights and became "the established king," which is the meaning of his name, we are not told, though it is hinted that it was through the intervention of Istar, the Ashtoreth of the Phœnicians, the Aphroditè of the Greeks. Perhaps some other version of the legend will be found which will throw light on this point.

My next specimen of ancient Babylonian folk-lore is a mere fragment, but we possess it in its original Accadian text as well as in the Assyrian translation. Its character will best be judged from the following rendering of it:

1. "(The child) who had neither father nor mother, who knew not his father or his mother

2. "Into the *fish pond* (?) he came,[1] into the street he went.

3. "From the mouth of the dogs one took him, from the mouth of the ravens one led (him) away.

4. "Before the soothsayer one took him from their mouth.

5. "The soles of his feet with the soothsayer's seal underneath him were marked.

6. "To the nurse he was given.

7. "To the nurse for three years his grain, his food, his shirt, and his clothing were assured.

[1] This is the Assyrian translation. The Accadian has: "in the fishpond he was remembered."

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8. "So for a time his rearing went on for him.

9. "He that reared him *rejoiced* (?)

10. "His stomach with the milk of man he filled and made him his own son."

The mutilation of the tablet prevents our knowing whether the story was continued. Its preservation at all is due to a curious accident. It is found in an Accadian reading-book, intended to teach the elements of the extinct Accadian language of primitive Chaldea to Babylonian boys of a later date. Easy passages in Accadian have been selected for the purpose, and provided with Assyrian translations, while the text is interspersed with exercises upon the principal words occuring in them. Thus the phrase "he made him his own son," is followed by examples of the various ways in which the words composing it could be combined with other parts of speech or replaced by corresponding expressions—"his son," "his sonship," "for his sonship," "for his son he reckoned him," "in the register of sonship he inscribed him," &c. Like the lesson-books of our own nurseries, this old Babylonian lesson-book also chose such stories as were likely to interest children, and the author of it wisely took his passages from the folk-lore and fairy-tales of the boys' nursery rather than from the advanced literature of grown-up men. The story of the foundling was no doubt familiar to Babylonian children, who could fill in the beginning and the end, which are not given in the lesson itself. It would seem, however, that, as in similar tales of the kind, the good angel who rescued the child from the gutter was a king. At all events the whole story is prefaced with the statement that "the king gave his name to the child," and this statement appears only in the Semitic Assyrian text.

These are the only examples I have yet come across of what can properly be called Babylonian folk-lore. The beast-fables of which we possess several fragments translated in George Smith's *Chaldean Genesis* can hardly be reckoned to belong to it. The Accadian proverbs, again, of which I have given translations in the *Records of the Past* (vol. xi.), must be classed apart, though they throw a good deal of light upon the native wit and daily life of the illiterate country

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population. Such proverbs as "Once and yet again twice has he made gains; yet he is not content," or "A man must do his own digging and working himself," find an echo in the proverbial philosophy of most peoples. More closely related to folk-tales are the short songs with which the Accadian peasant solaced his labours in the field or farm-yard. A number of these have been collected and preserved in an old work on agriculture which was probably compiled for the library of Sargon at Aganè. Here are some specimens of what they are like:

1. "Like an oven
That is old,
Against thy foes
Be hard and firm.

2. "The corn is high
And flourishing;
We know why.
The corn is bearded
And flourishing;
We know why.

3. "The fruit of death
Tho' I eat,
The fruit of life
May I make it.

4. "May he suffer vengeance,
May it be returned to him
Who gives the provocation.

5. "The marsh he passes as tho' it were not;
His skin that is grazed is healed.

6. "If evil thou doest,
To the everlasting sea
Surely thou shalt go.

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7. "Thou wentest, thou spoiledst
The land of the foe,
For the foe came and spoiled
Thy land, even thine.

8. "A heifer am I,
To the cow I am yoked;
The plough-handle is strong,
Lift it up, lift it up!

9. "Before the oxen as they march,
All in the grain thou liest thee down.

10. "My knees are marching,
My feet are not resting;
With no wealth of thy own
Grain thou makest for me."

The last three songs are plainly addressed to the oxen, and must have been favourites among their drivers. The Accadians of Babylonia were pre-eminently an agricultural people, and it is only natural, therefore, that their popular songs should mainly have reference to the works of the field.

A. H. Sayce.

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A BUILDING SUPERSTITION.

SIG. LANCIANI, writing from Rome to the *Athenæum* in the number of October 7, 1882, says *inter alia*: "From the Esquiline we have two more instances of the peculiar practice, so thoroughly appreciated by our ancestors, of building foundation walls with statues and works of art. It seems that as soon as the trench was opened men were sent round to pick up as many statues as they could procure among the ruins of private and public buildings. The statues having been brought to the edge of the trench, the wholesale slaughter was accomplished. Small figures were hurled down entire; big ones were smashed and hammered and split into fragments. Between 1872 and 1882 not less than two hundred statues and busts have been found, on the Esquiline alone, buried in this way. As a rule every portion of them is recovered," &c., &c.

These curious facts make it certain that the statues and busts were thus placed in the foundations of new buildings in ancient Rome with a clear and well-understood intention.

It is equally certain that they were at the same time of no technical use for pure building purposes.

If this be so, there could only have been one other purpose or object, viz., superstition; and this I think can be made perfectly probable.

Two or three years ago the *Folk-Lore Record* (vol. iii. p. 282) showed that the population of India believe at the present day that to give stability to new constructions a human being should be sacrificed and buried in the foundations. Precisely the same belief is entertained by the modern Roumanians, and the ancient Irish must have been convinced of the efficacy of this strange architectonic principle, as under the walls of two round towers (the only ones examined) human skeletons have been discovered.

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These data (which I dare say might easily be amplified*) show that this grim superstition was an Aryan one, and of great antiquity.

But this is not all. Ubicini, who tells us (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 283) of the existing superstition of his countrymen, tells us also how the acute Latin mind which has descended to them from their Roman ancestors has enabled them to retain the efficacy of the old custom without bringing themselves, by the commission of palpable murder, into conflict with the police and criminal law of their country, both which might hold in contempt even such a time-honoured piece of Folk-lore as this. The Roumanian builders, instead of immolating an unoffending human, lay down in his stead a rod or stick of the same length as the man whom their eyes have selected as the proper object, and this substituted sacrifice ensures to the building all the advantages of stability which an actual immolation would have given in an age less humane.

The Romans who constructed the buildings to which Sig. Lanciani refers were equally hampered by the law as the modern Roumans, and could not murder at their will. Like the Roumans, therefore, they found a substitute for the human sacrifice, and, being an art-loving people, living in the midst of a teeming population of statues and busts, they kidnapped from them as many representations of the human form to do duty for living men as they required. As they could not procure a living body they contented themselves with its *simulachrum*.

I submit this to be the explanation of the two facts—the Aryan superstition, and Sig. Lanciani's interesting information.

In conclusion I will say that the Roman facts have been paralleled in London by the discovery, a few years ago, in the interior of a bastion of London Wall, of the figure of a cohortal *signifer* and other sculptures, now in the Museum at Guildhall, for which valuable discovery, made under circumstances more than adverse, the English public are indebted to the well-known antiquary, J. E. Price, Esq., F.S.A.

H. C. Coote.

* See *The Antiquary*, January, 1881, vol. iii. pp. 8-13.—Ed.

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STORIES OF FAIRIES FROM SCOTLAND.

By the Rev. Walter Gregor.

THE Gratitude of the Fairies.—The fairies, called in the North of Scotland and it may be in other parts "the Fair Folk," "the Good Neighbours" (Scoticé, *gueede neebours*, *gueede neepirs*), shewed themselves grateful to those of mankind that did them kindness, or paid them respect.* They asked help of woman, especially at the time of a birth among them; and for such help there was given a more than ordinary reward, sometimes of one kind, and sometimes of another.

One winter evening the wife of a Highlander was sitting in her cottage, when a knock was heard at the door. On its being opened, in stepped a man, unknown to her, and begged her to accompany him to a female that was ill, without telling who the patient was, where she lived, or what her ailment was. She very naturally hesitated to grant the request. The stranger's earnestness and the promise of a reward overcame her hesitation; and, with some misgivings, she put herself under his guidance. She was led by a way wholly unknown to her, and at last reached what looked, so far as the darkness permitted her to see, like a cave. She entered, but all at once she found herself in a brightly lighted hall. She was led through splendid passages into a still more splendid bedroom, in which lay a lady in travail. After the child was born, she was asked what her fee was to be. Divining from all the attending circumstances that she was in fairy land, she refused to take any fee. She

* *Melusine*, cc. 240, 241; *Contes Populaires de la Haute-Bretagne*, pp. 24-26, by P. Sébillot. Paris, 1881. *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, pp. 63, 64, by W. Gregor. London, 1881.

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did not go, however, without a guerdon. No woman in the same case as the fairy lady should die under her hands, or under the hands of such of her descendants as followed the obstetric profession. To the present day the skill remains in the race, as told me by one who is sprung from it.

Compare with this the story of "Egebergkongen," as given in "Norske Huldre-Eventyr-og Folkesagn," pp. 11-14, by P. Chr. Asbyornsen, Chistiania, 1870, and "Melusine," cc. 85-87.

Fern Seed.—Fern seed ripens at midnight on Christmas Eve, and falls immediately to the ground. If one is fortunate enough to catch it as it is falling, he gets whatever he may set his wishes upon. In the journey to gather it, not a word must be uttered to any one that may be met.

A man set out to a ferny spot one Christmas eve. He had not gone far before a dog chasing a hare came along the path. A short time after he met on horseback, as he thought, a man. He was asked if he had met a dog hunting a hare. True to his resolution, he made no answer, and held on his way. So did the "man" on horseback, with the remark that his not getting an answer was of no moment, as he would soon overtake them. By-and-bye the fern seed seeker met, riding on a cripple cow, a man in appearance, but in truth "the boodie," *i.e.* the devil. He was questioned if he had met a man on horseback riding after a dog chasing a hare. Still no answer. "No matter," said the boodie, "I'll soon overtake them." "Ye idiot," said the man, taken aback by the folly of the remark, "Y'ill never get up with them." The words were hardly over his lips, when a blast of wind burst forth and scattered the fern seed.

Told by an old couple in the parish of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire. See Napier's *Folk-Lore of West of Scotland*, p. 128, and *Choice Notes*, pp. 64, 65.

Hallow-Fires.—After the Hallow-fires were consumed, and those that had been engaged in the ceremony had dispersed, some were in the habit of gathering together the ashes, and covering them up—"ristin the halla-fire,"—and placing in the ashes a small stone to represent each member of the household. Next morning the ashes

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were carefully and anxiously inspected for the stones. If the stone that represented a member was not found, that member would be removed by death before the next Hallow-fire was kindled. The great-grandmother of the old woman (about 75 years of age) who told me this, was in the habit of performing this ceremony. One year she did it as usual, and on searching the ashes next morning, she found one of the stones was gone. She came home in sorrow, and said again and again without any one paying much attention to her, "Annie's steenie's awa." Before next Hallow-fire was burnt, Annie had worn "awa to the land o' the leal."

Fairy Help.—The fairies were in the habit of giving a helping hand to their favourites. A farmer had a noted thresher of his grain crop. Before the invention of threshing mills, and for long after, even till thirty years ago, it was the usual way for the men of the farm to get out of bed by three or four o'clock in the morning, thresh with the flail enough to serve for the day, and be ready by the stated hour to begin the day's labour.

This noted thresher had got into the favour of the fairies, and he had but to call and they were at his service when he went to the barn to do his threshing in the morning. His master began to suspect there was something more than mortal power at the bottom of his servant's success as a thresher. He resolved to find out; and one morning he secreted himself in the barn before the hour of threshing came, so as to have a full view of what would go on at the threshing floor. The thresher appeared at the usual time, trimmed his lamp, placed the sheaves on the floor (usually two), and laid hold on the flail. Before beginning, he looked round, and said: "Come awa, ma reed-caippies." In an instant the sheaves began to tumble from "the moo" into the threshing-floor, and the fairies were hard at work, and soon finished the day's threshing. The master waited till the whole was quiet, and the thresher had left the barn. He said nothing to him of what he had seen, but he parted with him on the first favourable opportunity.*

* See *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. p. 28 (93).

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

The Divining-Rod.—Mr. E Vaughan Jenkins sent to the *Times* the following letter from a gentleman residing at Westbury-sub-Mendip, Wells, Somerset:—I have read your letter in the *Times* of Tuesday. You may possibly like to hear of my experience as to the divining-rod. In July, 1876, that very hot summer, the old well under my house became fouled and the water unfit to drink; so I decided on sinking another well about 100 yards off from my house, if I were advised that water could be found there. The field is perfectly dry, and there is no appearance of water anywhere near where I wished to sink. So I sent for a labouring man in the village who could "work the twig"—as the divining-rod is called here—and he came and cut a blackthorn "twig" out of my hedge and proceeded round the field, and at one spot the "twig" was so violently affected that it flew out of his hands; he could not hold it. I may here observe that the village churchyard adjoins my field, and it was of consequence to me to know whether the spring went through or near the churchyard. So I asked the man to tell me which way the spring ran (of course under the ground); and he proceeded to follow up the spring and found that it did not go near the churchyard. Having some doubts as to this man, about a month after I heard of another man living seven miles off, who, I had been told, could "work the twig." I sent for him, and he was quite unaware that the first man had tried for water; and to my astonishment, when he came near the spot indicated by the first man, he could not hold the twig, it was so much affected. I then asked him to tell me the course of the underground spring, and he went as near as possible to the first man—from about south-west to north-east. I thereupon decided to sink a well, the last man assuring me that water was not very far down. At 39ft. the well-sinker came upon a spring of the most beautiful water, and there is in the well about 30ft. of water in the summer, and in the

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winter it is nearly full. Now, there is nothing whatever to indicate water in my field or anywhere near it. The men who "worked the twig" will take nothing for their trouble.

The Divining-Rod in Gloucestershire. — Several of our contemporaries are making samewhat merry over Mr. Vaughan Jenkins' avowed belief in the powers and virtues of the "divining-rod." Some years back Mr. Jenkins bought two acres of hillside land in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, on which to build a house. To live in the house it was necessary to sink a well. The well-sinkers went to work, sank themselves to a depth of fifty-one feet, and then declared that "from the nature of the strata, &c., it would be perfectly useless to proceed farther." At a consultation of experts it was decided that, owing to the dip of the land and for various other reasons, "there was not the least possible chance of water being obtained on the plot of land anywhere." The foreman of the masons, however, suggested that the divining-rod should be tried, and further stated that he had a boy well qualified to carry out the trial. This child was said to have the gift in a remarkable degree; and the father declared that "if water was to be obtained on the plot he would pledge his character that the boy would find it." The trial was made. The boy was sent for, and this is what happened: "He immediately repaired to a neighbouring hedge, and returned with a rod of blackthorn or hazel—I think the former—about 2ft. 3in. in length, and of the thickness of telegraph wire. Then placing the ends of the rod between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, bending it slightly, and holding it before him at a short distance from the ground, he started on his expedition; I and others following him, and watching every movement closely. After going up and down, crossing and re-crossing the ground several times, but never on the same lines, the lad stopped, and to our great surprise we saw the rod exhibit signs of motion, the fingers and thumbs being perfectly motionless. The motion or trembling of the rod increasing, it slowly began to revolve, then at an accelerated pace, fairly twisting itself to such an extent that the lad, although he tried his best to retain it, was obliged to let it go, and it fled to some distance." These phenomena were so striking that—"coupled with

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the respectability of the parents, members of a religious body "—they persuaded Mr. Jenkins to call his well-sinkers together again to dig on the spot indicated, and on reaching the depth of 48ft. they had the gratification of striking a strong spring of pure and beautiful water, coming in so fast as to cause them to make a hurried exit, and in a few hours the well contained a depth of 10ft. of water, rising since occasionally to 15ft. and so it now continues. Such is the story Mr. Jenkins tells, and which is now exciting very considerable comment.—*Midland Counties Herald*, Oct. 12, 1882.

Curious Superstition in Lochee.—Hooping-cough being rather prevalent in Lochee at the present time, various cures are resorted to with the view of allaying the distress. Amongst these the old "fret" of passing a child beneath the belly of a donkey has come in for a share of patronage. A few days ago, two children, living with their parents in Camperdown Street, were infected with the malady. A hawker's cart with a donkey yoked to it happening to pass, the mothers thought this an excellent opportunity to have their little ones relieved of their hacking cough. The donkey was accordingly stopped, the children were brought forth, and the ceremony began. The mothers, stationed at either side of the donkey, passed and repassed the little creatures underneath the animal's belly, and with evident satisfaction appeared to think that a cure would in all probability be effected. Nor was this all, a piece of bread was next given to the donkey to eat, one of the women holding her apron beneath its mouth to catch the crumbs which might fall. These were given to the children to eat so as to make the cure more effectual. Whether these strange proceedings have resulted in banishing the dreaded cough or not has not been ascertained, and probably never will be. A few years ago the custom was quite common in this quarter, but with the spread of education the people generally know better than to attempt to cure hooping-cough through the agency of a donkey.—*Aberdeen Evening Gazette*, 24th August, 1882.

A Neapolitan Custom.—The *Times* correspondent at Naples writes, August 2nd: "A remarkable trial took place last week before the Court of Assize, terminating with the condemnation of Vincenzo

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and Carolina Garguillo, son and mother, the former to hard labour for life, the latter to 'seclusion' for three years. It is upwards of a year since the daughter of Carolina, one of the beauties of Sorrento, was married to a sailor, called Giuseppe Esposito. The usage of the lower classes of the country, which efforts have been made in vain to suppress, is for the bridegroom to visit his mother-in-law on the morning following the marriage, and Esposito was reminded of it. The visit was not however paid, nor was it after waiting a fortnight. The mother-in-law, then becoming furious, complained to her son, urging him to avenge the honour of his sister and of the family. Vincenzo Garguillo thereupon went to his sister's house and waited for the husband, who on his arrival welcomed him and begged him to stay and dine. The answer was that Vincenzo, drawing a knife and throwing himself on his brother-in-law, stabbed him and laid him dead at his feet. The result of the trial, after a delay of upwards of a year, was as I have narrated. I do not enter into details of the custom, the omission of which was so fatal, but they may easily be surmised. Even clerical influence cannot suppress it; the honour of a family is supposed to be connected with it."

Mermaid Tradition.—At a meeting of the Society of Manchester Scientific Students, Sept. 27, 1882, the members visited Hayfield. On leaving Hayfield railway station the party proceeded to the edge of Leygate Moor. From thence they reached the Old Oak wood near the lower house. A short walk from here is the Downfall. Near here is the Mermaid's Pool, of which the natives have a tradition that a beautiful woman lives in the side of the Scout; that she comes to bathe every day in the Mermaid's Well, and that the man who has the good luck to behold her bathing will become immortal and never die. The old people of Hayfield, moreover, tell a long story of a man who, sometime in the last century, went from Hayfield over the Scout, and was lucky enough to meet this mountain nymph, by whom he was conducted to a cavern hard by. Tradition adds that she was pleased with this humble mortal, and that he lingered there some time, when she conferred on him the precious gift of immortality.

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QUERIES.

Bibliography of Folk-Lore. I have made a note of the two following books: Blackwood's *Confessions of Witchcraft*, and T. Brownhall's *Treatise of Spectres*. I cannot find these books in the British Museum Catalogue, and should be glad of any information thereon.

G. L. Gomme.

Morris Dance. What is the correct derivation of morris? Is Ellis in Brand correct?

G. B. Leathom.

NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The subscriptions are now due*, and members who have not paid their subscriptions cannot receive the monthly issues of the Folk-Lore Journal.

The Folk-Lore Journal will be posted regularly to members every month.

Members who prefer having the Folk-Lore Journal in a yearly volume, bound as usual, may do so by sending an application to this effect to the Honorary Secretary.

Covers for binding, uniform with the previous volumes, will be issued to members free of cost at the end of the year.

All irregularities in delivery, alteration of address, and other matters relating to the issue of the publications, should be communicated to the Honorary Secretary.

The Folk-Tale Committee are prepared to receive the names of volunteers to analyse Folk-Tales. Mr. Alfred Nutt will be glad to communicate with any members on the subject, and forms may be obtained of the Honorary Secretary. The Committee will publish a note of instructions in the February number.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. G. L. Gomme, 2, Park Villas, Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S.W.

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Vol. I. Part II. FEBRUARY 1883.

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 15.)

The sixth section of *Specimens of Malagasy Folk-lore* consists of a short series of seven Speeches, under the heading of *Haingom-pitenénan' ny Ntaolo ràha nifanàraatra izy*, that is, "Ornaments of Speech among the Ancients, when they mutually admonished." Although in Mr. Dahle's selection these follow the native songs, they would seem to be more properly placed next to the first division of the book, *Haintény làvalàva*, or "Oratorical Flourishes," as they partake somewhat of the character of these; and we shall therefore consider them in this place. There is some little difference in the style of these pieces, and in that of the *Hain-teny lavalava;* and as they afford good illustrations of some features in native oratory and its profusion of figures, two or three of them may be translated in full, although some of the allusions are very obscure.

A statement of (or, a plea for) Friendship.

1. As regards ourselves and not other people; for we are people born of one mother and people of one origin; one root, one stock, brethren following the footprints of the cattle,—not broken, even if torn; a hundred measures of rice, mixed in the storehouse, houses built north and south (of each other),* right and left hand, eyes and nose, rice in two measures, yet born of one person only.

2. Therefore let us love one another, for those far off cannot be called; for the distant fire, as they say, one cannot warm at, and a hundred measures of rice cannot be carried.

* The old Hova houses were always built with their length running north and south, the front of the house facing the west, the lee-side.

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3. There is none overtaken by another;* for if we call for other people's relatives, they say, it is night, but if we call our own relatives, then it is broad day,† for look, even the name of Such-an-one is become "Not-overtaken-by-another"!

4. Therefore as for thee, O senior like to a father, thou art an *ambòra* tree for binding,* and the thick forest for hiding, and the hoof for feasting,* and the sun and moon, and the sky to cover over, and the earth for treading upon.

5. Thou art the breast joining on to the wings, and palm of the hand joining to the forefinger, and knee joining the muscles.

6. Thou art the sole *vòamàintilàny* (fruit) remaining, and the tree left of the forest, and the bird changing meat, and thou art chief and Such-an-one still living (amongst us).

Thanksgiving Speech.

Pleasing, friends; swallowed (*i.e.* acceptable), friends; sweet, friends; great and cannot be swallowed are ye. Sweet indeed is honey, but there are dregs; savoury (lit. sweet) indeed is salt, but it is like a stone; sweet indeed the sugar-cane, but it is like wood; but the good done by you is incomparable. Nevertheless, friends, be of good cheer, for the good you have done will not be pleasing (only) on the day of doing it, like the feet of the cattle treading the rice ground,‡ but will be pleasing taken home to sleep on, for it shall be rewarded when awaking; for that is water bathed in to remove grease, and fat anointing to cause to shine, and cloth to wear to keep off shame. For money is soon spent, and other things come to an end, but friendship, that is enduring.

Another speech is an admonition to companions who shirk their share of government (unpaid) service: —

Short is our word, Sirs, a speech of the old, and if long, yet height without bulk, and if too short, then rolled about; so let it be like the trench for sweet potatoes made by Ikarijovòla, and the germs (fig. topic) extracted.

With regard to yourself, Such-an-one; the people (lit. "the under

* Here the meaning is not at all clear.

† Referring to the strong and universally admitted claims for help in various circumstances that relationship involves.

‡ Cattle are employed to trample over the softened mud of the rice fields before planting.

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the day") go upon the Queen's service, but thou hidest away in secret, and dost not go to do thy share, but only just now puttest in an appearance. So that here now thou actest like the little butterfly by the water: able to close up its wings, able to expand them; thou dost like the water-fowl: black when diving, black when emerging; for if thou dost like the little crab in the hole: grasped by the hand and yet not got, sprinkled with water, and not coming out,—then we detest that, Sir! And now if it appears that what is under the eye is not seen, or under the tongue and is not chewed, or near the nose and not smelt, or looked at and not known,—then we utterly detest that, Sir! So, although your feet even may go, and although your knees even may skulk along, and although your chin may touch the ground, we will not let you off unless you perform the service for the honour of the sovereign.

Here is another piece, the subject of which is

Do not use Evil speech.

1. It is not well that men should make a hammer with two heads: both speaking good and speaking evil. For it is an evil thing, friends, to act like the tongue of the ox, licking carefully the hump and licking also the feet; able to enter into the nostrils, able to enter also the mouth.

2. Take heed to the mouth, friends, for the mouth is a compartment (or room), the mouth is just like a piece of cloth—tearing this way, and tearing that way; the mouth is like Alakaosy (the unlucky month), and if one does not butt another, one butts one's self. For the good (speaking) mouth is, they say, as a meal; but the evil mouth is, they say, a thing cleaving to one.

The evil mouth is just like the loin-cloth, binding only its owner. For there is no one guilty in body, they say, but they who are guilty in mouth are guilty. For the unguarded mouth, they say, is cause of calamity, and those who are free of speech, they say, reveal secrets; so that what is done by the mouth, they say, endangers the neck.

3. Take head, friends, to the mouth, and do what is right, for that only brings lasting good. For if one does good when young, they say, they have something to take to old age, yea, even to take with them in death. For that has given rise to the popular saying, "Do good that you be not forgotten, even when you have mouldered away."

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For the good done, they say, is a memorial (lit. "a set-up stone"), and the good done is good packed up for a journey.

It will be noticed in this speech what a frequent repetition there is of the word *hòno*, "they say," or "it is said"; apparently guarding a speaker from personal responsibility for much of his counsel, and sheltering him under the authority of others. This is quite characteristic of the native mind, which shrinks from very direct assertion or accusation, and always prefers an indirect mode of statement.

The symbols and figures which it will have been seen in the preceding pages to be a marked characteristic of Malagasy speech are not, however, confined to words, but are sometimes extended to actions. Every reader of the Old Testament scriptures is aware of the frequent use made of such methods of teaching by the Hebrew prophets, as seen in the Book of Ezekiel (iii. 1-3; iv.; vii. 23; xxiv. 1-4; xxxvii. 15-17), and in 1 Kings xxii. 11.

In Malagasy history there are some interesting examples of a similar employment of symbolic acts, especially before the general use of writing had made written letters common. Towards the close of the last century, Andrianimpòina, king of Imérina, had reduced under his authority a great part of the interior of the island, and, confident in his own power, sent a messenger to the principal chief of the southern central province, Bétsiléo, telling him that he was "his son" (a common Malagasy expression implying that one person is subordinate to another), and requiring him to come and acknowledge his father. The Bétsiléo chief, however, replied that he was no son of the Hova king, but that they were brothers, each possessing his own territory. The Hova returned for answer, "I have a large cloth (to cover me), but thou hast a small one; so that if you are far from me you are cold; for I am the island to which all the little ones resort, therefore come to me, thy father, for thou art my son." When the Bétsiléo chief received this message he measured a piece of wood between his extended arms (the *réfy* or standard measure of the Malagasy, between the tips of the fingers when the arms are stretched apart to the utmost), and sent it to the king, with the words, "This wood is my measure; bid Andrianimpòina equal it; if he can span it, then I am his son, and not his brother." Upon Andrianimpòina trying it he was unable to reach it, for the Bétsiléo chief was long in the arms. But the Hova king would not give up his point, and

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replied, "My measurement of the wood is of no consequence, for kingship does not consist in length of arms; thou art little, therefore my son; I am great, therefore thy father." (Cf. 2 Kings xvi. 7.)

Still the southern chief was unwilling to submit, and sent a particular kind of native cloth ornamented with beads, with a request that an ox should be cut up upon it, as another sign whether he was to acknowledge the Hova king as his superior or not. This test also turned out to his own advantage; but at length Andrianimpòina would have no further trifling. He sent back the cloth with a piece cut off one end of it, and a spear-hole through the middle, as a significant warning of his intentions unless immediate submission was made. The lesson was not lost upon the weaker chief; he returned a humble answer, begging that he might not be killed, saying, "While it is to-day, all day let me eat of the tender (food) of the earth, for Andrianimpòina is lord of the kingdom."

Something of a similar kind of symbolic act is related of Queen Ranavàlona I. "When she came to the throne in 1828 there was a little boy not many months old at that time, of the true seed royal, and descended from the line of the ancient kings. The Queen then announced that she had made this boy her adopted son, and that he should be her successor; even if she should have children of her own, his right to the throne should remain good. Afterwards she had a son of her own, whom she named Rakòton-dRadàma; many thought that her own son would succeed her, but the declaration in favour of the other was never rescinded, and hence arose much animosity between the two princes. When the queen became old and feeble, the subject of the succession came up, and she settled it in a singular way, substantially as follows:—She held a meeting of her officers, judges, and heads of the people, with great solemnity within the palace, when she announced her intention of making a valuable present to each of the two princes. Two fine vases or covered vessels were placed on the table, and the two young men were called in; the elder was first directed to choose which he would have. He did so, and on opening the vase it was found to contain some beautiful gems and valuable ornaments. The younger, her own son, then opened his vase, and found it contained only a handful of earth. The Queen then addressed the assembly, saying that the elder prince was to be advanced to high honour and riches in the land; but, as the land could not be divided, the younger prince, who had received from God

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the handful of earth, should be her successor."* (He eventually became king under the name of Radàma II., but only reigned about eighteen months.)

CHAPTER II.

Riddles and Conundrums.

The second division of Mr. Dahle's book consists of about three hundred Malagasy proverbs, here called "Shorter clever Speeches resembling Proverbs;" but, as this branch of native wisdom and observation really requires a separate paper in order to do it justice, we shall not here give extracts from this part of the book. Perhaps in some future issue of the *Folk-Lore Journal* space may be found for a fuller discussion of and examples from the proverbs of the Malagasy than can be conveniently given here as a part of their folk-lore. Besides which, it will be necessary to take illustrations from larger collections than this supplementary one from the work we are chiefly using as a text-book.

The third and fourth sections of the book comprise a small collection of Malagasy riddles and conundrums, *Fampànonònana* and *Safidy*, the latter word meaning "choosings," two somewhat similar things being offered for choice in enigmatical language. Such playing upon words is a favourite amusement of the people; and, as some of them show considerable shrewdness a few examples may be given, all of them beginning with the question, *Inona àry izàny?* "What then is this?"

1. At night they come without being fetched, and by day they are lost without being stolen?

The stars; for, according to the common belief, they go completely away from their places by day.

2. Cut down, and yet not withering?

Hair, when cut off.

3. Six legs and two feet (lit. "soles")?

Money scales, which have always three strings (legs) for each pan, which is called in native idiom its "tongue," but in the riddle is compared to a foot.

* Quoted from *Recollections of Missionary Life in Madagascar*, by James Cameron, Esq.

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4. Lying on the same pillow, but not on the same bed?

The rafters of a roof, which lean on the same ridge-piece (or pillow), but rest (that is, the opposite sides) on different wall-plates (or beds).

5. Coarse ròfia cloth outside and white robe inside?

The manioc root, which has a brown skin, but very white floury substance, here contrasted with the ordinary native habit of wearing coarse and often dirty clothing below, and a fine white cloth or *làmba* over all.

6. If boiled, never cooked; but if roasted, ready directly?

Hair.

7. Cannot be carried, but can easily be removed?

The public road; for, until quite recently, there have been no rights of way in Madagascar, and any one can divert a path as he may please.

8. Fetch the dead on which to place the living?

Ashes and fire, alluding to the common native practice of fetching a live coal or two in a handful of ashes.

9. Standing erect he gazes on heaven (lit. "the Creator"); stooping down he gazes on the oxen's footprints?

Rice, which while growing stands erect, but when ripe bends downwards.

10. Its mother says, Let us spread out our hands, but its children say, Let us double up our fists?

The full-grown fern and the young fern-shoots, alluding to the rounded knobs at the heads of the latter, compared with the outspread fronds of the plant when full grown.

11. The foot above the leg?

The leaves of the horìrika, an edible arum, whose broad leaf is compared to a foot and its stalk to a leg.

12. Cut, and yet no wound seen?

A shadow and *water.*

13. The mother says, Let us stand up, but the children say, Let us lie across?

A ladder and its rungs, the latter are called "children of the ladder" (*zàna-tòhatra*).

14 Has a mouth to eat with, but has no stomach to retain food?

A pair of scissors. A cutting edge is called in native idiom its "tongue" (*léla*).

15. God's little bag, whose stitching is invisible?

An egg.

16. Living on dainties, yet never fat?

A lampstand, which is continually fed with fat.

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17. Earth under the person, the person under dry grass, dry grass under water, and water again surrounded by earth?

A water-carrier and the waterpot he (or she) carries, together with a ring of dry grass used as a pad for the water-pot, the water carried, and the earthen *siny* or pot enclosing the water.

18. When the little one comes the great one takes off its hat?

The great store waterpot in a house, from which the straw cover or hat is removed when water is drawn with a *horn or tin ladle.*

19. Dead before it begins to bluster?

A drum, referring to the bullock's skin of which it is made.

20. Many shields, many spears, yet cannot protect wife and children?

The lemon tree, alluding to the spines on the branches and the round fruits.

In the appendix to the book three specimens of conundrum games are given, the custom being for the proposer to mention first a number of things from a dozen to thirty, calling upon the rest of the party to guess what they are when he has done. In the first of these a number of insects, birds, and household objects, are mentioned by some more or less vague description of them, such as, "Adornment of the sovereign? The people," "Horns (*i. e.* protection) of the people? Guns." "Top-knot of the town? A big house." "Two-thirds of his sense gone before he gets arms and legs? A tadpole, when it changes to a frog," &c.

In the second game all the different parts of an ox are described in an enigmatical way, thus: "God's pavement? Its teeth." "Two lakes at the foot of a tree? Its eyes." "Continually fighting, but never separating? Its lips." "Blanket worn day and night and can't be torn? Its skin," &c.

In the third game occur the following: "Fragrance of the forest? Ginger." "Fat of the trees? Honey." "The lofty place good refuge from the flood? Antanànarivo." "The lofty place good for sheltering? Ambòhimànga."* "Rising up and not questioned? The roof-posts of the house;" for a native, when rising up from the mat, would invariably be asked, "Ho aiza moa hianao?" "Where are you going?"

* Because of the woods which clothe the slopes of the hill.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOLK-TALE ANALYSIS.

[See Report of Folk-Tale Committee, *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. pp. 204-212.]

THE Folk-Tale Committee appointed by the Council desire to draw the attention of the Members to their scheme as set forth in the Report appended to the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. The scheme of operations is to analyse each story in the manner suggested by the examples already given, each analysis as it is completed to be sent to the Honorary Secretary for presentation to the Committee, who will then examine it and pass it for printing or for filing. Each analysis thus obtained will be worked into a scheme of folk-tale classification, and the Committee believe that by this exhaustive process they will be able to arrive at the root stories and the derivative stories under various cycles of tradition. To do this work thoroughly it will be seen that the co-operation of all interested in the work of the Society is needed, and the Committee trust they will receive offer of immediate and continued help.

Members are earnestly requested to communicate all matters of interest to the Honorary Secretary in connection with this subject, and to correspond in the monthly issue of the *Folk-Lore Record* on doubtful points. Every name received as a volunteer for the work will be printed in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, so that Members may be posted up as to the progress of the work.

For the purpose of guiding the Members in the selection of books to be analysed under the system proposed by the Committee, the following list of books has been drawn up, and Members may register their names against any of these books or against any other books not included in the list which may be suggested to the Committee from time to time.

In drawing up the list the Committee have had solely in view the object immediately in hand. No attempt has been made to compile a complete bibliography of folk-tales. As far as Europe is concerned the list contains nearly everything of real importance for the Committee's purpose, but doubtless many works dealing with extra-European mytho-

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logy, &c. in which folk-tales may be found, may have been omitted. Members may be able to supply what is wanting in this respect.

The titles are not given fully, but sufficiently to identify the book by. The dates are those of the last editions, or of the editions more generally used. The dates in brackets are those of the first editions. The figures in square brackets give the number of stories in each collection. Frequently an approximate number is given, in such cases c. (for *circa*) being printed before the figures. The collection is in the language of the title. Nothing is said about the merit of the collections, except a word of warning here and there when a collection has secured unmerited recognition. The third volume of Grimm's K. and H.M. has been referred to whenever it was thought abstracters might find the information there given of assistance.

As to the principles which have guided the Committee in drawing up this list, it may be pointed out that existing schemes of classification have been concerned almost entirely with "märchen," or folk-tales of, *ex hypothesi*, mythical origin. It is obvious that these alone are susceptible of classification in the true sense of the word, and it is with these that the Committee will have chiefly to deal. But it is only, or almost only, within this century that "märchen" have been noted down *tels quels* from the mouths of the people, and it is the collections published in this century that the Committee must attack first. Of previous European collections those only of Straparola, Basile, and Perrault are really deserving of attention, and these have played too large a part in the history of folk-tale literature to be disregarded. It will be important likewise to note what influence these literary versions have had upon living tradition. The same remark applies to the Indian and other Eastern collections. These consist to a very large extent more of apologues and jest tales than of "märchen" proper. It is, however, not always easy to distinguish between the classes, and bearing in mind the immense influence exerted by the Indian collections upon mediæval and renaissance literature it will be well to ascertain precisely how far that influence has extended to living tradition. This must be the Committee's excuse for touching tales which, though popular in their origin, are at present purely literary in form.

It is well known that the motifs and incidents of "märchen" appear, in a different form of course, in the mythology (using the word in the

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usual sense) of every race. It may be urged then that the Committee should include in the range of its labours the leading god-and-hero tales of mankind. As soon, however, as "märchen," as found existing at the present day among the people, are fairly abstracted and classified, it will be a comparatively easy task to index the mythologies upon the same plan. In the meantime the Committee must, unless it receives much more working support than there is reason to look forward to, confine itself to the strict terms of its reference.

Somadeva, Katha Sarit Sagara, deutsch von H. Brockhaus. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1843. *Indian.*

Hitopadesa, traduit en français par E. Lancereau. Paris, 1855 [42].

Panchantantra, deutsch von Benfey. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1859 [84].

Baital Pachisi, deutsch von Oesterley. Leipzig, 1873 [25].

Frere's Old Deccan Days. London (1866) 1881 [24].

Stokes's (Miss) Indian Fairy Tales. London, 1880 [30].

Rhys Davids's Buddhist Birth-stories. London, 1881 [40].

Neschebi's Touti-Nameh, deutsch von Iken. Tübingen, 1832. *Persian.*

Prym und Socin's Neu-Aramäische Dialekte, &c. 2 vols. Göttingen, 1881 (c. 20). *Aramaic.*

Tutteh-Nameh, deutsch von Rosen. Leipzig, 1858. 2 vols. *Turkish.*

Vierzig Veziere, die, deutsch von Behrnauer. Leipzig, 1851.

Jülg's Die Märchen des Ssiddhi Kur. Leipzig, 1866. *Mongolian.*

Jülg's Mongolische Märchen. Innsbruck, 1868.

Busk's Sagas from the Far East. London, 1873.

Schiefner's Tibetan Tales. London 1882 [49]. *Tibetan.*

Dennys's The Folk-Lore of China. London, 1876. *Chinese.*

Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio. 2 vols. London, 1880.

Mitford's Tales of Old Japan. London. 1871. *Japanese.*

Bastian in Orient und Occident, vol. iii. p. 171, quotes three Siamese collections: the Nonthuk-Pakkarnam [80-90]; the Paksa-Pakkaranam, and the Pisat-Pakkaranam: and on pp. 487-496 translates some half-dozen from the first collection. All three are apparently translations from modern versions of the Panchantantra, and other Indian collections. *Siamese.*

Dietrich's Russische Volksmärchen. Leipzig, 1831. *Russian.*

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Russian. Vogl's Die Aeltesten Volksmärchen der Russen. Wien, 1841 [12]. [Both of these collections are translations of Russian chap-books].
Afanasief's Narodnuiya Russkiya Skazki. Moscow, 1860-1863. 8 parts [332].
Khudyakof's Velorusskiya Skazki. Moscow, 1850 [122].
Chudinsky's Russkiya Narodnuiya Skazki. Moscow, 1864 [31].
Erlenwein's Narodnuiya Skazki. Moscow, 1863 [31].
Rudchenko's Narodnuiya Yuznorusskiya Skazki. Kief, 2 vols. 1869-1870.
Ralston's Russian Folk-tales. London, 1873 [51]. [Chiefly from the collection of Afanasief and Khudyakof].

Polish. Wojeicki, Polnische Volkssagen und Märchen. Berlin, 1839.
Wojeicki, Klechdy, starozytne, &c. Warsaw, 2 vols. 1851.
Glinski, Bajarz Polkski. Wilna, 4 vols. 1862.
Godin's Polnische Volksmärchen. Leipzig, 1878 [17]. [Translated from Glinski's collection].
Toeppen's Aberglauben aus Masuren, &c. 2nd edition, Danzig, 1867.

Bohemian. Gerle's Volksmärchen aus Böhmen. Prag, 1819 (cf. Grimm, iii. 342.)
Wenzig's Westslavischer Märchenschatz. Leipzig, 1857 [c. 30].
Nemcova, Narodni bachorky. Prague, 2 vols. 1880.

Moravian. Mensik, Moravske narodni pohadky. 1856.
Kulda, Moravske narodni pohadky. Prague, 2 vols. 1874-1875.
Vrana, Moravske narodni pohadky. Vol. i. 1880.

Slovakian. Dobsinsky, Slovenske povesti. 2 vols. 1858-1859.
Matice Slovenskej, Slovenskych narodnich. Vol. i. Vienna, 1870.
Dobsinsky, Prostonarodni Slovenske povesti. 4 parts, 1880.

Wendish. Haupt und Schmaler's Volkslieder der Wenden. Grimma, 2 vols. 1841. Vol. ii. pp. 158-185, Wendische Märchen, &c.
Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, Mährchen, &c. Graz, 1880.

Servian. Karadschitsch's Volksmärchen der Serben. Berlin, 1854 [49].

Bosnian. Bosanski Prijatelj. Zagreb, 3 parts, 1851.
Bosanske narodne pripodjevke. Vol i. 1870.

Slavonian. Stojanovic, Pucke pripoviedke, &c. Zagreb, 1867.

Croatian. Mikulicie, Narodne pripovietke, &c. 1876.

Slovenian. Valjavec, Narodne pripoviedke, &c. 1858.
Podsavniski, Slovenske pripovedke. 1874.

Lithuanian. Schleicher's Litauische Märchen. Weimar, 1857.

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Leskien und Brugmann's Litauische Volkslieder und Märchen. Strasburg, 1882. [46.]
Kreutzwald's Ehstnische Märchen. F. Löwe. Halle, 1869 [24]. *Esthonian.*
Rudbek, Suomen kansan satuja ja tarinoita. Helsingfors, 1852. *Finnish.*
Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren. Wien, 1822 [17]. *Hungarian.*
Stier's Ungarische Märchen aus der Edelyischen Sammlung. Berlin, 1850 [17.]
Stier's Ungarische Märchen aus Gaal's Nachlasse.
Müller's Beitraege zur Kenntniss der Rom-Sprache. Wien, 1869. *Gipsy.*
[5, from Hungary.]
Paspati's Études sur les Tchingianés. Constantinople, 1870. [6, from Turkey.]
Miklosisch's Die Zigeuner. Wien, 1874-1878 [18, chiefly from the Bukovina.]
Constantinescu, Probe de limba si literatura Tsiganilor. Bucharest, 1878 [15].
Straparola. Tredeci piacevoli notti (1550). *Italian.*
[According to Grimm, iii. p. 285, 21 of the 74 stories contained in the collection are folk-tales.]
Louveau et Larivey's Facétieuses Nuits de S. (1560, 1573). 2 vols. Paris, 1857. [French translation of the above.]
Basile's Pentamerone, 1637 [50].
[The above translated into German by F. Liebrecht. Breslau, 1846, with valuable notes and introduction by J. Grimm.]
Gubernatis, Le Novelline di Santo Stefano. Turin, 1869 [35].
Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1870 [92].
Busk's (Miss) The Folk-Lore of Rome. London. 1874 [137].
Pitré, Fiabe, novelle e raconti popolari Siciliani. 4 vols. Palermo, 1875 [306].
Comparetti, Novelline popolari Italiane, vol. i. Turin, 1875 [70].
Widter und Wolf, Volksmärchen aus Venetien, published in Ebert's Jahrbuch für Romanische Philologie, vol. viii.
Imbriani, La Novellaja Fiorentina. Leghorn, 1877.
Visentini, Fiabe Mantovane. Turin, 1879 [50].
Nerucci, Sessanta novelle popolari Montalesi. Florence, 1880 [60].
[Professedly collected from the folk, but probably much cooked.]
Bernoni, Fiabe popolari Veneziane. Venice, 1875 [20].
Bernoni, Leggende fantastiche popolari Veneziane. Venice, 1875[9].

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Tuscan Fairy Tales, taken down from the mouths of the people. London (1880) [10].

Novelle popolari Toscane, now publishing in Pitré's Archivio [8 up to date].

Monnier's, Les contes populaires en Italie. Paris, 1880. [Chiefly translated from Pitré and Imbriani.]

Spanish. Caballero, Cuentos populares Andaluzes.

[The above translated into English by J. H. Ingram: Caballero, The Bird of Truth, and other fairy tales. London (1881) [33]. Caballero's tales are much cooked.]

Maspon y Labros, Lo Rondellayre, &c. Barcelona, 1876.

Busk's Patrañas. London, 1870 [c. 40.]

Portuguese. Cuelho, Contos populares Portuguese. Lisbon, 1879.

[Three of these stories are translated into English. *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv.]

Pedroso, A selection of 30 stories from his inedited Portuguese collection, translated into English, is published in vol. ix. of the publications of the Folk-Lore Society. London, 1882.

Greek. Hahn's Griechische und Albanesische Märchen. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1864 [61]. [The Greek text was published in 1870 at Copenhagen by Pio, Neoellenika paramythia, but the contents of the two collections do not exactly correspond.]

Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, &c. Leipzig, 1822 [23].

Sakellarios, Cypriaca. Vol. iii.

Politis & Lambros. Analecta Neo-Hellenika.

[Both of these works contain modern Greek Märchen, 30 of which have been translated by Legrand, Contes populaires Grecs. Paris, 1881.]

Albanian. Hahn's Op. cit. supra, p. 7.

Dozon's Manuel de la langue Chipke. Paris, 1524.

[The "reader" portion contains 24 Albanian folk-tales translated into French by Dozon, Contes populaires Albanais. Paris, 1881.]

Mitsos, L'Abeille Chipke. Alexandria, 1878 [12, in Albanian only].

Jarnik, Zur Albanischer Sprachenkunde. Leipzig, 1881 [2, with translation].

Roumanian. Schott, Walachische Märchen. Stuttgart, 1845 [43].

Mawer's Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends. London, 1881 [8 Märchen].

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Perrault's Contes (1697). Paris, 1875 [11]. *French.*
d'Aulnoy's Contes. Paris, 18— [24]. [Cf. Grimm, iii. pp. 302, &c., for the real folk-tales of the collection.]
Cabinet des fées. 31 volumes. Paris, 1785. [Cf. Grimm, iii. p. 307, for value of this collection.]
Beauvois, Contes.
Cenac-Moncaut, Litterature populaire de la Gascogne. Paris, 1868. [The tales in this collection are much cooked.]
Bladé, Contes et proverbes recueillis en Armagnac. Paris, 1867.
Bladé, Contes populaires recueillis en Agenais. Paris, 1874.
Chapelot, Contes Balzatois. Angoulême, 1872.
Laisnel de la Salle, Croyances et legendes du centre de la France. 2 vols. Paris, 1875.
Bladé, Trois contes populaires recueillis à Lectoure. Bordeaux, 1877.
Carnoy, Contes Picards, publiés dans Mélusine.
Carnoy, Contes, &c., publiés dans Romania. No. 30.
Cosquin, Contes populaires Lorrains, publiés dans Romania.
Sébillot, Contes populaires de la Haute Bretagne. Vol. i. Paris, 1880 [c. 50]. Vol. ii. Paris, 1881 [c. 45]. Vol. iii. Paris, 1882 [c. 40].
——— Littérature orale de la Haute Bretagne. Paris, 1881. [c. 35].
Adam, Patois Lorrains. Paris, 1881 [5].
Cerquand's Légendes et recits populaires du pays Basque. Paris, 1874-1878. *Basque.*
Webster's Basque Legends. London, 1877 [45].
Musäus, Volksmärchen der Deutschen (1782). [Cf. Grimm, iii. p. 325.] *German.*
Kindermärchen aus mündlichen Erzählungen gesammelt. Erfurt, 1787 [4]. [Cf. Grimm, iii. 327.]
Stahl, Fabeln, Märchen, &c. Nürnberg, 1818 [9]. [Cf. Grimm, iii. 332.]
Grimm's Kinder und Hausmärchen (1812). Berlin, 1870. Vol. iii. Gottingen, 1856 [200].
Kuhn's Märkische Sagen und Märchen. Berlin, 1843 [16].
Arnim's Hundert neue Märchen. Vol. i. Charlottenberg, 1844 [20].
Bechstein's Deutsche Märchenbuch (1845).

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Müllenhoff's Sagen, Märchen, &c., aus Schleswig-Holstein. Kie., 1845.
Wolf's Deutsche Märchen und Sagen. Leipzig, 1845.
Sommer, Sagen, Märchen, &c., aus Sachsen Vol. Halle, 1846.
Kuhn und Schwartz, Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen, &c. Leipzig, 1848.
Wolf's Deutsche Hausmärchen. Göttingen, 1851 [61].
Zingerle, Kinder und Hausmärchen. 2 vols. Innsbruck, 1852-1854 [115].
Meier, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben. Stuttgart, 1852.
Pröhle, Kinder und Volksmärchen. Leipzig, 1853.
Pröhle, Märchen für die Jugend. Halle, 1854.
Colshorn, Märchen und Sagen. Hannover, 1854.
Haltrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Siebenbürgen (1856). Wien 1882 [119].
Zingerle, Sagen, Märchen, &c., aus Tirol. Innsbruck, 1859 [6].
Schambach und Müller, Niedersachsische Märchen, &c. Göttingen, 1855.
Ey, Harzmärchenbuch. Stade, 1862.
Sutermeister, Kinder und Hausmärchen aus der Schweiz. Aarau, 1873 [63].
Franzisci, Culturstudien ueber Volksleben, &c. Vienna, 1879.
Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen, &c., aus Mecklenburg. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1879-1880.

Norwegian. Asbjórnsen og Moe, Norske Folkeeventyr (2 parts, Christiania, 1843-1844).
The above, Deutsch, v. F. Bresemann. Berlin, 1847 [52].
The above, English, by Dasent. London, 1858.
Asbjórnsen og Moe, Norske Folkeeventyr. Ny Samling.
The above, English, by Dasent. Tales from the Fjeld. London, 1874 [51].

Icelandic. Arnason, Islenzkar Thothvögur og Aefintyri. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1864.
The above, English, by Powell and Magnusson. London, 1864-66.
Gering, Islendzk eventyri, &c. Vol. i. Halle, 1882. Contains chiefly "Sagen."

Swedish. Cavallius und Stephens, Schwedische Volkssagen und Märchen Oberleitner. Wien, 1848 [16].

Danish. Etlar, Eventyr og Folkesagen frer Iylland. Copenhagen, 1847.
Grundtvig, Dänische Volksmärchen. Leo. Leipzig, 1878 [20].

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Grundtvig, Dänische Volksmärchen. Zweite Sammlung. Strodtmann. Leipzig, 1879 [19]. [Grundtvig's tales are much cooked, a fact he acknowledges himself.]

Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales. London, 1849 [c. 20]. *English.*

Henderson's Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties. London, 1866. Baring Gould's appendix contains 16 folk-tales.

Groome's In Gipsy Tents. Edinburgh, 1880. Contains pp. 201 et ff. two capital Gipsy folk-tales.

Chambers's Popular Rhymes of Scotland. Edinburgh (1841) 1870 [c. 12].

Bruyère's Contes populaires de la Grande-Bretagne. Paris, 1875. A selection translated from Halliwell, Chambers, Campbell, Kennedy, Croker, &c. with useful notes and parallels.

Mabinogion, translated by Lady C. Guest (1838). London, 1870 [7]. *Welsh.*

Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands. 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1860-1862 [80, and variants]. *Scotch Gaelic.*

Croker's Fairy Legends and Traditions, &c. 3 parts. London, 1825-1828. *Irish Gaelic.*

[The above, Part I. translated into German by J. and W. Grimm: Irische Elfennärchen. Leipzig, 1826. With valuable introduction and notes.]

K(illinger), Sagen und Märchen. Vols. i. and vi.

Kennedy's Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts. London, 1866 [10 folk-tales].

Kennedy's Fireside Stories of Ireland. Dublin, 1870. [51 tales]

Kennedy's Bardic Stories of Ireland. Dublin, 1871 [c. 10 folk-tales].

Joyce's Old Celtic Romances. London, 1879.

[Contains some bardic versions of folk-tales translated very laxly.]

Hibernian Tales. Dublin [n. d.]

Marie de France, Lais. Roquefort. Paris, 1820 [4]. Mediæval poems, based, probably, on Breton folk-tales. Cf. Grimm, iii. p. 313. *Breton.*

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Generic name of story.—(To be filled in by Folk-Tale Committee.)

Specific name.—The sharp (horned) grey sheep.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) King, (2) first queen, (3) first queen's daughter = heroine, (4) second queen, (5) sheep, (6) henwife, (7) henwife's daughter, (8) second queen's daughter, (9) prince, (10) bird.

Thread of story.—King and queen have daughter—queen dies—king marries again—stepmother bad to daughter[1]—latter comforted by sharp (horned) grey sheep[2]—stepmother takes counsel with henwife—latter sends her daugher Ni Maol Charach[3] to spy—heroine offers to dress her head—she sleeps with front eyes but sees with back ones the sheep bringing food—relates what she has seen—sheep ordered to be killed, but directs heroine beforehand to gather up bones and roll them in her skin—latter does so but forgets one hoof and sheep comes alive but limps. Prince notices heroine and loves her—henwife's daughter relates this—stepmother sends own daughter to herd and puts heroine to kitchen work—latter receives shoes[4] from prince and appointment to meet in church, goes thither, returns before others come out, loses shoe third time—owner of shoe to marry prince—stepmother by henwife's advice mutilates[5] own daughter to make shoe fit—betrayed thrice by bird[6] on wedding day—third time prince listens, finds the report true, seeks heroine and marries her.

Incidental circumstances.

(1) Sets her to herd sheep and starves her.
(2) Who comes with meat to her.
(3) Three-eyed being, one eye in back of head. Englishing of name, "bald scabby thing."
(4) *Gold* shoes.
(5) Cuts off toes.
(6) "The blood's in the shoe and the pretty foot's in the nook that's at the back of the fire."

Where published.—Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected with a translation by J. F. Campbell, Edinburgh, 1860, No. 43, vol. ii.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Gaelic text, pp. 289-91. English translation, pp. 286-289.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name:* John Dewar, labourer, Glendarriel, Cowal.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by Editor of above.—Proverbial expression "to have an eye in back of head." Parallels: with Io-Argus saga, and with Thor saga for the gathering up of the bones incident. Many Gaelic versions found.—ALFRED NUTT.

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IRISH FOLK-TALES.

COLLECTORS of folk-tales are, I think, not generally aware that there is a field as yet ungleaned within easy reach, and one which the rapid advance of education will soon leave bare. For some years past I have taken much interest in the Irish inhabitants of the place in which I live; but it is only lately that I have become aware of the number of folk-tales which are to be found among them. I am making a collection of these, which may ultimately find its way into print. Meanwhile it may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Folk-Lore Journal* if I give an example or two from those which I have already obtained.

My amanuensis is a lad named Patrick Weathers, aged 13, a native of Newcastle, county Cork, who came over here with his parents about seven years ago. I am sending the stories exactly as he wrote them down at the dictation of the narrators, who in some cases can neither read nor write, a fact which is much in favour of the genuineness of their stories. These tales are handed down from father or mother to children in true traditional style; and it is amusing to gather together a crowd of boys from eleven to fourteen years old, and set them story-telling. They like nothing better; and the variety and number of the stories they tell is astonishing. But if the collection is to be of real value it must be made *now*; these lads as they grow up will mix in the stories that they read with those handed down to them—my leading *raconteur* the other night began telling "The Golden Fleece" from Hawthorne's "Wonder-book," to which I had directed his attention—so that there is no time to be lost.

Without further preface I will give three short examples. The first was related by Mary Weathers, mother of the writer: Pat assures me that "this is a true story; it was a relation of my mother's that it happened to."

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I.

Once upon a time there was a man who had to mind a sheriff's house in Ireland; so one night as he was sitting down reading a knock came to the door; he went to see who was there, but no one was to be seen. After he went in a second knock came to the door; he went to see who it was, but no one could he see, then he went in again. A third knock came and the man said he would not mind that. The knocking was continued, and he went at last to see who it was. When he opened the door he saw an old woman, dripping with water, who said, "My good man, would you be so kind as to give me a night's lodging?" "By all means," said he, "I would give any one a help if I saw them hard up." Then he took her in and made a bed for her upstairs; then she went to bed.

In the middle of the night he heard the door upstairs squeaking, and all the clothes were hanging on the door. He jumped out of bed and rushed upstairs and made a grab at the old woman, and she disappeared. Soon afterwards two great big cold hands were laid upon his face, and a voice said "Don't mind her, she's one of your own good people, and you shall be rewarded for your kindness," and every day afterwards he had good luck.

The narrator of No. II. is James Collins, aged 14, native of Kildorrery, county Cork, who came over with his family two years ago. His father told him this story, and it also, I am assured, is true.

II. The Miller and the Cat.

A few years ago there was a miller, and nearly every bit of his flour was destroyed and he couldn't make out what was doing it. One night a great deal of damage was done, so next night he said he would stop up and mind the mill; and about midnight he heard a great noise in the above apartment, so he went to see, and there was a lot of cats on the flour tearing it about all over the room. The miller ran and threw a knife at one and cut its leg off; then he found what was doing all the damage. In the morning when he went home and was going into bed he saw his daughter lying in bed with one of

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her hands cut off. He then called his wife to know what did it, and she said she did not know. Then he thought it might be himself that cut it off. And every night after he stopped up and could not find any more of the cats.

The next story comes from Tralee, Tipperary. The narrator was one John O'Connell, who was lodging in Pat Weather's house, and dictated it to him. It is unnecessary to point out the many points of interest which it presents. I have a variant or expansion which I may send later: meanwhile I may point out as evidence of its antiquity the occupation of "Jack"—the usual name of Irish folk-tale heroes—in "minding cows for a king in Ireland." I think the "blue glass shoes" worn by Jack are noteworthy, as Mr. Ralston* says, "The well-known substitution of *verre* for *vair* in the French description of Cinderella's slipper enables us to detect the French origin of some variants of the history: wherever she is found wearing a slipper of glass we may be sure that her story has at least been subjected to a French influence, and that at a comparatively recent period."

III.

There was once a lad whose name was Jack, and he was minding cows for a king in Ireland. It happened one day that he drove his cows rather farther than usual, and it was fine rich grass for the cows to feed on. Jack had not been there very long when a giant came and asked him what he and his cows were doing in the field. Jack asked him what business that was of his. The giant said he would fight him and see. Jack consented, and they fought. The giant at first was getting the best of Jack, but he was soon the best man, and the giant was a dead man. That night when Jack went home the king noticed how good the milk was, but Jack never told what happened. The second day Jack killed a second giant, and the third day he killed another.

It happened that there was a great sea serpent came out of the sea every year to eat one of the king's daughters. Jack

* *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. p. 75.

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heard of this, and he said he would go and defend her. At last the day came round when it was to happen, and Jack went off to the giant's place and got a black horse and a black suit of clothes. When he was coming away he saw a bottle labelled "Whoever would take one drop of this stuff would have three times as much strength." So he took a drop and gave his horse a drop, and galloped away to the place where the princess was. Soon the serpent came, and Jack killed it. This was done three times, and the last time Jack wore a pair of blue glass shoes. And when he was riding away the princess caught hold of one of them, but Jack did not mind that. The king was so glad that his daughter was saved that he ordered a ball party in memory of it. Every one, rich and poor, was invited to go to it, and in the middle of the enjoyments the king brought the glass shoe to see who it would fit, but no one could get it on. Jack, who was in the kitchen, asked whether he might not try, and the king said he could, and it fitted him nicely, and it ended that Jack married the princess, and if they did not live happy that we may.

JAMES BRITTEN.

Isleworth.

STORIES OF FAIRIES FROM SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. WALTER GREGOR.

FAIRY Knots.—The fairies danced round the Hallow-fires, and, whilst they were doing so, they kept casting knots of blue ribbons with their left hands, and throwing them over their left shoulders. These knots could not be unloosed, and were called "fairy-knots." Those who were fascinated by their beauty, and were foolish enough to lift them, came immediately under the power of the "fair-folk," and were liable to be carried off by them at any moment.

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Fairy Help.—John Chalmers was a thresher at Peathill, Pitsligo. There was always a good deal more straw threshed than his labour would have led one to look for. Often and again have the flails been heard in the barn after he had finished his threshing, and left the barn. It was the fairies giving their kind offices.*—Told by W. Clark, aged 77, Peathill.

Changlings.—When a child was to be taken away by the fairies, a "stock" was some times substituted. It was an image of the child, and was made of wood. A man's child was carried off, and a "stock" left. On discovering what had been done, the father hung it in the "crook" over the fire. In a moment it flew out by the "lum." He rushed out to look after it, and found his own child lying under the gable of the house.†

Protection against Fairies.—"Willie, a'm gaain t' the wall; dinna ley the hoose till I cum back." "Foo that, mither," said Willie. "Oh, it wid be better gehn ye bed in; ye dinna ken faht may tack place." "Faht cud tack place, mither?" "Ye widna ken: onywye gehn ye gan oot, pit the Bible in aneth yir wife's head." "Oh aye, a'll dee that." Willie's wife had been brought to bed a short time before, and her child, as well as herself, was in danger of being carried off by the fairies. When Willie's mother returned, she found he had left the house. Going up to the bed side, she anxiously asked if Willie had put anything below the pillow. "A dinna ken. A fan him workin aboot ma head, bit a didna sae faht he wiz aboot." The grandmother put her hand under the pillow, and drew out a peat, for "Willie was a wanton wag," and had placed a peat instead of the Bible under his wife's pillow. His mother remonstrated most solemnly with him on his entering the house again. The remonstrance only called forth a laugh. "It's nae lauchin maitter, an gehn ye dinna tack care, ye may seen get something ye're nae seekin."—Told by W. Clark, Peathill.

"Sowans," or in northern pronunciation "sones," is a dish in Scotland. It is made from "pron" *i.e.* siftings of oatmeal. The "pron"

* See *Popular Romances of the West of England*, pp. 129, 130, by Robert Hunt; compare *Choice Notes*, pp. 146, 147.

† See *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North East of Scotland*, p. 61.

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is first steeped in water in the "sone bowie," and allowed to stand for a short time. It is then poured into the "seysones" and drained, and thus all the "sids" are removed and nothing is left but the flour of the meal. When the "pron" was put into the "bowie," and water poured over it, a burning coal was thrown by some canny goodwives into the mixture. This they did to prevent the fairies from urinating amongst it.

Fairies not to be annoyed.—A flat stone lay embedded in the ground a little in front of the door of Mrs. C———'s house. It was over a fairy dwelling house. On no account would she herself throw water from the door after darkness set in. She might inadvertently cast it on, or near the stone, and it might sink, and thus cause a "drap" in the dwelling of the fairies, and annoy them. The express rule was that no one of the household should cast out water from the door after nightfall. If one disregarded the rule, there was a sharp rebuke. The fairies were not to be molested, lest they might become troublesome, and take revenge, as they did when they were slighted or annoyed.

Fairy Coveteousness.—A man, Arthur, was walking along the road one evening when he heard behind him a voice saying, "Tack Arthur, tack Arthur." "No," said another voice, "No, he hiz a red caip, tack it." Arthur knew his danger, and took to his heels at once.

Breaking the witch spell on cattle.—"Dillyverge" was a woman renowned in her day for having the power to take away the milk from cows. She exercised her skill on Mr. F——'s cow in the parish of New Deer, Aberdeenshire, and the cow all at once ceased to yield milk. The goodman made a journey to ask the advice of a woman versed in occult matters. He was ordered to kindle a fire on "the winnowan hill," lead the cow three times round it "witherlans," *i. e.* contrary to the sun's course, catch a part of her urine, and cork it tightly into a bottle, and watch during the following night. He was told that a woman would come at a certain hour, and confess that she had done the deed of milk-stealing. All this was carried out most punctually. The members of the family watched except the goodman. At the hour mentioned by the wise woman, "Dillyverge" opened the door, and entered in great excitement, with her eyes "red like collops."

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She said she had passed a dreadful night, as times dreaming about the gentleman, and wishing that she could endure the misery no longer, and that she had now come to see him, and must speak with him. She was for a time deaf to all entreaties to rise, but she became only the more pressing. Her request was at last granted. She spoke to him, was relieved, and the cow's milk was restored.—Told by an old couple living in the parish of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire.

Something a Witch.—In the farm of K——, in the parish of P——, Aberdeenshire, lived the grandfather of the present tenant. For a considerable time after he entered on the farm his cattle did not thrive. He could account for this in no way until at last he came to the conclusion that witch influence was at work. One morning he set out on horseback to consult "Sarvan," a noted man of wisdom in Buchan in those days. He was cordially received, and told his errand. "Oh, aye," said Sarvan, "an I can tell ye see the man's face ye's deein ye a the K—— an' ye'll never get yer mows clean o' ye draw bleed o' him aboon the breach."

In somewhat vigorous words the farmer said he would soon do that, mounted his horse, and rode home as fast as possible. On reaching home and getting rid of his horse he went into the kitchen to fetch a knife to carry out his instructions—to "draw bleed aboon the breach."

The girl of the kitchen happened to be baking oatmeal cakes, and he seized hold of the "girdle" with which she was turning each cake into quarters and turning them on the "girdle." With this he went straight to a neighbouring farmer, who was ploughing in a field not far off. He seized him, at the same time using a few strong words about his being a witch, and adding that he would soon take away his power of being mischief to his cattle. Being a strong man, he threw him on the ground, held him down, and with the "girdle" inflicted on his forehead, just over the eyebrows, two cuts in the form of a cross. The cattle throve daily afterwards."—Told by a man, aged 77, living in the parish of Pitsligo.

* See *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 182, by William Henderson; *Popular Romances of the West of England*, p. 313, by Robert Hunt, F.R.S.; *Choice Notes*, p. 83. Compare *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. pp. 135–7.

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

A Cheshire Custom.—An extraordinary custom was made public at the Eddisbury Cheshire Police-court on Tuesday. Five young men were summoned for assaulting another young man named Taylor. Complainant was coming from his sweetheart's house when defendants asked him to pay his footing on commencing courting. He refused, whereupon defendants produced a huge flour bag, in which they completely enveloped him, smashing his hat and umbrella, smothering him with flour, and spoiling his overcoat. Defendants said this was the invariable custom of the neighbourhood, and the magistrates recognised it by ordering the defendants to pay £2 10s. damages, and also to pay expenses.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, Nov. 4, 1882.

A Singular Custom kept up.—A correspondent writes:—I see that some of our old and quaint customs are still kept up in St. Just. William Harvey and George Angove had their hats burnt on Monday morning at Wheal Drea mine for the first increase to their families.—*Cornishman*, Aug. 21, 1882.

"*Riding the Stang.*"—On Monday night the town of Northallerton was in a somewhat excited state on the announcement that the youths of the place were going to "ride the stang" for a married man and woman, who had, it was alleged, eloped, but who returned to their respective homes last Thursday and Friday night. The procession started at the back of the town, near the residence of one of the alleged offenders, but as soon as it reached the main street a number of policemen conveyed them to the police station.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, Nov. 4, 1882.

Superstition in Stornoway.—On a visit which we had the pleasure of making the other day to the capital of the Lewis, we were surprised to find the still prevalent strength of an old superstition that was at one time widely influential in Scotland. It would appear that the disease known as "the King's Evil" is very common in the island, including its chief town. One of the islanders, a shopkeeper in a good way of business, telling of the prevalence of the disease, from which his own children suffer, added the astonishing remark, "But we are getting a good deal of good from the *Seventh Son cure.*" This refers to the old practice of getting the seventh son in a family of that extent to touch the person afflicted with the disease,

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The clergyman, in being examined with to his apparent faith in this absurd invention, frankly acknowledged that it was a superstition, but added that he had to admit of its practical utility in many cases. From the tone of his remarks, indeed, it was evident that he had been resorting to it in the case of his own children.—*Glasgow Mail.*

An Egyptian Version of Sindbad.—Among the papers read before the Berlin Congress of Orientalists in 1881, and printed in the *Verhandlungen* (part ii. pp. 1–6), is one by M. W. Golenischeff, of St. Petersburg, on an old Egyptian tale which presents analogies to certain episodes in the tale of Sindbad. As M. Golenischeff promises a transcript and translation of the papyrus, folklorists will soon be in a position to judge for themselves of the exact relation between the Egyptian and Arabian tales. For the present, it may be of interest to reproduce a summary of the leading incidents of the tale, as presented by M. Golenischeff to the Congress. The papyrus is said to be, approximately, about 4,000 years old.

The narrator says that he embarked in a large vessel, and was overtaken by a storm. All the sailors were drowned, but the narrator was saved by a plank, and reached the shore of an island in which he found food and fruit of the most excellent description. Suddenly he heard a sound of thunder, and beheld a serpent approach. Its rings were encrusted with gold, and its colour was of *lapis lazuli*. In reply to the enquiry of the serpent as to how he came there, the narrator tells the story of his shipwreck. The serpent comforts him, because it is God who has brought him to the enchanted island; and, after four months, another ship will arrive which will carry him safely home. The serpent then tells him sundry details about the serpent family, and again comforts the narrator. The latter promises that Pharaoh will give the serpent rare cassia, and incense, and treasure of all kinds out of Egypt. But the serpent smiles, and says that he has all the rarest cassia and incense of Egypt, and *anti* perfume as well, which the Egyptians had not. Only one Egyptian incense was lacking [but this Pharaoh could not supply—because] "after your departure you will never again see this island, which will be transformed into waves." Then the ship came, as the serpent prophesied, and the serpent loaded the narrator with all manner of good things, not omitting the *anti* perfume, and so he got safely home.

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M. Golénischeff discusses in some detail the points of contact between this story and Sindbad's voyages; but, until we have a full and exact account of the papyrus before us, it is premature to start hypotheses on what is already a difficult problem. JOHN FENTON.

Early Notices of Yorkshire Folk-lore.—The following passages relating to the Folk-Lore of our forefathers occur in a place where few would look for them. I therefore make no apology for forwarding you a transcript for the use of the Folk-Lore Society: *Fabric Rolls of York Minster.* (Surtees Society.) Edited by the Rev. James Raine. 1859.—Article liii. Detecta quœdam in visitationibus Eccl. Cath. Ebor. necnon ecclesiarum eidem pertinentem infra provinciam Ebor.

1510. "NEWBALD, NORTH AND SOUTH . . . . . and alleso yer is a womane yt hath demeyd her marvelously, for sho hayth takyne ye coveryng of ye bere and layd it on hir kow, and a plewygh stayfe yt had kyld a mensse, and a clothe ondyr a corsse to cast over ye kow."—P. 266.

"STRENSALL . . . . . Ricardus Hall, capellanus ibidem, est communis adulter. . . . . Item ministrat poccula amatoria sive medic' Agneti Hobson de Alne servienti suæ, per quod destruit puerum in utero suo et eciam mulierem, & dicta pocula ministravit aliis quampluribus mulieribus."—P. 272.

1528. "BISHOPWILTON. Isabel Mure presented. Shee took fier and ij yong women w^t^ hir and went to a rynnyng water, & light a wyspe of straw & sitt it on the water, and saide thus: 'Benedicite, se ye what I see; I se the fier burne and water rynne and the gryse grew, and see flew and nyght fevers and all unknowth evils that evil flee, and all other, God will.' And after theis wordes sais xv. Pater Noster, xv. Ave Maria, & thre credes."—P. 273.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

QUERIES.

Brood of Ducks. A brood of young ducks, is it a "squad"? There is some peculiar word which I failed to note at the time, and have lost it. I am trying to recover it.

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About Axbridge they call the youngest of a litter of pigs a treseltrype. JNO. A. YATEMAN.

Old Rhymes and Sayings. The *Macclesfield Courier* of Oct. 14th, 1882, relates an amusing police-court case at Hyde. A woman named Catherine Ann Whitehead was charged with stealing a purse at Staley on the 28th September. In the midst of her examination the prisoner commenced to hum a tune and keep time with her feet. A Constable: Will you be quiet? Prisoner: Oh, you are somebody's son, and somebody is your mother.

Will you come to the wedding—
Will you come, will you come?
Will you come to the wedding,
Will you come?
Bring your own tea and sugar,
And your own bread and butter,
And we'll all "go" a penny to the rum.

The magistrates here held a consultation, during which the prisoner was allowed to do pretty well as she pleased. After upbraiding the public for laughing at her, and making a little speech to the reporters, she sang:—

The man in the moon one morning did say,
"How many oak trees are there in the sea?"
I answered and said, "When I'm understood,
As many red herrings as there are in the wood."

I say, if you keep on the clean side of the road your boots don't get dirty, but if you go into the mud you can't brush it off. Come with me, and I'll take you where the moon shines in the day and the sun shines in the night, where the donkeys bark and the dogs all bray, and the dumb men speak and the blind men fight.

Are these the ravings of a maniac merely, or do they contain remnants of a folk-lore knowledge? G. L. GOMME.

Who is the author of *Holland-tide, or Munster Popular Tales.* London, 1827? JAMES BRITTEN.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

The first meeting of the session of the Colchester Natural History Society was opened on October 5 last by Mr. Laver with an interesting paper on "Folk-Lore in its Relation to Mammals." The

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numerous superstitions connected with our familiar animals were illustrated by popular sayings from various parts of the world. The Folk-Lore Society was highly commended for the valuable assistance it renders to those interested in researches regarding the mode of life and thought of our ancestors.

During his survey of Eastern Palestine, Captain Conder is said to have collected a great quantity of Arab Folk-Lore, with tribe-marks and other ethnological evidence of value.

Mr. S. L. Lee is editing for the Early English Text Society the English version of the French Romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, which was written by Lord Berners, the well-known translator of Froissart, early in the sixteenth century. Only one copy of the first edition is known to be extant, and it is now in the possession of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, by whose permission the present reprint is being made. The book will be of interest to students of folk-lore, as being the first to introduce Oberon, King of the Fairies, into English literature. His ancestry and the circumstances of his birth are there minutely described. In person he is represented as "of heyght .iii. fote, and crokyd shulderyd, but yet he hathe an aungelyke vysage." His dress gleams with precious stones and round his neck hangs a marvel-working horn. There is no limit to his powers of enchantment, and he has the reputation of working deadly evil on all men who speak with him, although other passages show him to be a zealous Christian. Huon, the hero of the romance, he takes under his especial protection, and brings him safe through all his hair-breadth adventures. His habitation is a wood, named Maumur, on the road between Babylon and Palestine; and, according to the old story, he finally sets out for Paradise, where a place was appointed him at his birth, and bequeaths his kingdom on earth to Huon of Bordeaux. Mr. Lee intends in his introduction to consider the various theories that have been suggested by continental writers as to the origin of Oberon, and to trace briefly his career in English literature. The former part of the subject has never been fully investigated. Keightley, who attempted it in his Fairy Mythology, preceded by many years the most thorough workers in the field, and has been long outpaced. Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps has well illus-

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trated the latter part of the subject in his many valuable notes on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr. Lee hopes that the book may be published early in 1883.

At the Antiquarian Congress at Cassel, which took place from the 27th to the 30th August, a resolution was adopted impressing on historical societies the advantage to antiquarian research of the collection of the *Volksliader* or popular songs of their respective districts.

The year's *Proceedings* of the Portuguese Folk-Lore Society have been issued by Clavel, of Oporto. The Book is edited by Senhor J. Leite de Vasconcellos, who published not long since an interesting study of the folk-lore of his native country, called *Tradições populares de Portugal*.

Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., intend to publish a set of chap-books and folk-lore tracts. The editors propose to reprint in chap-book form, with outline representations of the quaint woodcuts, the earliest editions at present known of these fugitive though not forgotten pieces of a dead literature. Each tract will be complete in itself, and will have a short prefatory note, giving as much bibliographical and folk-lore information as may be necessary to confirm its value. The subscription for a series of tracts is one guinea. When the first is issued a second will be prepared. Subscribers need only subscribe for a single series, but they will have the option of subscribing for the others as they appear. The following will form the first series, and will be ready early this year: "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," edition printed by Wynkyn de Worde, *circa* 1505; "The Antient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisel," a seventeenth century edition; "The Pleasant History of Thomas Hickathrift," printed for W. Thackeray; "The History of Mother Bunch of the West," a seventeenth century edition; "The Famous and Remarkable History of Sir Richard Whittington," a seventeenth century edition. Among those which it is proposed to print in succeeding series will be: "The Seven Champions of Christendom," "The Right Pleasant and Variable History of Fortunatus," "Jack and the Giants," "Tom Thumb," "The Wise Men of Gotham," "Guy of Warwick," "Bevis of Hamton," "Academy of Complements," and "Round about our Coal Fire."

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NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date,* and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

Members of the Society may advertise in these columns at a cost to cover only expenses.

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CONTAINING—

THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY. Part III. By the Rev. JAMES SIBREE, Junior.
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE PUBLICATIONS IN ENGLISH. Part II. By G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.
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XI.

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1878.

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II. Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By William Henderson. A new edition, with considerable additions by the Author. 8vo. pp. xvii. 301. [Published at 12s.]

CONTENTS.—Life and Death of Man.—Days and Seasons.—Spells and Divinations.—Portents and Auguries.—Charms and Spells.—Witchcraft.—Local Spirits.—Worms or Dragons.—Occult Powers and Sympathies.—Haunted spots.—Dreams.—Appendix.—Index.

III. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. II. 8vo. pp. viii. 250; Appendix, pp. 31. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS.—Preface.—Neo-Latin Fay, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Malagasy Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions, by the Reverend James Sibree, Junior.—Popular History of the Cuckoo, by James Hardy.—Old Ballad Folk-Lore, by James Napier.—A Note on the "White Paternoster," by Miss Evelyn Carrington.—Some Folk-Lore from Chaucer, by the Rev. F. G. Fleay.—Reprints, &c.: Two Transcripts by the late Thomas Wright, F.S.A., communicated by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—The Story of Conn-Eda; or the Golden Apples of Lough Erne, communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Index to Vols. I. and II.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1878.

1880.

IV. Aubrey's Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme with the additions, by Dr. White Kennet. Edited by James Britten, F.L.S. 8vo. pp. viii. 273. [Published at 12s. 6d.]

V. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. pp. 132. [Issued to Members only.]

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VI. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. Part II. 8vo. pp. 133-318; Appendix, pp. 26. [Issued to Members only.]

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

CHAPTER III.

Songs.

NEXT in order in this collection of folk-lore we find a number of native songs or *Hìran' ny Ntaolo* ("Songs of the Ancients"). The Malagasy people (at least those tribes of them with whom we are best acquainted in the central and eastern provinces) are very fond of singing and of music, and have a very correct ear for harmony. They like singing in parts; and when they hear a new tune will often improvise a tenor, alto, or bass accompaniment. The native tunes are somewhat plaintive, and are often accompanied with the regular clapping of hands and the twanging of a rude guitar or other instrument. On moonlight nights the children and young people will stay out of doors until the small hours of the morning, singing the native songs, in which they take immense delight. It will be seen from the following specimens that although these songs are not rhymed or metrical they have nevertheless a certain rhythmical "swing" or flow, and a parallelism of structure, and are arranged in somewhat regular form as regards couplets and stanzas.

Several of these songs are in praise of the sovereign, and were chiefly composed in honour of the persecuting Queen Ràvalona I., who reigned from 1828 to 1861. In heathen times, that is, until the present queen's accession in 1868, it was customary to salute the sovereign as the "God seen by the eye," the visible divinity (*Andriamànitra hita màso*). Here is one of these laudatory effusions addressed to the former queens:

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1. Salutation, Rabòdonàndrianimpòina ! *
   Suns (there are) not two ;
   Suns but one only (namely),
   Rabòdonàndrianimpóina !

2. Going to Imànga,† she's no stranger ;
   Coming to Iarìvo,† sovereign of the land.

3. A shield of beaten gold ;
   Rising up (she is) light of the heaven ;
   Stooping down, lamp of the earth.

Another song is in more regular form, consisting of six stanzas of five lines each:

1. Rabòdonàndrianimpòina :
   South of Ambàtonafàndrana,‡
   North of Ambòhimitsìmbina,
   West of Imàndrosćza,
   East of Ambòhijànahàry.

2. May you live, Rabodo,
   And Rambòasalàma-Razàka,§
   And Rakòto (son of) Radàma;‖
   And the whole (royal) family,
   Not to be counted up.

3. A single tree by the river,
   One only who rules,
   For there is our sovereign !
   The new moon coming from the west,
   The full moon coming from the east.

4. The woods of Ambòhimànga,¶
   Bending down in their growth,
   Behold the child reigning ;
   There Rabòdo reigns,
   Thou indeed art our lady.

---

* This was the official and semi-sacred name of the queen, meaning "The beloved of Andrianimpòina," her first husband and predecessor.

† Shortened forms of Ambòhimànga and Antanànarìvo, the ancient and present capitals.

‡ This and the three following words are the names of the northern, southern, eastern, and western portions of the capital city, the royal palaces being in the centre, and on the summit of the long rocky ridge on and around which the city is built.

§ The queen's nephew, and heir to the throne until the birth of her son ; see p. 37.

‖ Her son, afterwards king as Radàma II. (1861—1863); see p. 38.

¶ The old capital is surrounded by woods, which clothe the hill up to its summit.

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5. So the lowly have their own,
The great also have their own;
The kingdom is a staircase,
Not causing to stumble,
Not wearying to traverse.

6. Salutation, Rabòdonàndrianimpòina;
There are no desolate ones;
The orphans are well fed,
Those whose parents are living
Are all fat and flourishing.

Some of these songs are wordy and full of repetitions, especially in the choruses, which are very much in what we should call, in English, the "tra-la-la" style; but several are composed in a grave and serious strain, some enforcing the honour due to parents, others expounding the nature of true friendship. In one of these latter the hearers are cautioned not to make "mist friendship," which soon dissolves; nor "stone friendship," which cannot be joined again if broken; but to form "iron friendship," which can be welded again if severed; or "silk friendship," which can be twisted in again; not "tobacco friendship," liked but not swallowed; nor "door friendship," liked indeed, but pushed to and fro; and so on.

As in the proverbs and oratorical pieces, so also in some of these songs, the different places in the central province are referred to, in some cases with a punning on their names, to the effect that although they may be *called* So-and-so, those only who act in accordance with the name have truly such-and-such qualities. Thus:—

A place-name is Tsianòlondròa (lit. "Not-for-two-people");
Yet it's not the place is (really) Tsianolondroa,
But 'tis the wife who is "not for two people."

A place-name is Ambòhipòtsy (White-village);
Yet it's not the place is (really) Ambòhipotsy,
But those who hate uncleanness *are* white.

A place-name is Ambòhibelòma (Village-of-farewell);
Yet it's not the place is (really) Ambohibeloma,
But it's those who go home who say, Farewell.

Similar allusions are often brought into Malagasy canoe songs. Many of these are both musical and amusing, and few experiences are more pleasant in Madagascar travelling than to glide rapidly down or across one of the large rivers in the early morning, the time when the eastern rivers, at least, are the smoothest, and in a large canoe, with

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plenty of paddlers to listen to the rowers' songs. They will often improvise a song, one of them keeping up a recitative in which circumstances which have occurred on the journey are introduced, while the others join in with a chorus at regular intervals, a favourite one being "Ehi mani ni?" ("Oh, is there any?") This question refers to various good things they hope to get at the end of the day's journey, such as plenty of rice, beef, sweet potatoes, &c., these articles of food being mentioned one after another by the leader of the song. A little delicate flattery of their employer, the Englishman they are rowing, is often introduced, and praises of his liberality in providing these luxuries for them; something in this style:—

E. mani ni?	Oh, is there any?
E. mani ni!	O yes, there's some!
E. ni wiwanisiona, mlaha e?	Oh the turkeys, lads, O?
E. mani ni!	O yes, there's some!
E. ni gay mavavy, mlaha e?	Oh the plump-looking geese, lads, O?
E. mani ni!	O yes, there's some!
E. ni kondo mamanoy, mlaha e?	Oh the egg-laying fowls, lads, O?
E. mani ni!	O yes, there's some!
E. ni Vazaha be voa, mlaha e?	Oh the very fat foreigner, lads, O?
E. mani ni!	O yes, here he is!

and so on, *ad libitum*.

My friend and brother missionary, the Rev. J. A. Houlder, amusingly describes the canoe songs he heard on a journey down to the eastern coast, and gives a free translation of one of them. He says, "the men burst out with

> Kasmasi ô, Kasmasi ô, very loud and quick.
> Kasmasi ô ô, ... slower and slow.
> Ô ô ô, Kasmasi ô, softer and slow.

After an instantaneous attempt to get some rum from their employer, "as if to show their independence of the proposition strangers who could not be induced to comply in these things," they mockingly led off with "Is there any there?" "As much as to say, 'Were we not fools to ask them?'" This is a favourite chorus, sung very rapidly, but having a long pause on the first word. The men never seemed so fire of shouting it out after any strain the leader saved to improvise. Thus the mougnes ran on to the verse in hand, and he sang,

"Do mutually ing see there any more?"

And was responded to by the chorus,

"See there any more."

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Again,

"Oh then dig away hard, do not shirk your share!"

Chorus,

"Are there any there?"

"Thus it went on until the leader thought of the night's rest and a good supper at the foreigner's expense before taking it. Liquids having failed, he would try solids, so began to flatter and cajole with a view, something after this style:

"Then long may our famous foreigners live!
Is there any there?
Of beef and pork what a fill they will give!
Is there any there?
To speak not of poultry so fat and fair!
Is there any there?
And rice very good they will freely share!
Is there any there?
But, gracious me, what a terrible shame!
Is there any there?
To make such a row in our kind friend's name!
Is there any there?"

"And so on, until solo and chorus burst out into a joyous laugh of pleasant expectation; and one of the persons to whom they were looking for a gratuity found himself bending unconsciously to each dig of the paddle, and almost shouting out,

"Then work away hard, you jolly boys there,
Till we all get there;
To feed you well shall we not take care
When we all get there?"*

In another song heard by the writer on the Màtitànana river (south-east coast), the chorus was "*Mandàny vatsy, Toamàsina malàza é!*" *i. e.* "Consumes provisions for the way, famous Tamatave O!" while the recitative brought in all the different villages on the journey from Tamatave to the capital, ending with Andohàlo (the central space) and Avàra-dròva (the northern and chief entrance to the palace).

Among these Malagasy songs are some called *sàsy*, which are employed as dirges for the dead. An example given by Mr. Dahle consists of five different strains, the first of which is in three stanzas; of these the second may be given as a specimen:—

* *North-east Madagascar*, pp. 7, 8.

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E, malahelo ô! e malahelo ô!	Ah, sorrowful O! ah, sorrowful O!
Tomany alina!	Weeping by night!
E, malahelo ô ny vadiny etoana!	Ah, sorrowful O! is here his wife!
Tomany alina!	Weeping by night!
E, malahelo ô ny zanany etoana!	Ah, sorrowful O! are here his children!
Tomany alina!	Weeping by night!
E, malahelo ô ny havany etoana!	Ah, sorrowful O! are here his relatives!
Tomany alina!	Weeping by night!
E, malahelo ô ny ankizány etoana!	Ah, sorrowful O! are here his slaves!
Malahelo iry rehetra!	Sorrowful are they all!

A dirge with more variety and thought in it is a memorial song for a native officer named Ratsida, who died in the war with the Ikòngo, one of the Tanála or forest tribes in the south-east of Madagascar, about thirty or forty years ago. The following is an almost literal translation:—

1. Where, do you say, is Ratsida?
The memorial stone of Ratsida
Is north of Isiamerina,
South of Isimbarina:
Vain substitute for a tomb.*

2. Where was it he was lost?
The corpse of Ratsida
There at the foot of Ikongo
Is food for the ants,
Lost and dead in the war!

3. How about his relations?
The relations of Ratsida
Are alone in the dark,
Given up their beloved one,
Lost and dead in the war!

4. Who then, say, are the bereaved?
The relations of Ratsida
Look about them in vain,
For dead is their loved friend,
His remains not come from the war!

* It is considered by the Hova that to die away from home, so that the corpse cannot be buried in the family tomb, is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall one. Of course this sometimes occurs in the wars, but usually the body, or at least the bones, are carefully brought even for hundreds of miles up to Imerina to be buried in the sepulchre of their fathers. The memorial stone of Ratsida is a mass of dressed granite set up on the roadside on the south-west of Ambohimanga.

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5. How as to his lands ?
The ancestral lands of Ratsida
Are grown over with weeds ;
No longer a meeting-place,
For he is dead in the war !

6. How as to his tomb ?
The tomb of Ratsida
Its hope disappointed,*
Unentered by the weary,
For he is cut off in the war !

7. How as to his slaves ?
The slaves of Ratsida
Expect to be scattered,
Gone to a child who inherits;
Mouldering on the field he who gathered them !

8. How as to his superior ?
The lord of Ratsida
Laments in his heart,
Dead his servant beloved,
Killed by a gun in the war !

9. Who then is to blame ?
No blame to his superiors,
For his short time of service,
The sport of gun and spear,
His corpse lost in the war !

10. 'Twas the lot of Ratsida :
To be killed on his way,
To be food for the birds,
To be a meal for the ants ;
Alas ! he was prey to ill-fortune !

The following description of the burial customs and chants of the Sihànaka tribe is translated from the account given by an intelligent young Hova evangelist who lived among them for three years (1867—1870):—

" Their customs when watching a corpse are as follows : A number of women, both young and old, sit in the house containing the corpse, and the chief mourners weep, but the rest sing and beat drums. There is no cessation in the funeral customs and singing day or night until the burial, although that sometimes does not take place for a

* Here the tomb seems to be personified, and is represented as lamenting the absence of its proper occupant.

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week, in the case of wealthy people. The dirges sung on these occasions are distressing and strange to hear, and show plainly their ignorance of the future state and of what is beyond the grave; for the dead are termed 'lost' (*véry*), lost as people are who are left by their companions, and do not see the way to go home again; and death they look upon as the messenger of some hard-hearted power, who drives hard bargains which cannot be altered, and puts one in extreme peril (lit. 'in the grip of a crocodile'), where no entreaties prevail. The dead they call 'the gentle (or pleasant) person'; and they will not allow his wife and children and all his relatives to think of anything but their bereavement, and the evil they have to expect from the want of the protection they had from the dead; for now 'the pillar of the house on which they leaned is broken, and the house which sheltered them is pulled down, and the town they lived in is destroyed, and the strong one they followed is overcome.' And after that they declare that the living are in trouble, and seem to agree that it had been better not to have been born.

"While they are yet singing in the manner just described, a man goes round the house and sings a dirge in a melancholy tone; upon hearing which those in the house stop suddenly and are perfectly still. Then the one outside the house proceeds rapidly with his chant as follows:—

'O gone away! O gone away, oh!
Is the gentle one, O the gentle one, oh!
Ah, farewell, ah, farewell, oh!
Farewell, oh! farewell to his house!
Farewell, oh! farewell to his friends!
Farewell, oh! farewell to his wife!
Farewell, oh! farewell to his children!'

Then those within doors answer 'Haié!' as if to say, Amen.

"Then they enquire and reply as follows, those outside asking, and the others in the house answering:—

'What is that sound of rushing feet?'
'The cattle.'
'What is that rattling chinking sound?'
'The money.'
'What is making such a noise?'
'The people.'

referring to the property of the deceased. Then the one outside the house chants again:—

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'O! distressed and sad are the many!'
'O! the plantation is overgrown with weeds!'
'O! scattered are the calves!'
'O! silent are the fields!'
'O! weeping are the children!'

Then those in the house answer again 'Haié!'

"Then the one outside the house again sings :—

'O gone away, gone away, is the gentle one!
Farewell, oh! farewell,'" &c. &c.*

The longest piece in Mr. Dahle's collection of songs is a kind of ballad in forty-four stanzas of three lines each. It relates the fortunes of an only son called Bénàndro, who would go off to the wars, notwithstanding the entreaties of his father and mother. Of course he at last overcomes their opposition, and goes away with a confidential slave, but soon comes to grief, for he is taken ill, dies on the road, and the slave has, according to native custom, to bring back his bones to his disconsolate parents, who are ready to die with sorrow at their loss. Although full of repetitions it has a swinging, almost rhythmical, flow, very like some of the old English ballads, as will be seen by a few specimen verses :—

1. Benandro a darling son,
Benandro a darling son,
Benandro a dearly loved one.

2. Then rose, say I, Benandro O!
Besought his mother O!
Besought his father O!

3. O pray do let me go,
O pray do let me go;
For gone are all the young men, O!

12. Then answered back his father, O!
Then spake to him his mother,
"Stay here, O piece of my life.

13. The road you go is difficult,
Diseases dire will cut you off,
Stay here, do thou stay here.

14. The insects too are numerous,
The fever too is dangerous,
Stay here, O piece of my life."

---

* *Antanànarivo Annual*, vol. i. p. 64.

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However, he goes away under the charge of Tsàramainty (The Good Black), who is charged to nurse him if ill, to feed him when hungry, to be, in fact, in the place of his father and mother. But falling ill he remembers with sorrow his self-willedness, gives directions to Tsàramainty to take his "eight bones," that is, the principal bones of the four limbs, to his parents. Their grief at hearing of his death is pathetically described:—

Gone indeed is Benandro O!
Gone, and will return no more!
Take me to thee, Benandro O!

I grieve for thee, Benandro O!
I long for thee, Benandro O!
Take me with thee, Benandro O!

The last-mentioned sentiment is a frequent one in the funeral laments of the heathen Malagasy. The whole concludes with a "moral" in approved ballad style, warning young men to believe in and obey the words of their parents.

The concluding song of the collection is in a rather imaginative and poetical strain, on the Earth, as the "house appointed for all living":—

1. I will humble myself to thee, O earth,
I will plead with thee, O earth;
For to thee we give up our loved ones.
Yes, go home to thee the loved ones;
For thou takest the cherished ones,
And the cherished wife dost thou fetch,
Our fathers and mothers dost thou take,
Relatives we cannot part with thou sweepest off;
Yes, all alike go home to thee, O earth!
Yes, say I, O earth, earth, earth!

2. Then answered also, they say, the earth,
And thus, 'tis said, was the word of the earth:
Do not give blame to this earth,
Do not give censure to this earth;
For the ground you tread on is earth,
And the water you drink is earth,
And the rice you eat is earth,
And the cloth you wear is earth,
And the night you take rest in is earth,
And the morn you rise up in is earth.

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3. Dia nitsara ny mpahalala,
Sy nanelanelana ny mahalala :
Aoka re, ry zareo, fa ady sahala ;
Mijanòna izao izay mankahala.
Aoka ny tany tsy ho mpankahala,
Ny olo-mijanòna tsy hankahala.
Fa avelao mba ho ady sahala,
Dia mandefera izay mahalala ;
'Zay hendry dia ho finari-tsahala,
Fa tsy mety ho sahala ny olon-adala.

3. Then the wise ones gave decision,
And the discerning ones interposed :
Let it suffice, ye twain, lest a quarrel arise :
Let that rest which would stir up hatred.
Let the earth not become an enemy,
Let mankind stay and not bear enmity.
For let it be, lest a quarrel arise,
And let those who know be forbearing ;
For those who are wise are the happy,
And should not make themselves equal with fools.

It will be seen by the Malagasy original of the third verse, as given together with the English translation, that the concluding stanza of the poem is entirely in rhyme; and although several words are repeated, they are of one sound all through, and the lines are almost metrical in structure. (The second stanza also has one ending to every line, the word *tàny*, earth.) I am inclined to think that this poem is not a very ancient one, but is somewhat influenced, at least by foreign ideas of comparatively modern introduction.*

In the very valuable *History of Madagascar*, edited by the late Rev. W. Ellis, a translation is given of another Malagasy poem, which, if it be tolerably close to the language of the original, seems of a rather superior style of thought. Unfortunately, however, the original is not given, and as the English version is metrical and in rhyme, it is probably improved upon somewhat by the translator, Mr. E. Baker, although it is said to be in the same number of lines and syllables as

* In the discussion which followed the reading of selections from this paper at the Folk-Lore Society's meeting, on Jan. 27th, it was suggested by the Chairman (Mr. Alfred Nutt), and also by Mr. Gomme, that in this song we have traces of nature-worship or an earth-cult. I do not, however, remember any tradition or custom among the Malagasy which would confirm this supposition, although it is possible that as our knowledge of tribes other than the Hova increases such relics of an early stage of religious belief may yet be discovered.

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in the original. Mr. Baker was printer to the L.M.S. mission in Antanànarivo, 1828—1836, and was one of the two last missionaries who left the country before the outbreak of persecution. As the *History* is now a rather scarce book, I make no apology for extracting from it this

*Song concerning the Dead.**

1. Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
The morning warmth from them has fled.
Their mid-day joy and toil are o'er,
Though near, they meet fond friends no more.
A gate of entrance to the tomb we see,
But a departure thence there ne'er will be.
The living waves his signal high,
But where's his dearest friend's reply?
Ah! where are those thus doomed to die?

* Native Christian hymns hardly come within the scope of the subjects treated of in this paper, since the ideas embodied in them are almost entirely of foreign introduction. But it may be just noted that while most of the earlier sacred songs of the Malagasy are most earnest and fervent in their tone, and many of them were consecrated by the most touching associations with the sufferings and death of those who died for their faith, one or two were very curious specimens of hymnology. One consists almost entirely of Malagasy proverbs strung together, most of which treat of the uncertainty of life from a heathen point of view, but with a Christian sentiment at the conclusion as a kind of "moral" to the whole. Here is a literal rendering of this strange composition:—

1. Life is a broken potsherd,
No one knows who broke it;
Life is but steam of food,
No one sees where it goes.
2. The appointed time of death is unknown,
A tree on the brink of a precipice,
No one knows when it will fall,
Whether by day or by night.
3. But once only are we young,
One throw (of the spear) only;
Death is a swift runner,
God is the lord of life.
4. To die once may be borne,
But second death is unbearable;
Blest are the believers in Christ,
For they shall obtain life.

See papers by the writer in the *Quiver*, January and February, 1882.

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2. Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
Sweet words forsake their dreary bed,
There's none the mould'ring silk * around his fellow folds,
Or north or south again their visits gay behold,
Then shall re-echoing vales no longer cheer,
For them the hills no lofty signals rear.
Their shrouded heads unmoving lie,
Unknown the friends that o'er them sigh,
Ah! where are those thus doomed to die?

3. Vain man! observ'st thou not the dead?
No more their homeward path they tread.
The freeman lost † may ransom'd be,
By silver's magic power set free;
But who these lost from death can buy?
Ah! where are those thus doomed to die?
Let me prefer true goodness to attain,
Or fool or wise I'm deemed by transient fame.
New rice, my friends, your cheerful blessing, give,
So from Razàfilàhy ‡ grateful thanks receive.

(To be continued.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE PUBLICATIONS IN ENGLISH.

By G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A.

(Part II.)

MY shortcomings in the previous list are sufficiently manifest from the many additions I have been able to gather together. But the true value of such lists as we are compiling here can only be fully tested when they have been printed and so brought under the notice of all interested in the subject. I must be permitted to thank Mr. Swan Sonnenschein and M. Rolland for some very acceptable additions to my list.

One new feature I have thought it wise to introduce, and that is the insertion, under short titles, of the magazine and journal articles

* Referring to the silk lambas in which the dead are wrapped.

† The word here translated "lost," *réry*, is that which is commonly used of one who is reduced to slavery.

‡ The name of the native bard from whose lips Mr. Baker took down the original song.

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of folk-lore. I had intended only printing these under authors' names as they came in their alphabetical order, but it is an obvious advantage to be able to turn to any particular journal or proceedings of Society and ascertain what has been published there on folk-lore. I have given some instalment of this work in the present contribution, but have still many titles under A and B to conclude. Thus there are the *Archæological Journal* and the *Journal of the Royal Archæological Institute*, *Archæologia Scotica*, the *Journals of the Asiatic Societies*, &c., but I hope to quickly finish these arrears.

Academy (The) of Compliments, being the rarest and most exact way of wooing a maid or a widow by the way of dialogue and complimental expressions, with passionate love-letters, courtly sentences to express the elegance of love, also poesies for rings and other things, together with a choice collection of songs. Printed and sold in Aldermary Churchyard, Bow Lane, London. 12mo. pp. 24.

Amber Witch (The) [Mary Schweidler], the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known, printed from an imperfect MS. by her father, Abraham Schweidler, the pastor of Coserow, in the Island of Usedom. Edited by W. Meinhold, translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. London, 1846. 8vo. pp. xi. 171.

——— The same; a review of the German edition, *Quarterly Review*, June, 1841, pp. 199-224.

Angas (George French). Savage life and scenes in Australia and New Zealand: being an artist's impressions of countries and people at the Antipodes: with numerous illustrations. London, 1847. 2 vols. pp. x. 339; viii. 280.

[Contains numerous details of manners and customs interspersed with narrative.]

Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, the Journal of. London, 1872-1882, 8vo. vols. 1-7.

The following articles relate to folk-lore, the full references being given under authors' names as printed in italics:—

Bogouschefsky (*Baron*). Heathen ceremonies in Livonia.
Buckland (*Miss A. W.*) Mythological birds.
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Hamilton (*A. G.*) Customs of New Caledonian women.
Lewis (*A. L.*) Custom and belief among the ancient Chaldeans.
Reid (*A. P.*) Religious beliefs of Ojibois Indians.
Ridley (*Rev. W.*) Australian language and traditions.
Tylor (*E. B.*) On Japanese mythology.
Wake (*C. S.*) Origin of serpent worship.
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Barrington (*Hon. Daines*). Patriarchal manners and customs.
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Pegge (*Samuel*). Bull running at Tutbury. — Cock-fighting.—History of St. George.
Pettingal (*John*). Gule of August.
Wright (*Thomas*). Legend of Wayland Smith.

Asiatic Researches: or, transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal for inquiring into the history, the antiquities, the arts and sciences, and literature of Asia. Calcutta, 1788-1836. Vols. i. to xx. 4to.

The following articles relate to folk-lore, the full references being given under the authors' names as printed in italics :—

Brown (*A.*) Ceremonies observed at the coronation of a Hindu raja.
Carey (*Rev. W.*) Funeral ceremonies of a Burman priest.
Colebrooke (*H. T.*) Religious ceremonies of the Hindus.—Duties of a Hindu widow.
Hodgson (*B. H.*) Manners and customs of the Bhotiahs.
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Jones (*Sir William*). Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.
Paterson (*J. D.*) Origin of Hindu religion.
Pearse (*Colonel*). On two Hindu festivals and the Indian sphinx.
Shore (*Sir John*). Extraordinary facts, customs, and practices of the Hindus.
Wilford (*Major F.*) Sacred Isle of the West.—Names of the Cabirian deities.
Wilson (*H. H.*) Religious sects of the Hindus.

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Morrison (*J. R.*) Charms, talismans, and felicitous appendages used by the Chinese.

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CONTENTS : Introduction. Cap. i. Of those laws which are deemed imperative. ii. Of rules concerning the bath. iii. Concerning prayers and fast days. iv. Of singing and instrumental music. v. Of the nuptial night. vi. Of pregnancy and child birth. vii. Of the conduct of the wife to her husband, mother-in-law, and other relations. viii. Of charms and the means of destroying the effects of witchcraft, with divers other ordinances. ix. Of guests and visitors and the lucky periods of their coming and departure. x. Of male and female gossips and intimates. xi. Of the composition of Semnú for presents. xii. Of fruits and flowers as symbols of feeling and passion.

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Vol. ii. The birth of Robin Hood—King Malcolm and Sir Colvin—Young Allan—Sir Neil and Mac Van—Lord John's murder—The Duke of Athole's nurse—The Laird of Southland's courtship—Burd Helen—Lord Livington—Fause Sir John and Mary Colvin—Willie's lyke wake—Nathaniel Gordon—Lord Lundy—Jock and Tam Gordon—The bonny lass o' Englessie's dance—Geordie Downie—Lord Alwyne—Young Hastings—Reedesdale and wise William—Young Bearwell—Kemp Owyne—Earl Richard the Queen's brother—Earl Lithgow—Bonny Lizie Lindsay—The baron turned ploughman—Donald M'Queen's flight wi' Lizie Menzie—The miller's son—The last guid night—The bonny bow's o' London—The abashed knight—Lord Salton and Auchanachie—The death of John Seton—Walter Lesly—O'er the water to Charlie—The Baron o' Leys—The Duke of Argyle's courtship—The Laird o' Meldrun and Peggy Douglas—Johnny, lad—Donald of the Isles—Portmore—John Thomson and the Turk—Jock the Leg and the merry merchant—Captain Johnstoun's last farewell—Lizie Baillie—The Countess of Errol—Willie Doo—The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant—The gardener lad—Warenston and the Duke of York's daughter—The Laird o' Drum—Love Gregory—The water o' Wearie's well—The braes o' Yarrow—Lady Diamond the King's daughter—The betrayed lady—The haughs o' Yarrow—Lord Thomas of Winesberry and the King's daughter—The Virginian maid's lament—The minister's daughter of New York—The Gordons and the Grants—The cuckold sailor—The cruel mother—The lady's gown—Wallace and his leman—Clnb Ether—May-a-Roe—Auld matrons—The Rigwoodie carlin—The Scottish squire—John o' Hazelgreen—Willie's fatal visit—Hynd Hasting—Bondsey and Maisry—Hynd Horn—The twa knights—Young Ronald—Bloomfield hills—The fairy knight—Brown Robyn and Mally.

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Bunch.—The history of Mother Bunch of the West, containing many rarities out of her golden closet of curiosities. Part the second. Printed and sold at the London and Middlesex Printing Office, No. 81, Shoe Lane, Holborn. 12mo. pp. 23.

——— The same. Printed and sold at the Printing Office, Bow Churchyard, London. 12mo. pp. 24.

——— Mother Bunch's closet newly broke open, containing rare secrets of art and nature tried and experienced by learned philosophers and recommended to all ingenious young men and maids teaching them in a natural way how to get good wives and husbands. By our loving friend poor Tom for the King, a lover of mirth, but a hater of treason. Printed and sold in Aldermary Churchyard, London. Part I. 12mo. pp. 24.

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THE HARE IN FOLK-LORE.

By WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK, F.S.A.Scot.

TO start with, I shall admit that the hare is regarded as an "uncanny" animal. Sir Thomas Browne tells us that in his time there were few above threescore years that were not perplexed when a hare crossed their path.* Aubrey epitomizes Browne,† but in another passage notes the same prejudice, apparently from his own observation.‡ Napier says many a person

* *Vulgar Errors*, ed. 1658, p. 320.

† *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, 1881, p. 109.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 26.

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meeting a hare while going to work would return home and not again venture out until the next meal had been eaten, "for beyond that the evil influence did not extend."* From India we learn that it is as unlucky to meet a hare as it is to meet a one-eyed man, an empty water-pot, a carrier without a load, a fox, a jackal, a crow, a widow, or a funeral.† Dalyell couples the hare with the weasel as ominous.‡ At the Wheal Vor mine it is linked in similar ill-fame with the white rabbit; the appearance of either in one of the engine-houses presages a fatal accident in the mine.§ These are a few out of many illustrations of the bad repute of the hare.

When we enquire into the origin of any superstition it is prudent not to limit investigation into the exact form of the folk-lore which it is intended, if possible, to explain: let us, therefore, see with what other qualities than those of mere power to frighten we find the hare credited.

In the first place it is confessedly one of the most melancholy of animals in popular opinion. When Falstaff complains that he is as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear, Prince Henry suggests "Or an old lion, or a lover's lute;" and when Falstaff, in the same vein, goes on with "Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," the Prince replies "What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?" and brings down upon himself the retort, "Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young Prince." Dyce cites from Turberville (through Staunton), "The hare first taught us the use of the hearbe called Wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those who are disposed to be melancholicke: shee herselfe is one of the most melancholicke beasts that is, and to heale her own infirmitie she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe."‖ In a note to a long passage from Levinus Lemnius, *de Complexionibus*—which may be consulted by those who

* *West of Scotland Folk-Lore*, p. 117.

† *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 48. Browne mentions meeting a fox as presaging some future imposture, *Vulgar Errors*, p. 320.

‡ *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 424.

§ Jones' *Credulities Past and Present*, 1880, p. 137.

‖ Dyce's *Shakespeare*, Glossary, p. 201. See also Cockayne's *Saxon Leechdoms*, vol. i. p. 227 (Herbarium Apuleii, cxiv.)

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care—Dr. White Kennett supplies us with an excellent reason for the melancholy of some intelligent hares culminating in suicide:

"Memorand: It is found by experience that when one keepes a hare alive, and feedeth him till he have occasion to eat him, if he telles before he killes him that he will doe so, the hare will thereupon be found dead, having killed himself." *

Cogan, at least, would not have advised the death of a hare with a view to the table, for he tells us that "hare-flesh beside that it is hard of digestion, maketh grosse and melancholy bloud, and is one of the foure kindes of flesh that breed melancholy, mentioned before in the chapter of these. Wherefore it is not for the goodness of the flesh that this silly beast is so often chased with hounds and hunters, but for pastime. Yet thus much will I say to the commendation of the hare, and of the defence of hunters' toyle, that no one beast, be it never so great, is profitable to so many and so diverse uses in physicke as the hare and partes thereof, as Matth. [lib. 2, Dios. cap. 18] sheweth . . . . The ankle-bone of the foote of an hare is good against the cramp." †

In the Kaffir story of "the great chief of animals," it is to a hare that the woman who has to go from home for a time leaves the care of her children; but the hare is a poor guardian, for she runs away to a distance to watch, and when the terrible monster comes and demands the names of the children, she gives them at once, upon which the animal immediately swallows them entire.‡

But the hare is not regarded always as merely melancholy, silly, or frightening without apparent reason. The hare is often credited with supernatural powers. It was certainly made use of in augury—on a celebrated occasion in the history of our own country by Boadicea§—but its legendary association with witchcraft is not, in my opinion, directly traceable to any traditional augury. The hare appears to be like the cat, an ally of the witch. Fishers of Fifeshire "look on all

* Aubrey's *Remains of Gentilisme*, pp. 101-102.

† *Haven of Health*, 1605, pp. 118-119.

‡ Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, p. 164.

§ Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1877, p. 690) will have it that because the ancient Britons used the hare for purposes of divination, its consequent absence from the table gave rise to its ill repute in ordinary matters.

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maukens (hares) to be devils and witches, and if they but see a sight of a dead mauken it sets them a trembling."* Mr. Gregor notes that to say to a fisherwoman of the north-east of Scotland that there is a hare's foot in her creel, or to say to a fisherman that there is a hare in his boat, arouses great ire, and calls forth strong words; the word "hare" is not pronounced at sea.† In Cornwall a maiden who has been deceived and dies, haunts her deceiver in the guise of a white hare, sometimes saving his life, but *in the end* causing his death.‡ So, too, in South Northamptonshire the running of a hare along the street of a village portends fire to some house in the immediate neighbourhood.§ In the Isle of Man they say women are turned into hares, and can only be shot with a silver sixpence. When a witch is in shape of a hare, the Scotch continue, she can only be hit by a crooked sixpence.‖ "It is unlucky," Dr. Brewer corroborates, "for a hare to cross your path, because witches were said to transform themselves into hares."¶ Indeed, the greatest of all northern wizards, Sir Michael Scott, was turned into a hare by the witch of Falsehope. Several curious hare stories will be found in Mr. Henderson's valuable notes on north-country lore.**

The spot which discovered witches to the world sometimes resembled a hare's foot in the experience of continental experts,†† but it must be borne in mind "ce signe n'est pas toujours de même forme ou figure; tantôt c'est l'image d'un lièvre, tantôt une patte de crapaud, tantôt une orraignée, un petit chien, un loir."‡‡

Having gathered together these few illustrations of the unhappy

* *History of Buck-haven, in Fifeshire* (Chapbook), *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 200. "The Claddagh fishermen, Galway, would not go out to fish if they saw a fox," &c. *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 98.

† Gregor, *Folk-Lore of N.E. of Scotland*, pp. 128, 129.

‡ Hunt's *Romances and Drolls of the West of England*, Second Series, p. 112.

§ *Choice Notes* (Folk-Lore), p. 16.

‖ *Ibid.* p. 27. Gregor, p. 128.

¶ *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, p. 386.

** *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, ed. 1879, pp. 201 *et seq.*

†† Dalyell, p. 576.

‡‡ *De la Démonialité*, par le R. P. Sinistrari d'Ameno, traduit des Latin par Isidore Liseux, 1876, § 23, pp. 23 *et seq.*

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repute of the hare, I shall now similarly group some instances of an altogether different association of ideas.

The hare is the good genius of the Calmuck.* One family of the Moguis believed that they were descended from a hare, and that after death their spirits entered into hares again. They accordingly worshipped the hare, as did other families the deer, the bear, the prairie-wolf, and the rattlesnake for similar reasons.† The hare was regarded with superstitious reverence by the Indians of the North ; the rabbit was the "sign" of the divine years in the Mexican calendar.‡ In China we remember that the people of Yo-yang would not hunt the hare because it was a telluric genius. "Albino hares," says Dr. Dennys, "are regarded as omens of good, and their appearance is a mark of, heavenly approval."§ It was into a hare that the highest lord of heaven, according to the Mongolian belief, changed himself to feed a hungry traveller, and does not therefore the hare sit in the moon? The Ceylon tale tells how Buddha was wandering through a wood and met a hare, whom he told, in answer to his question, that he was poor and hungry. "Art thou hungry?" said the hare; "make a fire then; then kill, cook, and eat me." Buddha made a fire, and the hare leapt into it. Then Buddha exercised his skill as a god, rescued the benevolent hare from the flames, and placed it in the moon. In Indian superstition Chandras, the god of the moon, is said to carry a hare. Children in Swabia may not make shadows on the wall to represent the sacred Moon Hare.‖ In a Kaffir tale, the hare, if not playing the part of a god, appears as the very crafty Ulysses of animals. The animals, we learn, had made a kraal and appointed one after another the coney, the muishond, the duiker, the bluebuck, and the porcupine to keep watch over the fat stored therein, and to signal

* Conway's *Demonology*, vol. i. pp. 124, 125.

† Dorman's *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*, 1881, p. 254.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 256. "Wabasso, who fled to the north as soon as he saw the light and was changed into a white rabbit, under that form became canonised."

§ *Folk-Lore of China*, 1876, p. 64.

‖ Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. ii. p. 597. The writer of an article on "Some Solar and Lunar Myths," *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1882, refers to the above passages in Grimm's work, but gives the pagination of the earlier edition, p. 679.

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the approach of the inkalimeva (a fabulous animal). Those all failed in the duty and were killed by the other animals. The sixth time that fat is put into the kraal the hare is selected as keeper of the gate, rather against his will. He skilfully makes an end of the dreaded inkalimeva, but as he eats the tail, which should have been reserved for the chief, he has to flee for his life.* In Scandinavian mythology Freya is said to have been attended by hares.

Without attempting to found any sweeping generalisation upon the above facts, I may point out that the hare's celebrity is almost as great as its notoriety, and for my own part I am inclined to think that among primitive peoples the hare occupied a very high and honourable place in religion. By-and-by, when animal worship began to yield to something more spiritual, while at the same time the relative character of the hare as contrasted with that of other animals became by experience better known, the hare lost its high estate. It did not at once acquire the repute of being either stupid or inspired by a witch. A blind hare it was, in the North German tale of "The Blue Riband," which ran before the princess, and by plunging in a brook, diving thrice under water, recovered its sight and scampered off, thus teaching her to lead Hans to the same water, with the satisfactory result that after he had plunged in it three times, he, like the hare, recovered his sight.† That the flesh of the hare was not eaten in Britain because Boadicea used the hare in augury, could be no reason for the Chinese refusing to eat of it from the earliest dawn of Chinese history. The animal had been sacred, and the tradition perhaps shown in the use of the hare in augury perhaps was that the remembrance of this holiness long lingered. From primitive regard the descent is generally rapid, and we readily find an explanation for the hare's connection with witchcraft in the degradation of its character from the days of Buddha—a sacred animal becomes an uncanny animal, as heathen gods become devils when their worshippers change their faith. The process is a very common one.

It is curious to note that in the same way that many worthy people have from time to time consulted professed charmers, crediting them,

* Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, pp. 168 *et seq.*

† Thorpe's *Yule-Tide Stories*, 1880, p. 435.

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through a reason never discussed, with supernatural powers, so the unhappy hare, like the unhappy cat, although banned and despised, is readily made use of in folk medicine. Thus we read in *Notes and Queries* of but a year ago that a Dorsetshire mother in the autumn of 1881 was somewhat troubled with the care of recently-born twins. "On paying a visit to inquire after the mother, my wife was consulted as to the desirability of a dose of hare's brains (as a soporific). Mentioning the circumstance to my keeper in the hope of eliciting some information as to the prevalence of the belief, he told me that about a fortnight ago the wife of the keeper of the adjoining manor, who had been recently confined, called at his house and told his wife that she had been down to the squire's house to beg a hare's head from the cook in order to give the brains to her baby as a sedative."* Cogan, we have seen, mentions that the ankle-bone of the foot of a hare is good against cramp. The hare appears to be occasionally employed as an Easter emblem in Germany.†

NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Children's Street Song.—(*Folk-Lore Record*, iv. 176). This is used in the following modified form by children in Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and North Bucks:

"Some say the devil's dead
And buried in Cold Harbour;
Others say he's rose again
And 'prenticed to a barber."

JAMES BRITTEN.

Fairies under Trees.—One of our readers has forwarded us an old document, dated Nov. 30th, 1817, containing a quaint description of

* *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 19, 1882, 6th S. vol. iv. p. 406. See also Cockayne's *Saxon Leechdoms*, vol. i. p. 343.

† *Ibid.* p. 388.

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a walnut tree of extraordinary dimensions. It grew on a rock of limestone at Llanddyn Farm, near Llangollen; its height was about twenty-five yards, and its boughs covered a space of ground about thirty yards diameter. According to a story in the neighbourhood, this tree was very old. A man 95 years of age said that he remembered a bough of it being broken by the snow when he was a child, and that his grandfather used to tell the family that, in olden times, fairies used in the dead of night to celebrate their marriages under this walnut tree.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, 3 Nov. 1882.

Modern Witchcraft in Durham.—The Rev. W. Featherstonhaugh, rector of Edmundbyers, writes as follows to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle:*—During an incumbency of twenty-six years I have come to know that charms are quite commonly resorted to for the healing of complaints, and that even positive witchcraft still lingers and is practised. For all ordinary complaints, especially of children, there are well-known and recognised charms, as for ringworm, whooping-cough, thrush, &c.; and certain persons are noted for their success in the use of certain formularies and the accompanying acts. One woman here is greatly resorted to in "blowing for burns," that is, breathing on the wound with the accompaniment of a form of words. In a late case, a leg affected with erysipelas, which did not yield to the doctor's remedies, was cured by stroking with a stone kept for the purpose and a secret form of words, used by a man in the parish noted for it. An old woman, now dead, reputed as a witch, was always avoided if possible; and if met, her evil influence was counteracted by doubling the thumb into the palm of the hand. Positive witchcraft has been practised in this village within the last thirty years, when a farmer, having a horse taken ill, sent for a well-known witchman, and carried out an incantation, with all the accompaniments of killing a black fowl, taking out the heart, sticking it full of pins, and roasting it before the fire at night; when, as a man present informed me, something uncanny was seen to pass the window and look in, and the horse was cured. Even so late as the year 1865, a large sum of money having been stolen from the office of some works near here, a witchman was consulted for its recovery and the detection of the thief. These things are strange but true, and are going on day by day in the

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midst of us. How about our boast of "advanced civilisation"?—Nov. 18, 1882.

Animal Sacrifice in Egypt.—At the entrance to the palace six buffaloes were slaughtered, two being killed just as the Khedive's carriage reached the gateway. The blood of the animals was splashed across the entrance, so that the horse's hoofs and wheels of the carriage passed through it. The flesh was afterwards distributed among the poor. This offering, according to Mohammedan faith, is supposed to bring good fortune to the owner. I omitted to state in my first telegram that the number of oxen which were sacrificed at the entrance to the Ismailia Palace at the time of the Khedive's arrival was uncertain. Fresh animals were subsequently distributed among the multitude, a fact which has misled many regarding the real nature of the ceremony. The sacrifice was a survival of the old custom of propitiating the Deity and securing his protection. In India, for example, all the great engineering works are believed by the common people to be protected against the angry gods of winds and rivers by animal and human sacrifices being performed under the direction of English officers at the beginning or conclusion of the undertaking. In Egypt the sacrificing ceremony is often performed, as on birthdays and other festivals of the Khediveal family.—*Daily News*, September 27, 1882.

Proverb.—It is a common proverb, "Dogs bark more for custome than fiercenesse." Wharton's *Merlini Anglici*, 1647, first words of preface. G. L. Gomme.

Some Notes on Folk-Lore Record, vol. v.—*Nursery Rime*, p. 154. I remember an old lady who used to say this rime with the addition of "A dog called Dob." Here are two others I have met in use, but do not remember to have seen in any collection, both addressed to boys:—

1. If you're an old bachelor,
As I suppose you be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile
At the tickling of your knee."

(suiting the action to the word and making the child laugh.)

2. [When driving through a gateway, &c.]

"Open the gate both wide and high,
And let King George and I go by."

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Insect-bites, p. 159. There are many English people, also, whom insects never bite. It is common when travellers in Italy are lamenting the ravages of fleas and mosquitoes to hear now and then one person say, "They never bite *me!*"—probably owing to some idiosyncrasy of skin or blood. The Indian woman in the same case thought it due to a supernatural cause.

Peacock's Feathers, p. 179. I have met various people who object to have the peacock's-feather fans, &c., now so much in vogue, in their houses because they consider them unlucky.

By a curious coincidence, the very day before I saw the Cornish tradition at p. 177 about birdcages and beehives being tied with crêpe at the death of the owner, an old French friend had happened to mention to me that up to the time he left home [Normandy] (and perhaps ever since) it was the custom to tie a bit of black cloth on the henhouses when the proprietor died, as it was thought the fowls would all die. R. H. Busk.

Sindbad (*ante*, p. 60). The Egyptian variant of Sindbad to which Mr. Fenton refers is translated by M. Maspéro in his *Contes populaires de l'Egypte Ancienne* (Maisonneuve, 1882), and is fully discussed in the introduction (pp. lxx. etc.)

Alfred Nutt.

QUERIES.

Proverbs. Could any of your readers reply to the following questions:—Are there any translations of Welsh proverbs besides those published by Howel in the reign of Charles II.? or is there any collection of Welsh proverbs published?

Is there any collections of Irish proverbs besides those of Burke's, or of the Ulster Society? J. Long.

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NOTICES AND NEWS.

Essais Orientaux. L'Orientalisme en France.—Le Dieu suprême des Aryens.—Les Cosmogonies Aryennes.—Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions.—Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique.—La Légende d'Alexandre, &c. Par James Darmesteter. 8vo. pp. 280. Paris: A. Lévy; London: D. Nutt. 1883.

Two essays in this volume are especially worthy the attention of the comparative mythologist, those on the Supreme Deity of the Aryans and on the Aryan Cosmogonies. In the latter the author develops with great skill the idea that creation myths are in their origin storm myths. To primitive man the rebirth of the visible world after the stress and confusion of the storm suggested the thought that the first creation had been an act of the same nature. The chaos out of which the universe emerged was conceived by him as similar to the dark and tumultuous cloud-mass out of which the lightning strikes the fertilising rain, which the wind carries away out of sight, or which the sun, rising in the heavens, gradually dissipates. Every form of the conquest and dispersal of the threatening cloud-masses was the mythic germ of a fresh cosmogonical idea. As the early naturalism became obscured a metaphysical value was given to the existing cosmogonical formulas, and in this way the mystic cosmogonies assumed shape. Thus the strife of the lightning with the storm cloud was early figured as the deliverance of a captive light-maiden from the clutches of the darkness-dragon by an enamoured god or hero; and in the oldest texts which ascribe the creation act to Love it is still the lover-god, the personified lightning, who is thought of, and who, as Schömann has remarked, is described in terms which to us seem more fitting in connection with Typhon than with Eros. But a later age made of this lover-god, a God Love, an embodiment of the sexual principle in its widest sense, and thus originated a series of very remarkable conceptions. In the former essay M. Darmesteter

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tries to show that the conception of a supreme god was common to the Aryan race before their dispersion; that he was originally the personified sky, and that the anthropomorphic process had made such progress when the dispersion did take place that the subsequent development among the different branches was and could only be very similar. He shows, however, that whilst the Iranian, the Greek, the Latin, and the Slave, retained to the last the sky god as the head of their pantheon, the Indian and the Lithuanian substituted the lightning-god, the German the stormwind-god. Such is a brief summary of the result arrived at in these learned and brilliantly written articles. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the remaining contents of this fascinating volume, in which fulness of knowledge and sureness of method are united to literary skill and sympathetic insight.

The *Almanach des traditions populaires* for 1883, which has recently been issued by Messrs. Maisonneuve and Co., of Paris, is even superior in interest and value to the 1882 volume. Besides a fresh instalment of addresses of Continental and English folk-lorists there is a full and carefully compiled bibliography of the publications of the past year. The "*Chronique*" gives an interesting account of the dinners of "*Ma Mère l'Oye*," which were started last year to enable the folk-lorists of Paris to meet each other in a friendly and informal way. Four of them were held last year with *MM. Gaston Paris* and *Loys Bruyère* (the accomplished editor of the *Contes Populaires de la Grande Bretagne*) in the chair. The dates for the forthcoming season are, the 13th of March, 10th of April, 8th of May, 13th of November, and 11th of December. English members of the Society who may happen to be in Paris on any of these dates, and apply to *M. L. Bruyère*, 134, Boulevard Haussmann, for tickets will be made heartily welcome. London folk-lorists might well follow the good example set them by their Paris brethren, and start a course of Mother Goose dinners. Will any members who think the idea a good one write to the Secretary?

The apostolic spirit is evidently not wanting in *M. Oscar Havard*, who, in the *Monde Hebdomadaire* for the 9th, 16th, and 23rd Septem-

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her last, relates how, fired by the chance perusal of one of *M Paul Sébillot's* volumes, he set forth tale-hunting in Lower Normandy. He gives an amusing account of the many rebuffs he met with, but tact and perseverance were finally rewarded by no less than 200 tales, songs, and local traditions. As a specimen of his gleanings he prints in the No. for the 9th of September a tale, *Le Loup et la Poulette*, to which English nursery literature can show a very close parallel in the legend of the "Fox and the Geese." M. Havard discusses at some length the vexed question of the origin of *Märchen*, and what he has to say on the subject is sensible and to the point. In the No. for the 30th of December, 13th and 20th of January, he gives an interesting description of French carol-singing, printing, some for the first time, the words and music of many "*Noëls*." Valuable information is afforded too concerning recent and forthcoming works on the subject. As several of these are either privately printed or are published in small provincial towns, they would, but for M. Havard, have remained unknown to the generality of book-buyers. We hope that M. Havard will continue his folk-lore researches and that he will shortly give the world at large the result of his studies.

Mr. Otto Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, has recently issued a catalogue of the extensive and valuable library of the late Theodor Benfey, the great Sanscrit scholar and editor of the Pantchantantra. As might be expected, it is exceedingly rich in works on comparative philology, mythology, and folk-lore. Copies may be had from Mr. D. Nutt, 270, Strand.

Mrs. E. B. Mawer, of Bucharest, is preparing a collection of proverbs. Translations are not given, but only equivalents where they exist. As an example of the work, the following may perhaps be quoted :—

English. More haste worse speed. *Roumanian*. Cine umblă incetu adjunge departe. *French*. Pas à pas on va bien loin. *German*. Eile mit weile. *Italian*. Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano. *Spanish*. Poco á poco se va léjos. *Portuguese*. Molle molle se vai longe. *Dutch*. Haastigen spoed is gelden goed. *Danish*. Est haar efter andet, gjör Bonden skaldet. *Latin*. Festina lente.

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1881.

VII. Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-east of Scotland. By the Rev. Walter Gregor. 8vo. pp. xii. 238. [Published at 13*s.* 6*d.*]

CONTENTS:—Birth.—The Child.—Baptism.—The Nursery.—Boy Code of Honour.—About the Human Body.—Dreams, Divination, &c.—Leechcraft.—The House.—Evenings at the Fireside.—Fairies.—Water Kelpie.—Ghosts, Witches.—"Black Airt" and Devil Compacts.—Riddles.—Marriage.—Place Rhymes.—Place and Family Characteristics.—Animal and Plant Superstitions.—Times and Seasons and Weather.—Christmas, New Year's Day, &c.—Countings out.—Washing Day.—Farming, Boats, and Fishing.—Death.—Burial.—Glossary.—Index.

VIII. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 239. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—The Aryan Expulsion-and-return Formula in the Folk and Hero Tales of the Celts, by Alfred Nutt.—Some additional Folk-Lore from Madagascar, by the Reverend James Sibree, Junior.—Slavonic Folk-Lore, by the Reverend W. S. Lach-Szyrma.—Euphemism and Tabu in China, by the Reverend Hildric Friend.—Folk-Lore from the United States, by William George Black.—Notes on Irish Folk-Lore, by G. H. Kinahan, M.R.I.A.—Weather Proverbs and Sayings not contained in Inwards or Swainson's Books, by C. W. Empson.—Notes on India Folk-Lore, by William Crooke.—Portuguese Stories, by Miss Henriqueta Monteiro.—Proverbs from "The Praise of Yorkshire Ale," 1697.—Amulets in Scotland, communicated by James Britten, F.L.S.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1880.—Index.

1882.

The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 229. [Issued to Members only.]

Researches respecting the Book of Sindibad. By Professor Domenico Comparetti. pp. viii. 167.—**Portuguese Folk-Tales.** By Professor Z. Consiglieri Pedroso of Lisbon; with an introduction by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. pp. ix. 124. In one vol., 8vo. Published at 15*s.*

1883.

Folk-Medicine. By William George Black. [In the press.]

Folk-Lore Journal. Issued monthly, free of charge to Members. Published at Eighteen pence.

In Preparation.

FOLK-LORE AND PROVINCIAL NAMES OF BRITISH BIRDS. By the Rev. C. Swainson.

SUTHERLAND FOLK-TALES. By Miss Dempster. [MS. received.]

THE DENHAM TRACTS. Edited by James Hardy. [MS. received.]

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE. By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. [Now being printed in Folk-Lore Journal.]

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY. Part IV. By the Rev. JAMES SIBREE, Junior.
ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE VEDAS. By ANDREW LANG, M.A.
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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 77.)

CHAPTER IV.

Children's Games.

THE next division of our text-book treats of Children's Games, "*Lalaon' ny Ankizy*," and as these are not without interest as illustrations of national habits and ideas, a few extracts may be given. There is a short introduction, evidently from a native source, describing the way in which Malagasy children play :—Two or three joining together go to fetch their companions, the parents saying, "Go and play, for here are your friends calling you, for it is bright moonlight" (lit. "moonlight (is) the day"). And so they all go on to other houses until a number are assembled, and they choose some spacious piece of ground. All having come together, they find out who of their companions are absent, two or three, or more, who are lazy and won't come, and these they make fun of, singing out, "Those who won't play because all their thoughts are about eating, friends of the iron cooking-pot; take care you don't choke with a little bit of skin." Those indoors hearing this, answer, "That's all very fine; you see our fat fowls, and so say, 'Come and play.'" (These children who don't play are often still killing fowls or geese, or cooking their share, the gizzards and livers, and feet and heads.) So when they go out, either that evening or on the following day, they are saluted with shouts of "Stuffed with gravy, Ikalovy! Stuffed with gravy, Ikalovy!" and also, "Keep by yourselves like lepers, O!"

The first play on the list is called *Rasarindra*, the meaning of which word is not very clear, but the game seems very like the common game of English children called "Fox and Geese."

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Rasarìndra.

They all stand in a row, every one with his or her* *làmba* (the outer cloth) tightly girded round the waist, the tallest in front, and the younger and weaker behind them, each taking hold of the tightly-bound dress of the one in front. Then one who is biggest is chosen to catch the rest, and this one is called "the robber." And another of the big ones is chosen to be "children's mother," to take care of the little ones. As soon as all are arranged, the "robber" calls out, "Where is Such-an-one for us?" mentioning first those who are hindmost. Calling out thus she comes near to the mother, who answers, "We won't give up Such-an-one." Then touching the biggest one, she says, "Where is the children's mother for us?" Then they all shout out, "We won't give up children's mother." Then the catcher calls out again, "Where then is our little lamb?" So the youngest at the end of the line answers "Meh" (imitating the bleat of a lamb). Then the catcher replies, "Here's our little lamb!" and does her best to catch the youngest and last of the row. Having caught this one she then tries to catch those next in the line, one after another, until they are all caught, the children's mother meanwhile protecting them all in her power.

Then follow descriptions of two games somewhat resembling what is known in England as "Oranges and Lemons," and ending with "Here comes a lighter to light you to bed; here comes a chopper to chop off the last man's head." They are called

Sòamìditra (lit. "Good entering") *No.* 1.

Two of the tallest in the party stand up, and face each other, leaving a space between them for a gateway; and clapping their hands together they sing:—

Soamiditra é, miditra é, é miditra é!
Good entering O, entering O, entering O!

Then the lesser ones form a line and take fast hold of each other, and stooping down, sing out:—

Valala manjoko à;	Locusts stooping O!
Kitraotrao!	Fight, fight!
Valala mandry à;	Locusts lying down O!
Mandriaria!	Lie down, down!

* These games are chiefly practised by girls, or by girls and very young boys.

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And so they go on, entering the gateway formed by the two tall ones, and when the least come up to them then these two turn round also.

Sòamiditra No. 2.

The second variation of the above game has more singing in it but the children arrange themselves in the same way, the two tallest ones and the rest singing alternately as follows:—

Manasa, relahy, manasa e ?
Tsy ho any, relahy, tsy ho any e !
Nahoana, relahy, nahoana e ?
Tsy ho vary, relahy, tsy ho vary e !
Ho vary, relahy, ho vary e !
Tsy ho hena, relahy, tsy ho hena é !
Ho hena, relahy, ho hena é !
Tsy ho akoho, relahy, tsy ho akoho e !
Ho akoho, relahy, ho akoho e !

We bid (you), friends, we bid you ?
We won't go there, friends, we won't go there !
Why not then, friends, why not ?
Not for rice, friends, not for rice !
For rice, friends, for rice !
Not for meat, friends, not for meat !
For meat, friends, for meat !
Not for fowls, friends, not for fowls !
For fowls, friends, for fowls !

And so they go on, mentioning other kinds of food, and then all the different fruits. When this is finished, the little ones go forward to enter, making at the same time a loud noise and singing:

Varavaran' Andriambolamena,
Ka intelo miditra toy ny akanjo,
Mpandrafitra arivo toy ny fantanana.

Doorway of Golden Prince,
Entering three times like the dress,
Carpenters a thousand like the weaving staff.*

Another "variant" of this song is given by my friend, the Rev. J. Richardson, Principal of the L.M.S. Normal School at Antanànarivo, who has done much for the musical progress of the Malagasy by instructing them in the Tonic Sol-fa system, and has also written numerous excellent hymns as well as some capital school songs. As he also supplies the Sol-fa notation of the tune, I venture to extract

* This is the literal translation, but the allusions are obscure.

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a paragraph or two from a paper of his on "Malagasy Tònon-kira (songs) and Hymnology" in the *Antanànarivo Annual*, vol. ii. 1876, p. 24. He says, "The only one (song, that is) where an approach to rhythm can be found is a little children's play song. The children join hands, and the first two take up the strain, saying,

We bid you come, we bid you.

Then they are answered by the whole body,

We'll not go there, we'll not go.

The leaders again sing out,

And why (not come), and why (not)?

The whole body then reply again,

It's neither rice nor saonjo (an edible arum *).

The leaders cry out, and lift up their arms with hands joined as in a country dance,

It's the cardinal-bird's house.

To which the whole troop of children cry out as they pass under,

It's a red house.

These two last strains are repeated until all have passed under. I append music and words in the original:—

KEY F OR E. D. C.

| | | |

Rahy maty e, atao ahoana?
Fonosin-dravin-tatamo.
Ravin-tatamo tsy mahafono azy,
Fa lamba mena no mahafono azy.

Rafàra O, Rafara! *
What is it then, what is it?
Where has your husband gone?
He's gone away a-trading.
Should he be dead, what then?
Wrap him in leaves of water-lily.
Water-lily leaves won't wrap him,
But a red làmba † will wrap him.

Then they change the song and sing,

Very vakana aho, rizavavy!
Vakana inona, rizavavy?
Jijikely, rizavavy.
Hombaina mitady va, rizavavy?
Kilalaoko omeko andriako,
Kilalaoko omeko andriako!

I've lost my beads, lasses!
What sort of beads, lasses?
Little beads, lasses.
Shall we go with you to seek them, lasses?
My toys I'll give my lady,
My toys I'll give my lady!

And when that is finished they all rise and leap about like frogs, at the same time slapping their chests; and those who are tired first and stop are considered as beaten.

The *Sakòda* No. 2 is much the same kind of game, but with different words.

Another game is called *Dian-tràndraka*,‡ *i.e.* "Hedgehog steps," and is played by all the party arranging themselves in rows, those behind taking hold of those in front, all singing and bending down in imitation of the movements of the animal which gives its name to the play.

* A common name for a girl, a contraction of Rafàravàvy, the "last female," or youngest girl, in a family.

† Among the Hovas and some other tribes the dead are always wrapped tightly in a number of red cloths or *làmba*.

‡ The *tràndraka* is a small animal allied to the hedgehogs, belonging to the family Centetidæ, of the order Insectivora.

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Another game, resembling our English children's play of "Tig" and "Touching wood," is called *Kibòkabòka* (*bòka* is the Malagasy word for a leper); it is played thus :—

The children all take fast hold of hands and form a large ring, and put one of the number to stand in the middle of the circle. Then they go round and from side to side, singing,

Those who touch this one are lepers;
Those who touch this one are lepers.

And those who touch the one in the centre they call *bòka* (a leper) and place in the middle as well, not stopping the game until every one has been touched. And when that is finished, every one bows down to the ground and says: "Listen, O grandfather beneath the earth, for I am no leper, for the lepers at Namèhana* only *are* lepers." Then they spit, saying "Poà."†

In the second form of this game the children assemble in some numbers, and one of them hides a small stone, concealing it inside the palm of the hand, putting it opposite one or other of his fingers. He then bids his companions choose, and when one guesses right the finger where the little stone is, that one is called *bòka*, and they all rush away to save themselves upon some stone. But when they come down on the ground they are chased by the one called *bòka*, and if he touches any one then his leprosy removes to the one touched. And so they go on until all have had their turn. At the end they all spit, and say "Poà, for it is not I who am a leper."

Another game is called *Mifàmpibàby, i.e.*, "Carrying each other on the back," the little ones being carried by the big ones round the house, with the following ditty :—

Carry me on your back, O big one!
Where shall I carry you, eh?
Carry me to follow a clod, oh!
What sort of clod is that, eh?
The tàkatra's ‡ nest, I mean, oh!
That tàkatra whose mate is dead, eh?
Take me home, O big one.

---

* This is one of the old towns in Imérina, where those afflicted with this disease live separate from other people.

† It is a common practice with the Malagasy to spit if they smell anything offensive. See *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 37.

‡ The *tàkatra* (*Scopus umbretta*) is a bird which builds a very large and conspicuous nest in the trees, carrying up a great quantity of dry grass and sticks, &c.

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"Star-killing" (*Mamòno kintana*) is the name of another children's play, also a favourite one on moonlight nights. A number of them sitting together get a little sheep's dung; and then, looking at the stars, they choose one of the brightest, and say, "We'll kill (or put out) that one." Then one of them who has a good voice sings the following, the rest taking up the strain:—

Rubbed with sheep's dung,
Tomato seed, gourd seed;
Cucumbers full of flattery,
Flattered by that deceiver,
Shall he die whose fate is evil? &c. &c.

A somewhat more elaborate game is called *Pétapétaka Inénibé* (*pétaka* means "adhering to," "sticking to," and *Inénibé* is "granny"). A number of children being gathered together they all choose one about whom they say, "Dead is Granny Mrs. Moon-dead-by-day-but-living-by-night" (or "Extinguished-by-day-but-lighted-by-night," *Ravòlana-màti-àndro-ka-vélon'àlina*). This one they place in the middle and cover her up with a quantity of clothes. Then they all pretend to weep, and sing out:

Oh granny O! oh granny!
Desolate, desolate, say I, O!
Your grandchildren young locusts passing.
And so wake up, wake up, say I, O!
For miserable are the many children;
And so come back, come back, say I, O!
For starving are the many little ones!

Then they call out for some time, telling the calamity which has befallen them. Then they keep quite still for a little while, which they call the night for sleeping, and for the old lady to appear to them all in their dreams (literally, for "pressing," or "squeezing," a word used to express the supposed inspiration of people by the Vazìmba* or by the spirits of their ancestors). During this time the one they call the dead old lady pretends to inspire (or appear in dreams to) them all, and calls out softly:

* These are believed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the central provinces of Madagascar, a race short of stature, and unacquainted with the use of iron; and are said to have been driven westward by a Hova king, named Andriamanélo. A remnant of this tribe is said to be still existing in the western part of Madagascar. Their tombs are regarded with superstitious dread, and they are supposed to appear to people in their dreams. They are mostly malevolent spirits, according to the popular belief.

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Oh little children, O!
Oh little children, O!
Cross over all of you,
For on return of this
Sunday will be here,
And I shall rise up then.

After a little pause they all speak, saying: "Granny pressed me (or appeared to me) that she'll be alive" (again). Waiting a little longer still, they say, "The time's come." Then granny gets up, and they pat her with their hands, saying:

Pétapétaka Inénibé,
Petapetaka Inenibe.

Then they all rejoice very much, dancing and beating their breasts, and singing and making a loud humming noise, with these words:

Kodònga Rambita,*
Kodongo-dàhy;
Kodonga Rambita,
Kodongo-dahy!

The annual festival of the *Fandròana* or Bathing, at the new year, is a time of great rejoicing among the Malagasy, or, more strictly speaking, among the Hova in the central provinces. On the day when bullocks are killed, the children in Antanànarìvo assemble in great numbers in Imàhamàsina, a large plain below the city to the west, and at Isòanieràna, to the south-west. They all put on clean lambas and dresses, wearing earrings and necklaces, and some being carried in palanquins. They carry with them fruit of different kinds, and small plates, bottles, glasses, and baskets, and go along singing until they come to the places just mentioned. Arrived at Imàhamàsina each party places the fruit on the plates, and fills the glasses with water; one division then calls out:

May we enter, ladies?

The others reply:

Pray walk in, ladies.
Certainly, ladies.
We bring you a little feast.
May you live long, ladies, in good health;
Yes, may God bless us all, ladies;

and so on, imitating the formal and polite speeches of their elders when paying visits. Then having eaten the fruit they sing and dance, during the afternoon singing a number of songs, whose titles only are

* Many of the words in these games are really untranslatable, as they have no equivalent in English.

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given. The children in the country places have a somewhat different custom, for they take meat with them to feast upon.

Before concluding this part of the subject, another children's amusement may be mentioned, although it is by no means confined to children, viz., songs and ditties intended to help in learning to count. Mr. Richardson, in the second number of the *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-lore Society*, gives ten specimens of these productions, one of them being a song of ten verses of four lines each, but most having only ten lines, and some only four. In some of these ditties there is a punning on the form of the different words for the numbers up to ten, some word of similar sound being brought in to help the memory. This is much the same as if we, to help to remember the number "one," brought in the word "won" in connection with it; or with "four," "before;" or with "eight," "abate," &c. Here is a specimen verse or two :—

1. E, Andrian*isa* ! e Andrian*isa* !
   Aza man*isa* ny efa tsy nety e !
   E, homba anao aho re !
   E, ry izy aroy e !
1. O Mister One ! O Mister One !
   Do not count (lit. "do one") the improper O !
   O, I'll go along with you !
   O, he's yonder there !
6. E, Andrian*enina* ! e Andrian*enina* !
   Aza man*enina* * alohanny, olona e !
   E, homba anao aho re !
   E, ry izy aroy e !
6. O Mister Six ! O Mister Six !
   Do not regret before people O !
   O, I'll go along with you !
   O, he's yonder there !
8. E, Andriam*bàlo*, e Andriam*bàlo* !
   Mi*vàlo* † fanahy tsy haditra e !
   E, homba anao aho re !
   E, ry izy aroy e !
8. O Mister Eight ! O Mister Eight !
   Begging pardon will not be obstinate O !
   O, I'll go along with you !
   O, he's yonder there !

* Playing on the similarity of sound between the words *énina*, six, and *manénina*, to regret. The words are shewn by italics.

† A play on the words *bàlo* = *vàlo*, eight, and *mivàlo*, to abjectly beg pardon; on account of these similarities in sound to unpleasant ideas, both six and eight are considered unlucky numbers. See *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 38.

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In the following the numbers are simply applied to different objects:—

Isa ny amontana,	One the amòntana (tree).
Roa ny aviavy,	Two the àviàvy (trees).
Telo fangady,	Three spades.
Efa-drofia,	Four rofia (palms).
Dimy emboka,	Five gums.
Eni-mangamanga,	Six blues.
Fito paraky,	Seven tobacco.
Valo tanantanana,	Eight gourds.
Sivy rongony,	Nine hemp.
Folo fanolehana!	Ten fànolĕhana!

In another, words are chosen in each of the ten lines that contain the words for the numbers from one to ten; they are mostly names of plants, grasses, &c.:—

Hi*za*tra,
Tsind*roa*d*roa*tra,
*Telo*rirana,
*Efa*nina,
*Ding*ad*ing*ana,
Vonin*enina*,
*Fit*atra,
Kim*balom*bal*on*tandroka,
*Siv*ana,
Tsi*polopolo*tra!

Some seem merely nonsense rhymes; and others carry on the last syllables of one line to the first of the next:—

Aingisa,	Voa manisa,
Aingoa,	Voa manapily,
Talonga,	Pily maka,
'Ndrafanga,	Maka ity,
Diminga,	Ity koa,
Aiminga,	Tabarasily,
Tsitonga,	Sily kely,
Valonga,	Tangorom-bola,
Tsivaza,	Hazon-dandy,
Aigò!	Tsy folo va izao ò? (Isn't that ten?)
Roa an-jaza;	Two for the child;
Telo am-behivavy;	Three for the woman;
Efatra an-dehilahy;	Four for the man;
Raika tsy tia be!	One's not liked much!

(To be continued.)

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ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE VEDAS.

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S new book, his *Lectures on India, and what it can teach us* (Longmans), is now in the hands of all Folk-lorists and students of mythology. To Mr. Max Müller's books, as they come out, all such students inevitably turn with interest and eagerness as to those of a master in his own science. What we English readers, who cannot spell out Sanskrit, know of Vedic mythology we chiefly know through Mr. Müller's works, and through those of Dr. Muir and the German translations of the Rig-Veda. If we cannot all agree with all of Mr. Müller's inferences, we look to him at least for facts and for criticisms of evidence. The following pages are concerned with a subject on which it seems that Mr. Müller and some of his readers will never be able quite to agree. What is the precise value of the Rig-Veda as an authority about the early stages of human belief? The point at issue is this: Do the Vedas, or rather does the Rig-Veda, give us information about an earlier stage of belief and of mythology than we derive from the comparative study of the religious ideas of savages? In this discussion it is well altogether to avoid the use of the word "primitive." There is no such thing known (except to Mr. Grant Allen in a vision) as primitive man. The most backward races, and the races that least show tokens of ever having been highly civilised in the past, have yet a past of incalculable length behind them; their complicated customs are not the growth of years and centuries, but perhaps of unnumbered ages. Thus the anthropologist does not call the Murri, or the Tinnehs, or the Tacullies *primitive* men, he only says they are *backward* men. And he does not call the Rig-Veda *primitive* either, he calls it a collection of the devotional hymns of men far advanced in civilisation. The opinion of the anthropologist is, however, that the devotional poetry of a cultivated society like that described in the Vedas seems more remote from the early stages of human thought than do the religious ideas of races that have never

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(as far as we know) developed a cultivated society at all. Mr. Müller himself would probably admit as much in the case of institutions that are not religious. He would admit that fibres beaten into consistency are earlier than woven cloth. He might even admit that races which have to carry "the seed of fire" about with them are nearer the beginning of culture than races which can light fire by the fire-drill, or by flint and steel. He will probably not deny that races which make no pottery are nearer what man must have been when he first came on the earth than races which make pottery by hand; while it is almost incredible that races which make pottery by hand should not be "nearer the beginning" than races which have invented or adopted the use of the potter's wheel. Again, a race which has domesticated animals, acquired the art of metallurgy, settled down to agriculture, and collected itself into walled cities, has surely much more experience of the world in its past than the races which have not, and show no sign of ever having had, a knowledge of those arts and institutions. The anthropologist is inclined to infer that the religious ideas of peoples which are comparatively "near the beginning" of the arts of life must be earlier than the religious ideas of peoples which have long acquired all the arts of life. Mr. Max Müller, on the other hand, remarks, "I simply say that in the Veda we have a nearer approach to a beginning, and an intelligible beginning, than in the wild invocations of Hottentots or Bushmen." Would Mr. Müller add, "I simply say that in the arts and political society of the Vedic age we have a nearer approach to a beginning than in the arts and society of Hottentots and Bushmen?" Is the use of chariots, horses, ships: are kings, walled cities, agriculture, the art of weaving, and so forth, nearer the beginning of man's civilisation than the life of the naked or skin-clad hunter who has not yet learned to work the metals, who acknowledges no king, and has no certain abiding place? If not, why is the religion of the civilised man nearer the beginning than that of the man who is not civilised? Perhaps we are to believe that the Aryans were sent ready civilised into a ready-made set of appliances, while other races have had to work their way up by slow degrees into culture. But this view will scarcely be maintained.

Whatever Mr. Müller may think on this point, we only know that he thinks the religion of an ancient civilisation is nearer the beginning than the religion of races who have scarcely any civilisation at all. As to those races and their ideas, he says that "The materials on which

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we have to depend are often extremely untrustworthy." He does not say, as M. Reville does with truth, that our evidence is chiefly embarrassing by its very wealth of testimony. Consider for a moment what our evidence as to the life and ideas of savages is. It begins with the Bible, which is rich in accounts of early religious ideas, animal worship, stone worship, ritual, taboos on articles of food; marriage customs and the like. Then we have Herodotus, with his descriptions of savage manners, myths, and customs. Next come all the innumerable Greek and Roman geographers, and many of the historians and general writers, Aristotle, Strabo, Pliny, Plutarch, Ptolemy, and dozens of others. For the New World, for Asia, for Africa, we have the accounts of voyagers, merchants, missionaries, from the Arab travellers in China to Marco Polo, to Sahagun, to Bernal Diaz, to Garcilasso de la Vega, to Hawkins, to all the Spanish travellers, and the Portuguese, to Hakluyt's men, we have the Jesuits with their *Relations Edifiantes*, we have evangelists of every Christian church and sect, we have travellers of every grade of learning and ignorance, from shipwrecked beech-combers to Nordenskiöld and Moseley. Now from *Leviticus* to the *Cruise of the Challenger*, from Herodotus to Mariner, nay, from the Rig-Veda to Fison and Howitt, we possess a series of independent documents on savage customs and belief, whether found among actual savages or left as survivals in civilisation. These documents all coincide on certain points, and establish, I venture to say, with evidence that would satisfy any jury, the ancient existence of certain extraordinary savage customs, myths, ideas, and rites of worship. These ideas and rites are still held and practised by savages, and seem natural to their state of mind. The savage who oils the stone he worships, in India or Polynesia, does what Jacob did, what the priests at Delphi did according to Pausanias, what the superstitious man did in Theophrastus. The Basuto, or Kamilaroi, or Ashanti, or Apache, or Oraon, who in Africa, Australia, America, or India, traces his descent from an animal or plant which he refuses to eat, did what the Elders of Israel did according to Ezekiel, what the Egyptians did according to Herodotus, what the Ioxidae of Athens did according to Plutarch. Thus the coincident testimony of a cloud of witnesses, through three thousand years, establishes the existence of certain savage beliefs and rites, in every quarter of the globe. Doubtless in each instance the evidence must be carefully scrutinised. Savages are reluctant to tell

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about their religion. They are indolent, and apt to string their answers on the leading questions of Europeans like beads on a thread. They are humorous, and love to hoax inquirers. Their language may not always be known to the questioner. But, allowing for all these drawbacks (as every anthropologist worthy of the name will, in such case, allow) there does remain a body of coincident evidence, on authority now learned and critical, now uncritical and unlearned, which cannot be set aside as "extremely untrustworthy." This authority is accepted in questions of the evolution of art, politics, handicraft; why not in questions of religion? It is usually evidence given by men who did not see its tendency or know its value. A chance word in the Veda shows us that a savage point of marriage etiquette was known to the poet. A sneer of Theophrastus, a denunciation of Ezekiel, an anecdote of Herodotus, reveals to us the practices of contemporary savages as they existed thousands of years ago among races savage or civilised. A traveller's tale of Melville or Mandeville proves to be no mere "yarn," but completes the evidence for the existence in Asia, or the Marquesas Islands, of belief and rites proved to occur in Europe or India.

Such is the nature of the evidence for savage ideas, and for their survivals in civilisation. And the amount of the evidence is best known to him who has to plod through tracts, histories, and missionary reports.

Mr. Müller takes a point as indicating that the ordinary savage may once have been less untutored than he is at present. "What we consider as primitive may be, for all we know, a relapse into savagery, or a corruption of something that was more rational and intelligible in former stages." We have disclaimed all knowledge of what is "primitive." Man, for all we know, may have been created an ideally perfect being. We only say that, by some process or other, he certainly did pass through the savage stage, which has left plentiful marks on every civilisation. If savages are savages by virtue of "a relapse into savagery," our argument is unaffected by that. It is enough for us that savages they are, and that Aryan society and religion is full of survivals from the condition of savagery. Mr. Müller, perhaps unconsciously, suggests evidence of this truth. He says "think only of the rules that determine marriage among the lowest of savage tribes. Their complication passes all understanding, all seems a chaos of prejudice, superstition, pride, vanity, and stupidity.

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And yet we catch a glimpse here and there that there was some reason in most of that unreason; we see how sense dwindled away into nonsense, custom into ceremony, ceremony into farce." Now the very opposite of this argument holds good; the "sense" and the "custom" are found among savages; the "farce" and the "nonsense" are the relics of that once rational custom which survive in civilisation. For example, marriage by actual capture was once, apparently, a savage custom, rational and inevitable when women were scarce. In Sparta and Rome it dwindled into a ceremony; in modern society (if traces of it still exist) it survives as a farce—the farce of throwing old shoes at the departing couple, and the sham attacks among the old French, the Welsh, and other people.

We have to repeat that a judicious anthropologist does not regard "the surface of savage life" as "the very beginning of civilisation." In the matter of marriage there lies a perhaps inscrutable past behind the lowest forms of the rule of forbidden degrees. Still we know enough about the evolutions of marriage laws to say this much. The process of evolution has been from extreme complexity (still prevalent among savages) to the extreme simplicity of civilised laws of incest. The process can be traced, and it can be demonstrated that civilised societies show clear traces of having developed their marriage laws out of the marriage laws of savages. The laws begin in vast sweeping prohibitions of marriage, and they dwindle down to our rules of forbidden degrees in the prayer book. The Australians, as a general law, may not marry persons who bear the same family name, and revere the same animal or plant. But their laws are more complex still than this, and have still to be properly criticised. The same law—no marriage between man and woman of the same name—prevails among American Indians and other races. In these examples the family name is derived from the mother. Well, in India and China, we find the same sort of wide prohibition. People may not marry within the Gotra, or within the family name, though the family name is now derived through the father. Traces of the same rule may be found among the Romans, and, finally, Greece allowed marriages between brothers and sisters who had not the same mother,—that is, who at one time (when names were derived through the mother) had not the same family name. I have traced, in the article on the *Family*, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the gradual simplifying of the marriage law, and the gradual contraction of the prohibition. If

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we retained the old rules, and if Mr. Thompson married Miss Jones, the children would be named Jones: and no Mr. Jones, born in Caithness, could marry a Miss Jones in no way related to him, and born, say, at the Land's End. This is the regular savage rule, and the contraction of this rule down to our own system is a perfectly well-marked process. But why, in the beginning of society, no Mr. Jones might marry a Miss Jones is a problem which can only be solved by such ingenious reconstructions of the past as Mr. M'Lennan left among his papers. These reconstructions, I trust, may one day be published. They will be open to controversy, but what is scarcely controvertible is the statement that civilized marriage laws are a gradual amplification of savage laws, and that the history of the rules of marriage proves that civilisation has passed through and been developed out of customs like those of contemporary savages.

What is true of law and customs, ought also to be true about religion and mythology. We have tried to show that there is nothing irrational in expecting early religious ideas from people in a backward rather than from people in a forward state of culture, and we have attempted to explain the character of the evidence on which we rely. The next point made by the anthropologist is to show that, whether savages be degenerate from civilisation, or not yet arrived at civilisation, remains of their ideas are, after all, to be found in the Vedas and the Vedic faith. We say to Mr. Müller, "Our savage friends are less remote from the beginning than your Vedic friends, but your Vedic friends retain a very great number of the most barbarous ideas of our savage friends." A long past of civilisation has enabled the Vedic poets to reach, on occasion, the moral level of the Hebrew Psalmist. But that long past of civilisation has not obliterated many of the ideas which are still current among savages, and which the Vedic poets have presumably inherited from ancestral savages, or (if you prefer it) have borrowed from savages contemporary with themselves.

To develop these statements would require a long article. In the meantime, it may suffice to say that the cosmological myths, the deluge myth, the myths of the stars, the wilder adventures of the gods, the myths of death, the belief in evil spirits, the myths of fire-stealing, which we find in the Veda, and still more in the Brahmanas, may all be paralleled in the mythology of Tinnehs, Nootkas, Murri, Thlinkeets, Tacullies, Papuans, Eskimo, and others of the lowest races. The main difference is that among the lowest races animals generally

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take the chief heroic *rôles*, while in Aryan myths gods do what the beasts had done, or, if animals occur, they are explained to be gods in animal shape. Tinnehs and Tacullies make the world to have been constructed in great part out of a mangled dog or beaver. In the Veda a mangled non-natural man, Purusha, takes the place of the beaver or dog. When a boar, in Vedic myth, fishes up the earth, the boar is Vishnu. When a coyote or musk-rat performs the same feat in America, he is a musk-rat or a coyote and nothing more. Animals, not men, are the fire-stealers, but a bird brought the Vedic Soma, as a bird brought water to the Thlinkeets. In the Brahmanas, as in all savage myths, the constellations were once animals or men. Death was a person whom the gods had to evade. The gods took animal shapes.

I have said a few words on this topic in an article called *The Seamy Side of Vedic Religion*. (*Saturday Review*, Feb. 24, 1883.) I am aware that the reply will be that the savage myths are in the Brahmanas, which are late, not in the Vedas, which are early. Well, some of the wild savage myths do occur in the Vedas, but the religious spirit has got rid of them in the devotional hymns as much as possible. They creep out again in the ritual Brahmanas, and whence do they creep, these disgusting savage legends which would make a Bushman feel a little abashed? Did priests invent them? If so, why did their inventions tally with those of my savage clients? Probably the savage myths of the Brahmanas either survived in popular traditions (which everywhere retains so much of savagery), or, in other cases, were invented in explanation of the ritual, but invented on the old lines of the popular myths. If scholars would only translate the Athava Veda, they would add another to the many boons they have already conferred on the poor, unlettered, but not ungrateful anthropologist. The anthropologist, meantime, will still maintain that the best devotional hymns of a people whose ancestors were civilised before the language in which the hymns are composed was developed, must contain much that is far from "the beginning." And he will also maintain that the same hymns and their commentary do contain matter similar to the myths of savages, and presumably relics of the savage state of fancy. These survivals are the "silly, senseless, and irrational" elements of Aryan mythology. Where is the harm in deriving from savages an element in mythology which Mr. Müller proclaims to be "savage"? One curious remark of Mr. Müller's

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remains to be noticed: "If we find that people three thousand years ago were familiar with ideas that seem novel and nineteenth-century-like to us, well, we must somewhat modify our conceptions of the primitive savage," &c. What can this sentence mean? Its two parts have no bearing on each other. We know perfectly well that several races were highly civilised more than three thousand years ago. Some of the ideas of these civilised folks may seem "nineteenth century-like" to us. But what has all this to do with "the primitive savage"? If any one said "three thousand years ago all men were primitive savages," the evidence of Chaldæa, Egypt, India, would disprove the absurd remark. But no one is saying anything of the kind. If we found that people used telephones thirty thousand years ago, all that could be said would be that thirty thousand years ago some people had a mechanical civilisation. The discovery would have no bearing on the "primitive savage," and would only throw still further back the savage period of the race which, thirty thousand years ago, had invented the telephone. Or should we be asked to believe that the telephone came down from heaven to a race born civilised? Mr. Müller adds that anthropologists "seem only bent on inventing excuses why the Vedas need not be studied." On the other hand of all boons to the anthropologist the completion of Mr. Müller's rendering of the Rig-Veda into English would be the most welcome. In the meantime we work away with Ludwig and Dr. Muir's *Ancient Sanskrit Texts*, and with Haug's *Aitareya Brahmana*, and the translation of the *Satapatha Brahmana*, by Eggeling, in the *Sacred Books of the East*. But it is rather disheartening to find how very much the learned translators differ among themselves. It is actually said (by an American critic) that *Ahana* never means the dawn, and could never, by any known process, become *Dahana*, and so Daphne. And if this be true, where are we all?

A. Lang.

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INDEX TO THE FOLK-LORE, &c. OF HORACE.

By George L. Apperson.

MR. BRITTEN'S remarks on p. vii. of his edition of Aubrey's *Remaines*, reminded me of some notes I had by me of Horatian folk-lore. I have only lately found time to look these up, and by going through the whole of the Works, to do my best to complete them. Horace is too well known to make it worth while to print all the quotations, but I think an index to the various passages might not be out of place in the *Journal*.

Apollo as the healer, C. S. 62-64.

Apple pips, divination by, S. II. iii. 272.

April, *see* Months.

Astrology, C. II. xvii. 17-25; Epp. I. vi. 3-5.

Birthdays, observance of, C. IV. xi.; S. II. ii. 58-62.

Boundaries, Ep. ii. 22, 59.

Building tradition, C. III. xi. 2; A. P. 394 (see "Left").

Burial: throwing earth on the corpse, C. I. xxviii. 36; ashes buried nine days after death, Ep. xvii. 46-48.

Castor and Pollux and the sea, C. I. iii. 1-6, IV. viii. 31, 32.

Charms, Ep. v. 15-28.

Child-birth, C. S. 13-16; Ep. v. 5-7.

Comet, a, said to be the spirit of Julius Cæsar, C. I. xii. 47.

Crocus, its perfume sprinkled on the stage, Epp. II. i. 79-81.

Crow foretelling rain, C. III. xvii. 9-13, xxvii. 10.

Cuckoo, the, S. I. vii. 28-31.

Cypress, *see* Trees.

Death: the hair cut before death by Proserpine, C. I. xxviii. 20; Fate and the Urn, C. II. iii. 25-28, III i. 16.

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Deluge, the, C. I. ii. 7-12.
Dice: the highest cast called "Venus," C. II. vii. 25.
Divination by apple pips, S. II. iii. 272.
Dreams: the ivory gate in the house of Sleep, C. III. xxvii. 41; true after midnight, S. I. x. 33.
Eagle, the, thunder-bearer of Jove and king of birds, C. IV. iv. 1-4.
Eggs, cocks hatched from long and hens from round, S. II. iv. 12-14.
Evil eye, Epp. I. xiv. 37, 38.
Faunus, the field god, C. III. xviii.
Festivals, gifts on, C. IV. viii. 1-12.
Figure-head on ship, C. I. xiv. 9, 10.
Fire, origin of, C. I. iii. 27-33.
Fortune-telling, C. I. xi. 1-3; S. I. vi. 113, 114, ix. 29-33.
Fountain-head of a stream, sacred, C. I. i. 22.
Funeral customs, S. I. vi. 42-44, II. iii. 84-87; A. P. 431-433.
Funeral offerings, C. II. i. 25-28.
Genius, a man's, C. III. xvii. 14; Epp. I. vii. 94, II. i. 144, ii. 187; A. P. 210.
Ghosts and power of spirits, Ep. v. 91-96; Epp. II. ii. 208.
Gifts on festivals, C. IV. viii. 1-12.
Goat and Tragedy, the, A. P. 220-222.
Graves, leaping over, an affront to the dead, C. III. iii. 40-42.
Hearth, sacred, Ep. ii. 43.
Hellebore, *see* Medicine.
Hemlock, *see* Medicine.
Hide and seek, the game, C. I. ix. 21-24.
Insanity: produced by the influence of the moon, A. P. 453-4; cured by hellebore, *see* Medicine.
Ivy, *see* Trees.
Julius Cæsar: his spirit appearing as a comet, C. I. xii. 47.
Lares, C. III. xxiii. 1-8, IV. v. 29-36; S. II. v. 14.
Largesse, S. II. iii. 182-184.
Laurel, *see* Trees.
Left wall of a building, propitious, C. III. xxvi. 5.
Love-potions, Ep. v. 15-28.

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Lucky day: marking with a white stone, C. I. xxxvi. 10.

Manes, Epp. II. i. 134-138.

March, *see* Months.

Marriage-bed, dedicated to the genii of bride and groom, and placed at the entrance of the house for a good omen, Epp. I. i. 87-89.

Meals, singing at, C. IV. xv. 25-32.

Medicine: Apollo as the healer, C. S. 62-64; hellebore for insanity, S. II. iii. 80-83; Epp. II. ii. 137; A. P. 299-303; hemlock a febrifuge, Epp. II. ii. 52-54; medicinal plants, Ep. ii. 57, 58; ointment for the eyes, S. I. v. 30; southernwood, Epp. II. i. 114.

Months: April sacred to Venus, C. I. iv. 5, IV. xi. 15, 16; March festival; the Salii, C. IV. i. 28.

Moon, causing insanity, A. P. 453, 454.

Moon, new, C. III. xix. 9, xxiii. 1, 2; and shell-fish, S. II. iv. 30.

Oaths, Epp. II. i. 16; swearing by the ashes of the dead, C. III. viii. 9; also *see* Perjury.

Olive, *see* Trees.

Omens: bed at the entrance of the house for a good omen, Epp. I. i. 87-89; birds, C. III. xxvii. 1-16; the overflowing of the Tiber, C. I. ii. 13-16; thunder heard in a clear sky, C. I. xxxiv. 5-8.

Passions, origin of the, C. I. xvi. 13-16.

Penates, C. III. xxiii. 17-20.

Perjury, punished by a bodily affliction, C. II. viii. 1-5.

Pine, *see* Trees.

Poplar, *see* Trees.

Rain and the stars, C. I. iii. 14.

Raven, foretelling good weather, C. III. xxvii. 9-12.

Rings: lovers' games with, C. I. ix. 21-24.

Rivers, marriage of, C. I. ii. 17-20; fountain-head, sacred, C. I. i. 22.

Salt, sacred, C. II. xvi. 13, 14, III. xxiii. 20; S. I. iii. 14, II. iii. 200.

Sea, the: Castor and Pollux the sailor-helpers, C. I. iii. 1-6, IV. viii. 31, 32; votive offerings after shipwreck, C. I. v. 13-16; A. P. 20.

Shell-fish, best at the time of the new moon, S. II. iv. 30.

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Singing at meals, C. IV. xv. 25-32.

Sleep, the ivory gate in the house of, C. III. xxvii. 41.

Swallow, the, C. IV. xii. 5-8.

Three, the number, C. I. xxviii. 36; Epp. I. i. 37.

Thunder heard in a clear sky ominous, C. I. xxxiv. 5-8.

Town, patron saint of, C. I. xxviii. 29.

Trees: cypress by tombs, C. II. xiv. 23; ivy and Bacchus, C. III. xxv. 18-20, IV. viii. 33, 34; laurel sacred to Apollo, C. III. xxx. 16, IV. ii. 9; olive sacred to Minerva, C. I. vii. 5-7; pine dedicated to Diana, C. III. xxii.; poplar sacred to Hercules, C. I. vii. 21-23.

Unfortunate, one who is, said to be born when the gods were angry, S. II. iii. 7, 8.

Unlucky days, C. II. xiii. 1.

Urn, Fate and the, C. II. iii. 25-28, III. i. 16.

Venus, name for the highest cast of the dice, C. II. vii. 25.

Vervain, C. I. xix. 14, IV. xi. 7.

Votive offerings: armour in temple, C. III. xxvi. 1-8; after shipwreck, C. I. v. 13-16; A. P. 20.

Votive tablets, S. II. i. 33.

Waxen images, *see* Witches.

Weather: crow foretelling rain, C. III. xvii. 9-13, xxvii. 9-12; raven foretelling good weather, C. III. xxvii. 9-12.

Wells, sacred, C. III. xiii.

White stone, marking with a, C. I. xxxvi. 10; S. II. iii. 246.

Witches and witchcraft, C. I. xxvii. 21, 22; S. I. viii. 17-45, ix. 29-33; composition of charms and love-potions, Ep. v. 15-28; devouring children, A. P. 338-340; magic wheel, Ep. xvii. 6, 7; power over the stars, Ep. v. 45, 46, xvii. 1-6; power through waxen images, Ep. xvii. 76-81; S. I. viii. 30; riding in the air, Ep. xvii. 74, 75.

Woodpecker, bird of ill-omen, C. III. xxvii. 15.

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SOME MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN CAIRNBULG AND INVERALLOCHY.

THE villages spoken of in this paper lie on the north-east coast of Aberdeenshire. The fisher folks are industrious, hardy, most temperate, a great many of them being total abstainers, kind-hearted, intelligent, and in general anxious to give their children a good education. Their old simple manners are fast disappearing.

In the matter of the "feet-washing" a finger-ring is thrown into the tub. After the ceremony is completed, there is a contest for the ring; the one who becomes the possessor of it is the one who will be married next. It is only the very near relations ("lief freens") that are present, and take part in this rite. The bride invites her own friends, and the bridegroom, his. There is, of course, hospitality. The bride's property is taken to her future home by her nearest relatives the day before the marriage. It is not carried into the house by them, but handed to the bridegroom's friends, who are there to receive it and to carry it in. This does not seem to be a custom in any of the other villages. Invitations to the marriage are given separately by the bride and the bridegroom. All the members of each family are invited. It would be looked upon as a slight to ask only part of a family; and were such an invitation given it would be refused. The bride's guests make presents to her, for the most part articles necessary for a household, and the bridegroom's to him. In this way the expense of the marriage feast is in a great measure made up for; and the expense is no small matter, as the guests are often numbered by the hundred.

After the marriage is solemnized, the two parties separate, and hold the feast. The bride's guests are entertained at her home, and the bridegroom's at his. It would be a serious breach of good manners for any of the guests of the one to go to the house of the other. In others of the fishing villages along the coast this distinction between the guests is not observed. When the bride returns to her father's

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house after the marriage, broken bread of various sorts is thrown over her before she enters. The same ceremony is gone through with the bridegroom at his father's door. In Rosehearty barley is sometimes thrown over them as they come to the feasting place.

When it is time for the guests to separate, the bridegroom with his best man goes to bring the bride to her future home. She carries something eatable to give to the unmarried guests at "the bedding." At that time the sleeping apartment is filled with them in the full spirit of "daffery." She throws one of her stockings from the bed, and then begins the struggle to get possession of it, which ensures the next marriage. Sometimes, *e.g.* in Pittulie, the light is extinguished before the throwing of the stocking; the one that is struck by it is fortune's favourite for the next matrimonial alliance.

The day after the marriage all the female friends who were guests wait on the bride with a present. In former times it was made in kind, now it is given in money, and is shaken into her hand when she holds it out in welcome to her visitor. It may range from a shilling upwards, according to the means of the giver. All are entertained to tea. In Pittulie this after-marriage present is made on the evening of the marriage day before the guests separate, as the opportunity of shaking it into her hand—"crossin her han w' siller"—occurs. It is made by all, or, at least, by most of the guests, both male and female. In some of the villages, *e.g.* Rosehearty, there is at times a dance. Each young woman selects a young man for the first dance, which is called the "favour reel," and ties a ribbon round his arm. He is in honour bound to answer the call. He pays for this dance, commonly a shilling. The money so collected goes to defray the expense of the music and everything in connection with the dance.

The following may be added as an appendix, but the opinions are not confined to the fishing population; the belief about the number of children is widely spread:—

It is a firm conviction of many that each woman is destined to have a certain number of children. A woman was speaking one day to her minister of her sister's large family and weak health, and among other things said:—"Gehn it wir the Lord's will, she hiz muckle needit she hid up her nummer."

Here is another conversation to the same effect:—"Your son's boy is troubled with gripes. So wiz Jamie, but the girlie wizna." "Oh, deed aye," replied the grandmother. "He should hae them a'

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lassies." "They hiv anew o' them already; but a needna say that, she maun jist hae her nummer," was the answer.

It is a notion among many that children brought up on the feeding-bottle are bad tempered. The minister, after baptizing a farm-servant's child, was taking tea with the parents and a few of their friends, when one of the children, the one next in age to the infant, began to show a good deal of temper. Said the mother, "Nae winner she's ill-naitirt, she wiz fessn up (brought up) o' the bottle." The minister expressed a doubt, but was assured that such was the fact. In proof one of the men present stated as his own experience that a foal brought up on cow's milk always proved a vicious animal.

WALTER GREGOR.

NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Death-warning.—Not long since, a few months ago, a gentleman of my acquaintance, living in an isolated country-house, distant from any railway, was very ill. He was not more than forty years old, and his friends and family had no reason to anticipate an early death. One night the cook came upstairs in a state of considerable agitation and said to her mistress, "Oh, ma'am, I am sure master is going to die soon, for there is a chattering jug on one of the shelves in the kitchen!" The lady said, "Nonsense, Mary!" but she went down and found that it was quite true that one of the jugs on a shelf kept chattering or vibrating without any visible cause. She said, "There must be a mouse in it;" but the jug was empty, and when replaced on the shelf it continued to vibrate as before. The gentleman died in three days, and the omen is now believed in as a fact. I do not remember to have heard of this form of the death-watch superstition before. E. S.

Easter-Eggs and the Hare.—Some time ago the question was raised how it came that, according to South German still prevailing

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folk-lore, the Hare is believed by children to lay the Easter-eggs. I venture now to offer a probable answer to it. Originally the hare seems to have been a bird which the ancient Teutonic goddess *Ostara* (the Anglo-Saxon Eàstre or Eostre, as Bede calls her) transformed into a quadruped. For this reason the Hare, in grateful recollection of its former quality as bird and swift messenger of the Spring-Goddess, is able *to* lay eggs on her festival at Easter-time (*v.* Oberle's *Ueberreste germanischen Heidentums im Christentum*, 8vo, Baden-Baden, 1883, p. 104.)

Oxford. H. Krebs.

Morris Dance (*ante*, p. 32.)—I believe that the derivation of Morris from Moorish may now be safely accepted as correct. Mr. Skeat (*Ety. Dic.*) suggests that the Morris Dance was so called because it was performed to the accompaniment of the tabor; but from what I have read it occurs to me that bells, rather than tabors, gave the sound specially indicative of the Morris; pipers and tabors lending themselves to the promotion of sundry other forms of Terpsichorean exercises. One or more of the figures in the notable painted window at Betley in Staffordshire is represented with a garnishment of bells; and two of the grotesque designs in the glass of York Minster are Morris dancers "in the dress of the time of Edward IV., whereof one plays on a pipe and tabor, and has a belt of bells round his waist." In Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder* they are mentioned as though they were strictly essential to a Morris Dancer's gear. "At Chelmsford a mayde not passing fourteen years of age . . . made a request to her master and dame, that she might daunce the Morrice with me in a great large roome. They being intreated I was soone wonne to fit her with bels; besides she would have the olde fashion with napking on her armes, and to our jumps we fell." "Nay," said another country lass, "if the dauncer will lend me a leash of his belles, I'll venter to treade one myle with him myselfe." I quote this from an article in Chambers's *Book of Days* (Vol. i. p. 630-3) which your correspondent would do well to consult. Within the last few weeks I have seen a very clear engraving of the glass at Betley to which I would fain refer him; but my memory proves traitor.

I was once much affrighted as a child by the apparition of some "Morrish" dancers at our kitchen door. I suspected then that they took their name from some people called Morris who lived hard by.

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This surname is said to signify Moorish, and curiously enough our Morris neighbours—one family of them at least—were a wild, dark folk with gipsy instincts. E. G.

Irish parallel to Branwen.—Mr. Whitley Stokes has kindly sent me the following parallel to an incident in the Mabinogi of Branwen. (*v. Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 5), extracted from a MS. in the Bodleian (Rawlinson, B 502, f. 72), which is as follows: The king of Leinster, Labraid, determines to avenge himself on Cobthach, so he and his Leinstermen build at Dina Rig a house of twice-melted iron, the building whereof takes full a year, father concealing from son, son from mother, mother from daughter, husband from wife, and wife from husband, the purpose of the erection. Then Cobthach and thirty other kings are invited to a banquet in the house. Cobthach refuses to enter it unless Labraid's mother or Labraid's fool (*druth*) precedes him. The mother, though foreknowing her fate, goes into it for her son's honour, the fool "for the blessing of the Leinstermen and for freedom to his children for ever." Cobthach and the rest enter the house. "Fire for you," says Labraid, "and ale and food." The door is then chained by nine men, and thrice fifty smith's bellows are blown round the house—four warriors to each bellows—till the host within was hot (*té*). "Thy mother is there, O Labraid," say the warriors.* "Not so, my son," saith she, "exact they atonement (*erech*) through me, for I shall die likewise." Thus Cobthach is destroyed with thirty overkings and seven hundred of the host on Christmas Eve.

Alfred Nutt.

Witchcraft in Churning.—In *Folk-Lore Record*, iii. 134, I quoted a letter (dated Aug. 2, 1732) in which it was stated that some people in Suffolk, "not being able to make the butter come, threw a hot iron into the churn, under the notion of witchcraft in the case, upon which a poore labourer cried out 'They have killed me, they have killed me,' and died upon the spot." This story, which I have here somewhat condensed, corresponds in its details with one given by Patrick Kennedy in his *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 152. Here, when the churn was bewitched, the people put "the sock and coulter of the plough" into the fire, and proceeded to churn. "Just as the plough-irons were becoming red-hot," the witch appeared, and

* Something like "save her" is omitted here.

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soon "roared out, for the burning plough-irons were scorching her inside." She removed her charm from the churn, and was then suffered to depart in peace. JAMES BRITTEN.

Brood of Ducks (*ante*, p. 61).—The querist asks for the proper name and whether it is *squab*. Is he thinking of *squab* used by some for young unfledged pigeons and by some for all young birds? I believe that a distinct word for such an object as a brood of ducks might be found in every county. I can supply a few. In Wiltshire and Surrey they call it a *troop;* in Dorsetshire a *trip*. In Sussex they call young wild ducks just able to fly *flappers*. In Suffolk they call a *flight* of ducks a *drove*. For other birds there are other more or less generally appropriated proper terms. Of rooks, a *congregation*. Of starlings, a *gathering*. Of quails, a *covey* in some places (as of partridges), in other places a *bevy*. A brood of pheasants, a *nide* (evidently the same word as *nid*).

R. H. BUSK.

In Yorkshire a brood of either ducks or chickens are called a *cletch;* probably that is the peculiar word your querist is in search of. The youngest of a litter of pigs is in this and adjoining counties termed a *ritling*.

Stockport. WARREN-BULKELEY.

Would that I could play the Daniel and recover the word that is gone from Mr. YATMAN! I can but assure him that *squad*, a group or company, would not be at all an inappropriate term to apply to a family of ducklings. When it got afloat, *squadron* would exactly meet the case. E. G.

Curious Superstition in Ross-shire.—A correspondent at Shieldaig writes to a northern newspaper:—"A respectable crofter and fisherman, residing in this neighbourhood, was taken seriously ill, with symptoms of what no doubt was gravel, and, as is usual in such cases, a messenger was at once despatched to a neighbouring gamekeeper for the *otter's bladder*. The bladder is the property of the keeper, in whose possession it has been for a number of years, and is kept by him specially for the purpose of curing this distressing complaint. Immediately upon the bladder having been brought to the sick man's house, and the appropriate charms and incantations having been solemnly repeated, it was several times filled with cold water taken from a stream running towards the east, and the patient made to

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swallow the contents each time direct from the mouth of the bladder. The poor patient having not experienced any alleviation or relief from his sufferings, it was discovered that the failure of the charm was owing to the fact that the cure was attempted on a Friday, which is well known to be an unlucky day on which to commence any undertaking or business.—*Scotsman, April* 2, 1881.

QUERIES.

Stallybrass's Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology."—Can anybody say when Vols. ii. and iii. are likely to appear? Many of us must have paid for copies of them well-nigh three years ago. E. G.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Babrius, edited, with Introductory Dissertations, Critical Notes, Commentary, and Lexicon, by W. Gunnion Rutherford, M.A. London, 1883. (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. pp. ciii. 201.

The fable-problem is by no means the least interesting or the least vexed among the many questions connected with the origin and transmission of popular literature. Differentiated at once from the *Märchen* by its early reception into written, as contradistinguished from traditional, literature, and from the novel (using the word in the Italian sense) by greater restriction in the choice of a subject-matter, and by a more rigid adherence to a definite number and class of themes, it seems calculated to throw light upon the history and development of either branch of popular fiction. Up to the present, however, the Greek fable (the source of so much that is best in modern European fabulistic literature) has never been dealt with in its entirety in a truly critical spirit. It has been treated of as a whole composed at the same date and of the same materials, instead of the various stages of its development being carefully distinguished. It is only thus that theories which would make the Greek fable an off-shoot from

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the Oriental apologue can be excused, or even accounted for. It is the great merit of Mr. Rutherford that in the present work (which forms the first volume of a "Scriptores Fabularum Graeci") he has shown how completely untenable such theories are. In the second of his introductory dissertations, that on the history of the Greek fable, he argues for the existence among the Greeks of a body of traditional fable as far back as our means of investigation reach, and shows how during the fifth century B C. it took literary form, so that by the beginning of the fourth century there had come into being a distinct fabulistic literature with which the name of Æsop was generally connected. Nothing, however, could be farther from the mind of the Greeks than to look upon the Æsopic fables as products of literature whose form and number had been fixed once and for all. They were, on the contrary, the great storehouse from which the orator, the comic poet, the publicist borrowed, as suited his fancy, illustration or apothegm, and the loan thus contracted in the course of ages was repaid with liberal interest. Fable was cut down into proverb, and proverb expanded into fable; hardly a feature of the life-history of the race but supplied the occasion for adding to the common stock of apologue. But mostly the schoolmaster by his persistent use of the fable as a stylistic exercise contributed to its free literary development and to its emancipation from any rules save those of literary fancy. This stage it had long since reached when Babrius compiled his collection, hence the utter uselessness of expecting anything, to use Mr. Rutherford's words, "that will shed any light upon the origins of fable." But the place of Babrius in literary history is not the less important on that account, and the appearance of a definite (pending the discovery of fresh MSS.) edition will be welcomed by all students.

Folk-Etymology, a Dictionary of verbal Corruptions or Words perverted in Form or Meaning by false Derivation or mistaken Analogy. By Rev. A. Smythe Palmer. London, 1882. (George Bell and Sons.) 8vo. pp. xxviii. 664.

Whether or not folk-etymology, as we suppose it must now be called, has produced any really important myths in the domain of folk-lore, certain it is that, as Mr. Palmer has abundantly shown, it has produced mythical superstitions; for this reason Mr. Palmer's most entertaining book will be welcomed by folk-lorists. The origin

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of many popular expressions lies in a tendency of the human mind to create myths out of what they do not quite understand; and this extremely important fact would, if properly examined and brought into the domain of scientific observation, do a great deal towards establishing some kind of rule by which to test the genesis of myth. We all know that Professor Max Müller has popularised the suggestion that language passes through a mythic period from which has sprung the great bulk of Aryan mythology. It takes a vast and exceedingly intricate research to bring this to the test of absolute proof; but, if we narrow down our limits to that encompassed by Mr. Palmer's book, it would appear that folk-etymology has yet an important part to play in folk-lore which has not yet been touched upon. Leaving now the consideration of the place this book will occupy on our shelves, let us add that it is an extremely interesting book quite apart from its folk-lore value. Mr. Palmer has hunted far and near for his information, and he affords us many a reference to well-known sayings which go far to explain their origin and to entirely cut away existing notions. "Honeymoon" is popularly supposed to be connected with "honey," and it seems hard indeed to have to give this idea up for the far more prosaical derivation from Icelandic *hjón*, a wedded pair. There are numerous entries on the popular names of plants, of birds and of animals, there are children's games, superstitious ideas and practices, and indeed on every page Mr. Palmer's book abounds in interest; and revised as it has been by Mr. Skeat we cordially recommend it to our readers whether for amusement or study.

At Lisbon will be published *Materiaes para a Historia da Litteratura Brazileira*, por Sylvio Romero. The following are the titles of the volumes:—"Estudos sobre a Poesia popular Brazileira," one volume; "Cantos Populares do Brazil, acompanhados de um estudo e notas comparativas," por Theophilo Braga, one volume; "Contos Populares do Brazil, acompanhados de um prologo critico e notas comparativas" por Theophilo Braga, one volume.

The President received the Members of the Society at his residence,

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*** Of this work (known also as the "History of the Ten Viziers") only 330 copies have been printed, of which 30 are on *hand-made paper* and *numbered*; fully four-fifths of both editions were taken up by subscription. Price of the remaining copies: ordinary edition, crown octavo, sewed, *uncut*, 8*s.* 6*d.*; "special" copies on hand-made paper, boards, buckram back, *uncut*, *only 3 of these remain*, 15*s.*, to be obtained of the EDITOR, at 233, CAMBRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date*, and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Forms for the Tabulation of Folk-Tales may now be obtained.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

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Legend I.

Rájá Sulwán had two sons,—the elder Puran, the younger Rasálu. On the death of their mother the King had married again, and his new Queen, who was childless, being herself in love with Puran, procured his disgrace and exile because he refused to listen to her overtures. Puran left the palace and turned fakir, and concealing his identity he took up his residence in a certain garden. The fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, until it was reported to King Sulwán that the very trees of the garden which had dried up to the roots were miraculously beginning to bud and to shoot forth leaves. So the King and the Queen, being both desirous of offspring, determined to visit him. As they approached, Puran said to himself, "Here comes my father, and not only he but my step-mother as well; if she should chance to recognise me she will again work me ill." But being a good man he considered once more, "Never mind, I trust in God. Whatever she does she must answer for hereafter. And so, though I would not that they should know me, still out of respect I will rise and do obeisance to them."

When the King and his consort arrived at the place, Puran stood up and bowed himself humbly. "Ah," cried the King, "you have acted wrongly; you are a fakir, and it is I who should have salaamed to you." Puran answered, "O King, I had once a religious instructor, and your highness's face is not unlike his: this is the reason

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I rose at your approach." Then the Queen addressed him and said, "I also have come to see you, for I have no children." The fakir answered her, "You shall certainly conceive and have a son, but your son's mother will always be crying, even as the mother of your step-sons was always crying."

By this time the Prince Rasálu was fast growing up. He was remarkably strong and agile for his years, and skilled in all warlike exercises. But there was one amusement which he was fond of indulging in, and that was shooting marbles from the pellet-bow. He used to watch for the women as they returned from the well bearing on their heads full chatties of water, and, shooting his hard pellets from the walls of the palace with an unerring aim, he would break the chatties into atoms, and laugh gaily when he saw the released water pouring down in floods over their shoulders. At last his victims made complaint to the Queen, and the Queen complained to the King, and, as the Prince had been warned again and again to no purpose, she proposed his banishment. But the King answered, "One son of mine I dismissed into exile before, for which I shall be for ever sorry. See, here is my treasury, take money sufficient for the purpose, and let vessels of brass be made for the women who draw the water." Moreover, he again laid his commands upon his son.

So the women were all provided with vessels of brass. But when the Prince perceived that, he cast his pellets of iron, and his strength was such that he could drive a bullet right through the brazen vessels even when charged with water.

As it was not possible that this should be permitted to continue, complaint was made, and his banishment was proposed once more. But the King said, "This is my only son; he must not be sent away. I therefore order that wells be made in every enclosure, so that the women may draw their water undisturbed."

So numerous wells were constructed in accordance with the King's directions. But the Prince, who was quite determined to pursue his favourite amusement, ascended to the top of a high hill, which commanded every walled enclosure in the town, and from this 'vantage-ground he continued to discharge his artillery at the brazen chatties.

Then again the King was importuned to send away his rebellious son; but he answered, "One son I expelled, and sorrow will for ever be mine. If now I expel Rasálu also life will surely be insupportable; yet the laws must be obeyed." Then he summoned his ministers, and

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addressed them: "Set up a figure fashioned like a man with his hand behind his back, and let the face of the figure be blackened. By this symbol my son will understand that for a time he must absent himself from the court."

One day, as Rasálu approached the palace, he caught sight of the figure, and, turning to his followers, he said, "This statue is a sign to me that I must quit the kingdom. Lo! the goodness of the King my father. We are the descendants of the great King Bikrámájit, who sold himself away in charity three hundred times; and for a mere trifle my father decrees my banishment. Nevertheless I will obey." So he gathered together a chosen band of valiant men, and armed them with bows, spears, and swords. He also provided himself with ample treasure, and when all was ready he set out from the city at the head of his followers. Wherever he encamped the whole country was made aware that Rájá Rasálu was bound on an expedition, and that he would enlist all good men and true who would join his standard. Thus by the time he arrived at Gujerát he was in command of a strong force of hardy warriors all eager to do battle for their leader.

The King of Gujerát was a Goujá, and he received the son of Rájá Sulwán with customary honour. "But," said the Goujá King, "you are heir to a kingdom. Why then do I see you at the head of this army so far away from your own dominions?" Rasálu answered, "Near Jhilam there is a country containing numbers of people who have been turned into stone. Of that country my father claims a fourth share, as being near of kin to the reigning rájás; and, as they deny his rights, I am now on my way to recover them." Then the Gujá King offered help to Rasálu, saying, "Take with you a contingent of my troops, chosen marksmen, with arms and munitions of war, and go and prosper against your enemies." And to his own men he said, "Go fight for Rájá Rasálu, and do not return until dismissed."

When the prince arrived at the kingdom of the Petrified Ones he at once began his warlike operations, besieging forts, throwing up earthworks, and cutting off supplies. Rasálu's bow could be drawn by no one but himself, his strength was that of two men, and his arrow never failed. After a short siege the principal fortress was carried by storm, and the rájás took refuge elsewhere, but, driven from stronghold to stronghold, they at last submitted, and consented to acknowledge Rájá Rasálu as their overlord. The kingdom was

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now reduced to order, the laws were observed, and under the King's firm rule prosperity smiled upon the whole land.

Legend II.

Rájá Rasálu once heard of a famous fakir, or saint, whose abode was at the village of Tilláh, and as this man's reputation for working wonders and signs was in everybody's mouth, he determined to pay him a visit. The fakir's power was so great that he knew of the King's approach before he came to the foot of the hill on which he lived, and addressing his disciples he said, "Rájá Rasálu is at hand with purpose to put my knowledge to the test. But as he is the son of a Hindoo he should have known better. However I will anticipate him and test him, whether or not his own power is as great as rumour asserts." His pupils answered him, "True, O master. They say his arrow is so swift that it will pierce a stone. Therefore divine something." The fakir then turned himself into a large powerful tiger, and when the King's followers saw the wild beast prowling round the house they said, "See, so great is the power of this fakir that even tigers acknowledge his sway! Come, let us return!" But Rájá Rasálu answered sternly, "He is a wise man who will finish an enterprise, and the foolish are they who confess failure." Then he challenged the tiger, and said, "You are indeed a mighty full-grown tiger, but I am a Rájput. Come, let us do battle together." The tiger then uttered a terrific growl like the roar of an earthquake, and prepared to spring. But Rájá Rasálu fitted two arrows to his bow, when immediately the tiger vanished away.

The King now went forward to the house of this famous fakir, whom he found in the midst of his pupils, and who at once rose and made a respectful salutation to one who was more powerful than himself. "Pretty fakir this," cried the King, "to stand up to me or to any one!" The fakir, being irritated and ashamed, said: "O King, this hill is only the abode of poor fakirs. It is not Gangar, which is the home of giants. If you engaged the seven famous giants of Gangar, and if you slew them, you would achieve renown, but there can be no renown in lording it over fakirs." The King answered, "O fakir, you taunt me. Now, as I am the descendant of the great King Bikrámájit, I vow never to return to my home until I have conquered the giants of whom you speak." "As for me," said the fakir, "I can only pray for your success. Yet I foretell that you will prosper and overcome

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them, if you will observe these two directions: first, do not draw sword, and next, kill no woman."

So Rájá Rasálu set out for Gangar. Now Gangar was the name also of the most mighty giant of all the seven, and the mountain which was named after him is full of enormous caverns, which were the homes of himself and of his comrades. In a few days the King arrived, and began to ascend the hill, but for a long time he searched for the giants in vain. At last he espied one of them bearing water towards the base of a rock, and he challenged him, and slew him. But his howling had been so great that the other giants were roused and came rushing out from their dens. And when they found that King Rasálu had come against them they were afraid, but one of them said: "Pierce with your arrow seven plates of iron, and we shall then know whether or not you are worthy to fight with us." So they set up seven plates of iron, and the King pierced them through and through. On perceiving this the six giants filled with dismay fled from before him, but the King pursued them bow in hand, and with the exception of one only he slew them all with his invincible arrows. The one surviving giant was a woman, and the King discovering this endeavoured to overtake and capture her, crying out to her, "Woman, I am King Rasálu. Stand, for you cannot escape me." But the giantess answered him: "You may indeed capture me, but take notice, O King, in this very country which you have invaded your head shall be smitten off from your body." With that she disappeared within a mighty cavern, just as Rasálu urging his horse made a leap over a vast chasm to come up with her.* Then the King dismounted, but the giantess had disappeared many a mile within the mountain. So he engraved his likeness on the face of the rock inside the entrance of the cave, and rolled a great stone over the mouth of it, and shut her in, and there she remains to this day. Sometimes she endeavours to escape, but when she catches sight of King Rasálu's picture, she rushes back dismayed and baffled, and her roaring fills the villages round with dread.†

* The mark of his horse-hoof on the limestone rock is still pointed out by the villagers.

† Gangar is subject to frequent earthquakes. Even when there is no perceptible quaking, the internal roaring of the earth can be heard, and this, probably, is the noise which seems to proceed from the hill, and which the villagers ascribe to the imprisoned giant.

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So ended Rájá Rasálu's battle with the famous giants of Gangar, and if you ask the peasants for proofs of the story they will shew you, scattered about the country, Rájá Rasálu's arrows, which still stand where they fell.*

Legend III.

News was once brought to King Rasálu that at Kôt Bhitaur on the Indus lived a certain Rájá, Sirikap by name, who was notorious for his ferocity, and renowned for his skill in chess-playing. King Sirikap only played with those who would accept his conditions, which were these. In the first game the wager was to be horse, clothes, and lands. In the second game the wager was to be the loser's head. King Rasálu, who could not bear the thought of a rival in anything, resolved to visit him. So he called his captains together, and said "I am going to try my luck against King Sirikap. But if I lose the game and forfeit my head, say, what will you, my followers, do?" One of his officers answered, "You may lose the game, and you may lose your head, O King, but one thing is certain, if you lose your head the head of Rájá Sirikap will be forfeited too. Of this he shall be certified."

Then the King mounted his horse, and rode to Kôt Bhitaur, the castle of the "handsome" Sirikap the Beheader. King Sirikap welcomed his brother King with every demonstration of affection, and conducted him into his palace. "O youth," said he, "you must have come from a long distance. What is the purpose of your visit?" "My kingdom is Siálkot," answered Rasálu. "Your fame as a chess-player kindled my ambition, and I have come to play with you; only, as I am now fatigued, let us play, if it please you, to-night." To this Sirikap agreed, and King Rasálu, having refreshed himself, descended from the mountain-rock, on which stood the castle, and walked to the bank of the river. There he saw struggling in the water some small clusters of ants which were being washed away, and, stooping down, he saved them. Then he saw a drowning hedgehog, and, being a humane man, he saved it also, and one of his attendants begged for it to amuse the servants in the castle above. Going a few

* So say the Hindoos. These arrows, often seen by the writer, are megaliths, generally of granite, standing eight or ten feet out of the ground. Some Mahommedans ascribe to them quite a different origin, and so also do many Hindoos.

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steps further, he came to a backwater, which was close to the castle-rock, and there he heard a voice proceeding from the cliff: "O, Sir, you have come to Kôt Bhitaur to play at chess with Rájá Sirikap. But I warn you that he is a magician." The astonished attendants looked about them, and cried, "What voice is this?" but they perceived no one. Then they saw on the sand a representation of the game, well-figured, and they rejoiced, saying to the King, "O King, see, here is the game. It is an omen of good fortune; this is your conquering day." At this moment the mysterious voice again issued from the rock, "O Prince, for such I perceive you to be, I have been witness of your humanity. To you I may confide my life, being satisfied that you will not betray me. Rájá Sirikap is a man of blood, deep, sudden, and treacherous; but observe what I say, and your life will be saved." "Speak on, O hidden one," answered King Rasálu. "First of all," continued the voice, "do you walk along the bank until you see a rat with a black head. Catch him and bring him here!" The King obeyed, and returning to the crag he said, "The rat, O friend, I have found as you said, but now I would find you." Climbing up the ledges of the steep rocks, he came to a roughly-fashioned cell in the face of the cliff, in which he discovered a lady of noble birth, chained by her foot to the floor. "Who are you," said he, "and whence came you here?" She answered him, "I am one of the five daughters of King Sirikap. My fault was one which I will not reveal to you now, but my punishment was imprisonment in this rocky cell. Yet I knew by my power of divination that a prince would come from a distant kingdom, strong and young, and that, having cut off my father's head, he would release me. In you I behold the prince of my prophetic dreams." "And I will release you," cried the King, "but first inform me how I am to be conqueror at the chess-board."

The Princess then gave him full instructions how he should proceed in the trial of skill which awaited him. "First of all," said she, "play with the King only on a Tuesday as to-day, and secondly, play only once, and let the stake be the head of him who loses. You will proceed thus. Tie the rat with a string, and keep him near you, as you both sit upon the floor, but keep him so that he may be visible. That King Sirikap may not suspect your design lean your cheek upon your hand, and call out now and then, 'O, Rajah Nul, O Rajah Nul!' for he was the inventor of the game 'Choupour,' in

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which you will be engaged. There are two sets of men of eight pieces each, and they are of two different colours. Now, at the critical point in the game, Rájá Sirikap will give a certain signal, and straightway from his capacious sleeve there will issue his magic cat. On her head she bears a light which renders her invisible, and which is also itself invisible to all but the King himself. The effect of the mysterious light is to throw a glamour over the King's adversary and to dazzle his eyes, so that he is unable to see, and during this interval the cat dexterously disposes the men in such a way that at the next move King Sirikap wins the game, and his adversary forfeits his wager. But do you, O Prince, in order to guard against surprise, keep the rat secure, and now and then put your disengaged hand upon it, and now and then take it off, patting it playfully. The moment the cat comes forth she will make a dash at the rat, and, coming in contact with your hand, the light will fall to the ground. Then keep her at bay, and the game will be yours, for the cowardly heart of King Sirikap will begin to quake, and his disordered mind will ensure his discomfiture."

Having received his instructions King Rasálu returned to the palace, and that evening, being the eve of Tuesday, the two Kings sat down to play: the issue of the game for some time was doubtful; but at last it was evident that a few moves more would decide the result in favour of Rájá Rasálu, when his rival made a secret signal, and the magic cat, unseen by any but himself, stole from his sleeve. The moment she did so she caught sight of the black-headed rat, and, forgetting her duty to her master, she instantly sprang towards it, but the hand of Rájá Rasálu chanced to smite the light from her head, and to keep her occupied until he had won the game.

Then sprang the mighty King to his feet, and cried to his trembling rival, "The game is won, and your head is my prize," and drawing his long sword he was about to strike off his head, when Sirikap, lifting up his hands, implored a short respite that he might enter his inner apartments and bid farewell to his family. That moment a messenger brought news to him that his Queen had been delivered of a daughter. But he heeded it not. His perturbed soul was full of schemes how he might escape his impending fate. As he walked sadly from room to room he said to himself, "If I hide in my own chambers I shall be discovered." So this idea he dismissed from his mind. But in an unfrequented corner his anxious eye caught sight of a large disused

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drum, and, disregarding his kingly dignity, he crept under that, and began to feel himself a little secure.

Rájá Rasálu was meanwhile pacing the hall with impatient strides, waiting for the return of his adversary. At last he could tarry no longer, so, calling his captains, he summoned King Sirikap to appear. But no answer was made to his call. He then began a careful search of the whole of the castle, feeling satisfied that the King could scarcely have passed his guards who were on the watch at every port. When he came to the drum the quick eye of Rasálu detected that it had been recently moved. "Aha," cried he, "the caitiff must be skulking here," and in another moment he dragged the dishonoured monarch forth by the heels. Then he handed him over to his officers. "As he was a king, lodge him," said he, "in his own palace, but guard him well, for at sunrise he must die." Then turning to Sirikap he spurned him, saying, "O villain, hundreds of heads you have smitten off in your time with your own hand, and all for pastime, yet you never grieved or shed a tear. And now, when the same fate is to be your own, you sneak away, and hide yourself in a drum."

Some time after this there entered the royal soothsayers, and they, addressing their fallen master, said, "Sir, we have sought for the interpretation of this mystery, why ruin should have visited your house, and we conclude that all this calamity is on account of your infant daughter, whose baneful star has crossed your own. She has come in an evil hour. Let her now be slain, and let her head be thrown into the Indus, and your life will be saved." Sirikap answered, "If my life depends on her, bring me her head, and mine may yet be saved." So a slave-girl was despatched to bring the infant to its father. And as she carried it along from the apartments of the Queen, she said, "O what a pretty child, I should like to save it." Rájá Rasálu overhearing her, said, "Where are you taking that child?" The slave-girl answered, "This is Rájá Sirikap's child, born only this very night. The Brahmin soothsayers have told my master that his child is the cause of all his misfortunes, and that her head is to be taken off to save his own." When Rájá Rasálu looked at the child he loved it, and became very sorrowful, knowing well the power of divination. So he returned, and said, "O Rájá Sirikap, your head shall be spared on certain conditions. First, you must surrender this child princess in betrothal to me. Secondly, you must become my vassal, and pay me an annual tribute. Thirdly, you must consent to

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have your forehead branded with a red-hot gridiron in token of your vassalage. And fourthly, you must discontinue your bloody games of chess."

To all these conditions King Sirikap was only too glad to agree. So a treaty was drawn up between the two kings, and it was confirmed and ratified in the presence of their principal officers.

After this Rájá Rasálu mounted his horse and was riding away when he thought of the princess in her lonely cell. Turning his horse's head he sought the foot of the cliff and ascended to the cavern. "Of course," cried she, when she saw him, "you have won the game? But tell me, have you cut off my father's head?" "No," said he, "I have not." "What," replied she, "you have beaten your antagonist in the game of death, and you have not exacted the penalty of failure? What luckless man are you?" Then King Rasálu explained to the princess all the facts of his adventure. "But," concluded he, "one thing I omitted, namely, to stipulate for your deliverance from captivity."

The Princess, who expected no less than to be espoused to this handsome stranger, was overcome with distress. Seeing this the King, who pitied her misfortunes, took up a piece of rock and broke her chain, and then lifting her over his shoulder he descended with her from the cavern, and carried her up to the palace of the King, her father. He, seeing the company returning, and fearing some new calamity, once more endeavoured to conceal himself. But King Rasálu reassured him, and brought him forth and said to him, "Behold, here is your daughter; now say for what crime was she imprisoned?" "A certain prince," answered Sirikap, "came to play with me, and my rebellious daughter gave him, to sit upon, my fortunate carpet of state. 'Aha,' said I to myself, 'so, my lady, there's treason afoot.' Upon which I ordered her to be perpetually chained and imprisoned." "One more condition," said Rájá Rasálu, with a stern air, "must be added to the others: it is that you forgive her, and that you let me hear within three months that you have made a suitable match for her." Nor could Rájá Sirikap dare to dispute his new lord's will, but he received his daughter and provided for her suitably in accordance with his pledged word.

Once more King Rasálu mounted his charger, and at the head of his brave companions, whose lance-heads glanced in the sunlight and whose accoutrements clashed merrily, he rode proudly away to his own capital. With him in a magnificent litter, accompanied by her

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nurse, travelled the infant daughter of Sirikap, whose name was Koklán. She it was who in after years, when she grew to woman's estate, became his beautiful but ill-fated consort.

Legend IV.

It is said by some that when Rájá Rasálu left Kôt Bhitaur he built himself a strong castle on Chittah, having subdued the whole of the country round. This castle is now known by the name of Ránithrod, on account of a certain legend which is connected with it. In the lofty stronghold of Ránithrod he took up his abode, having strengthened it well with walls and bastions all round, but most of his followers, it is said, returned to their homes when their services were no longer required.

When the child Koklán was growing up, he ordered that the old custom of his people should be unobserved, and that she should be fed with flesh meat every day. Her education was entrusted to the ancient nurse who had accompanied her from Kôt Bhitaur, and who was quite devoted to her. No other woman but herself was allowed to attend her, and no other woman but herself was permitted even to enter the walls of the fortress. When she became ill and was likely to die, the King said to her, "I have as much respect and love for you as for my own mother, and wherever it is your wish that your body should be burnt, it shall be done." But she said, "Do not burn my body, merely throw it into the river Sen" (Indus). And when the day of her death came her wishes were duly observed.

Rájá Rasálu was passionately fond of hunting. Leaving the child in the charge of the nurse, he was in the habit of visiting the jungle every day with bows and arrows to chase the wild deer. Rejoicing in his vast strength, he indulged in the sport either wholly alone, or attended by but few of his retinue. In the evening he returned with his spoil to the castle, when the feast was spread and his minstrels sang of his exploits and of the exploits of Bikrámájit, as he sat with the little princess on his divan, and fed her with venison. Her life was lonely with only a nurse to attend to her, but she had two constant companions in a parrot and a mina, who like all birds in those days had the gift of speech. With them she used to converse, and to them she communicated her little joys and sorrows.

So passed the lives of King and princess, until the old nurse died, and the little girl had grown into a woman, and had become Rasálu's

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Queen. They were very happy together; for the King was always what Mahommedans in the Punjáb name a "good" man, which means that he was faithful to the one lady of his choice, nor did he ever desire the companionship of another.

One evening, when he was in a merry mood, an odd fancy came into the mind of Rájá Rasálu, which was that his young wife should accompany him to the chase. Said she to him, "I have eaten so much venison in my life, that if I *did* go with you all the deer of the forest would follow me." But the proposal delighted her, and her young spirits became exhilarated at the prospect of liberty and of leaving the castle, if only for a day, to visit the wild jungle. "One promise make me," said she, "and keep it faithfully. Give me your word that if the deer come about me you will not shoot at them or molest them." The King readily granted her singular request, and said, "To-morrow then you and I will go hunting together."

In the morning they set out unattended, and came to the wooded hillocks and grassy ravines, where the deer loved to wander. But when these gentle creatures saw the Queen Koklán they all began to surround her. Amongst them came a great blue buck, which was the king of them all. Enchanted with her dazzling beauty, he walked up to her with stately steps, and made an obeisance by stooping down his noble twelve-tined head to the Ráni's feet.

King Rasálu, who had been filled with amazement at the power of his wife's beauty, no sooner saw the king of the deer at her feet than his jealous soul became black with resentment. "Never have I permitted a single creature of the male sex to approach her," said he to himself, "and now the king of the deer is at her feet!" His passionate nature was not proof against the anger with which such a spectacle inspired him. Drawing his sword, in forgetfulness or wilful disregard of his promise, he made a slash at the deer, and cut off part of his nose. "O Rájá Rasálu," remonstrated the deer, "you are a monarch among men, and I am only an animal of the jungle. With your sword you have sliced off my nose; but know that your own nose shall one day be so gashed and slashed that until the day of judgment it never will heal again."

The indignant deer then departed, leaving the royal pair to themselves. But the Queen, whose feminine instincts had been gratified by the homage offered to her by the king of the forest, felt mortified and vexed to think that her husband and lord should have broken

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his promise. Nor was he less angry at the unfortunate accident which had marred the pleasure of the day, one moment reproaching the Queen, and another moment bitterly accusing the deer, but failing to see that his unhappiness was due to his own rashness. And so they returned to Ránithrod; but it was some days before their tempers were mollified and before perfect confidence was again restored.

Meanwhile the blue buck was planning a bitter revenge. Some twenty miles above Ránithrod, on the opposite bank of the Indus, a certain king named Hodi had built a border-fortress on the top of a peak, which, like Kôt Bhitaur, rose from the very margin of the river. This monarch was noted for his love of intrigue, as well as for his passion for the pleasures of the chase. Calling these circumstances to mind, the blue buck said, "Now I will betake me to the palace of Rájá Hodi, and I will graze there, and when the hue and cry is set up, and he begins to follow me, I will run to the castle of Rájá Rasálu."

So he swam the river, and made his way to Rájá Hodi's, and entering the King's garden he began to graze in it. Presently he was observed by a gardener, who at once reported the fact in the palace. In a few minutes Rájá Hodi had mounted his horse, and was in full chase after the blue buck, which had been on the alert, and which now led his pursuer in the direction of Ránithrod, all the time feigning a lameness in order to entice him on more and more with the hope of eventual capture. After an exciting run the blue buck jumped the river close to the palace of the Queen Koklán, and the noble horse of Rájá Hodi, roused by the chase, essayed and performed the same wonderful leap. But the deer then disappeared into a cave and hid himself, and when the King arrived at the spot he was no longer to be seen.

Abandoning the fruitless search Rájá Hodi dismounted at two immense mangoe-trees, and, tying his horse by the bridle, he sat down to rest beneath their shade. He then observed that these two trees grew beneath the walls of the fortress of Ránithrod, but he could perceive no approach. He was not only tired but hungry, and he wondered how he should obtain admission for food and drink. Just then the Queen happened to look out, and seeing a stranger under the mangoe-trees she cried: "Who are you?" She looked so exceedingly handsome that Rájá Hodi when he saw her became enamoured of her. "Robbers," said he, "are generally clad in poor

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apparel, but I have rich clothing, and a horse splendidly caparisoned. I have been following a deer the whole morning, and I have lost him at this very spot." Rájá Hodi paused, and then asked her: "Who are you?" "I," said she, "am the wife of Rájá Rasálu. I am alone, shut up here in my palace which is also my prison; my husband is far away chasing the wild deer." "May I not come in and see you?" said Rájá Hodi. "Alas," answered she, "the castle-gate is so massive and heavy that no hand but the strong hand of Rájá Rasálu can move it. But, stay, I will throw you down a rope, and do you climb the mangoe-tree which is next the wall of the court, and tie it to one of the topmost branches, and you will be able to slip down and visit me." So he followed her directions, and gained the interior of the inner court of her own apartments, and they sat by the well which Rájá Rasálu had hewn out of the rock, and which was furnished with a machine with a treadle for drawing up water into the trough. There they sat, and she entertained him with food and drink, and when he rose and left her she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry, whether to weep or to sing.

But though Rájá Hodi rode away, it was impossible for him not to long ardently for the sight of so much beauty again, and, as Rájá Rasálu never intermitted his hunting even for a day, it came to pass that Rájá Hodi paid daily visits to the faithless Queen.

At last, when all this treason was at its height, it happened that the Queen forgot to remove the cages of the mina and the parrot before the arrival of her lover, and the two birds were witnesses of her infidelity. Then said the mina to the parrot: "The duty which is imposed on us both by our dear master is to watch over the safety of the Queen, and we shall be false to our salt if we do not report to him the misconduct of this stranger." Then, addressing the Queen, she said, "What are you doing—admitting a strange man to these walls? But if the King hear of this wickedness he will strike you dead where you stand." The Queen instantly started and flushed with rage, and the parrot, anxious to allay her anger, said to the mina: "O you senseless one! What harm has been done, seeing that the man merely eats and drinks and goes away? What is Rájá Rasálu to us? Does not the Queen our mistress tend us and feed us with her own hands?" "She does indeed," answered the mina. "Still she has dishonoured her name, and done what she should not have done. And we are the servants of the Rájá."

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This speech of the mina enraged the Queen still more, so much so, indeed, that she instantly rose from the caresses of her lover, and, running to the cage, seized the unfortunate bird, and wrung off its neck. But the cunning parrot gazing at her friend's quivering body, said, "Ah, you silly chatterer, you have just met your deserts!"

The next day, on the arrival of Rájá Hodi, when Queen Koklán entered the room, the parrot said to her, "O Queen, this stranger is here again, and the King, my master, may return unexpectedly. If you will loose me, I will sit in the mangoe-tree and keep watch." This proposal pleased her, and she opened the door of the cage for the bird to go forth. So the parrot flew up into the mangoe-tree, and thence she escaped to the jungle, and after a long search she found her dear master, and reported to him that disgraceful doings were going on at Ránithrod. "Come home at once," cried she, "and you will catch the thief before he departs." Nor was the King long in following her counsel. Abandoning his game he hastened to his betrayed home, but only arrived at the mangoe-trees as Rájá Hodi was descending. Still he was in ample time to prevent his escape. First of all he looked up to the battlements to see if the Ráni was visible. She was not. Then addressing Rájá Hodi whose clothing sufficiently indicated his rank, he said, "Sir, as a thief you have been coming to my palace for some days. Now prepare for combat!" Rájá Hodi answered, "Alas, I have neither bow nor weapon of any sort. Will you strike a defenceless man?" Then said Rájá Rasálu, "Among Rájputs there is a custom which you shall now learn. Here take my bow. Take also these arrows. See, I have measured out fifty paces. Now do you shoot your arrows at me." Saying thus Rasálu drew his sword and stood on the defensive. It was only with difficulty that Rájá Hodi could bend the bow of his mightier rival, but consternation filled his mind when he saw his adversary meet with his sword each arrow which he launched, and strike it in shivers to the ground. Then the two monarchs changed their weapons and prepared for the next scene of the tragedy. At first Rájá Rasálu, in order to test his adversary's nerve, grimly made a feint of shooting. Immediately the quaking coward slipped behind the mangoe-tree. "Ha," cried Rájá Rasálu, "You are behind the mangoe-tree, are you? Look out, the arrow is coming!" Drawing the bow to its utmost tension, he let fly the messenger of death, which pierced the trunk of the tree, and

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pierced the heart of his foe, and fell four yards beyond. Then the King went forward sword in hand and smote off the traitor's head.

There was a sense of savage exultation at the heart of Rájá Rasálu as he reflected. "To-day I have brought my wife no venison. Yet she shall have venison lighter than ever she tasted before." The headless body lay at his feet. Stripping it of its rich clothing, he cut off some of the flesh, and took it with him into the castle, rolling aside the ponderous gate, and closing it again with a giant's strength.

Having made his preparations, he went to the apartments of the Queen, who was amazed to see him, for her conscience smote her. "Does he suspect anything?" said she. It was impossible for the King to avoid noticing that water had been recently drawn from the well by means of the heavy treadle, too difficult for the slender strength of his wife to move. Nor did it escape his observation that his favourite hookah was standing by. The evidence was conclusive, therefore, that his rival had been not only in the mangoe-tree but in the castle itself. Regarding his Rani with a sorrowful air, he said:

"Who has smoked my hookah, Rani—
Who his spittle here did throw—
Who the water lifted, Rani—
Wet's the trough with overflow?"

The Queen hastened to answer. "All this I did myself." But, in her mind, she said, "Has some one betrayed me?"

Then the King entered the chamber where the carpets and cushions lay in disorder. "Who has been here?" asked he. "Who but myself? No one," said she. But to herself she said, "Alas! what next?"

Then the King looked about him, and observed that both the birds' cages were empty. "Ah!" said he, "where are the parrot and the mina?" "I let out the parrot and the mina," answered she, "for fresh air. They must be in the mangoe-trees. But her heart failed her, and she thought, "Now the truth must come out."

Then the King went to the door, and cried, "Miamittu! Miamittu!" And the parrot heard, and replied from the mangoe-tree, "Here I am, but my body shakes with fear. I dare not enter the palace." He held out his hand, and she flew on to it. And the King said, "You and the mina bird were left by me to guard and protect the Queen. My confidence has been abused. All this has been going on, and you did not tell me." The parrot answered, "I

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could tell you the whole truth. But these days are not the days for truth. One of us told the truth, and now his head lies here, and his body there." When the King saw the mina bird all ruffled and headless, he picked up the body, and took it in to the Queen. "Look! I left the mina whole and well. How is this?" She answered, "It was killed by the parrot. Ask her. She dares not deny it." And she cast a threatening look at her. But the parrot said, "Perhaps it was so—I may have killed the mina—but did the King ever hear of such a thing in the world?" At the same time, the parrot pointed her claw ominously towards the Queen, to signify that she had killed the mina herself.

Then the King, restraining his rage and grief, cried, "Enough! Go, Ráni, and see to the venison which is preparing in the cook-house, and bake me my bread." And he sat down, sullen and moody, by the well.

When the Queen appeared with the smoking flesh and the cakes of bread she laid them down on the masonry, and the King said to her, "Come, let us eat together once more." Like a woman, quite forgetful of her faults, she accepted his apparent kindness, and her spirits rose; but men are different, they nurse their thoughts and keep their suspicions warm. Then the King put some of the bread to his lips, and said, "To-day my bread is tasteless." But the Queen said, "What food, dear heart, have you brought me here? Methinks no venison was ever so dainty and sweet as this." Pushing his bread away from him the King replied:

"What food is this so dainty sweet?
Alive he languished at your feet.
Now dead and gone, he pleases still—
You eat his flesh—nay, eat your fill!
But O may she whose heart is proved untrue,
Ascend the funeral pile, and perish too!"

The bit dropped from the unhappy Queen's mouth as she said to herself, "Ah, I am betrayed, I am betrayed; he knows all! All is over!" Then she answered her lord with something of pride and defiance—

"When getting up, you vex me sore,
When sitting down, you taunt me more;
But ah? with him, for whom you torture me,
My life, my soul, with him my death shall be!"

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Saying this she sprang to her feet, rushed wildly up the battlements, and threw herself over; but before her body had reached the rocks below her breath had gone out of her, and Queen Koklán, the false, the beautiful, was dead.

When King Rasálu saw this he hastened to the gate and went out. Stooping over the dead body of the only woman whom he had ever cared for, he felt what it was to have loved and for ever to have lost. He then took her up tenderly, carried her into the palace, and laid her down, Both the bodies, his wife's and her lover's, he laid down side by side. and covered them with the same sheet. Then he considered within himself: "But if I burn them, the disgraceful secret will be known abroad. No! at midnight I will carry them both down, and throw them into the river." Then, seeing the parrot, he said to her, "Your partner is dead and gone, so also is mine. Poor parrot and poor King! We shall now have to amuse each other."

After this the King being very weary lay down and slept, and, forgetting the two bodies, he did not wake till late in the night. It was almost dawn when he approached the river, bearing the corpses on his shoulders. Just then he caught sight of a washerman and his wife going down with a bundle of clothes. So he stepped aside behind a rock to escape their notice, and dropped the dead into the river.

As he watched them sinking he overheard the woman saying to her husband, "It is not yet morning. To pass the time tell me a story." The husband answered, "What is the use? We have to get through the world somehow. Part of our life is over, and part remains. We have no time to waste over stories." "But," replied she, "it is not yet daylight, so tell me something." Then the washerman said, "Shall I tell you a true story, or some other one?" She answered, "A true story." Then the man began:

"Hear me, O wife. Not long ago, before I married you, I had another wife. She used to say her prayers five times in the day, and I thought her a treasure. Yet every night she absented herself from my house for at least an hour, until I began to wonder what was her motive. At last I determined to find out. The next time she went away, I followed her, because I said, 'Perhaps she goes out to her prayers, but I should like to see for myself.' I found she visited the grave of a fakir, and that she prayed to him that I might become blind. When I heard this, I could not help feeling 'Before my face she respects me, but how false she is behind my back. To-morrow I

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will be beforehand with her at the shrine, and she shall have an answer.'

"The next night I hid myself in the shrine, and when my wife came and prayed as usual I answered her, 'O woman, for a long time you have prayed to me, this time your prayer is answered. Go home, and feed your husband with sweet pudding in the morning, and with roast fowl in the evening, and in a week he will be blind.' I then got away home as fast as I could run, and when my wife returned I asked her, 'Where have you been?' 'I have been in the village giving out the clothes,' answered she.

"The next morning my wife said to me, 'Husband, see I have here some buttermilk and oil, let me wash your head.' I accordingly undressed. But when my wife saw my body, she cried, 'Why, husband, how thin you have become! you are all skin and bone. I must feed you up.' To this I answered 'Good.' So my wife went and made me sweet pudding, which I enjoyed. And in the evening she gave me roast fowl, which I enjoyed too. After three or four days I said to her, 'Wife, I don't know what has happened, my eyes are getting quite dim,' Though she affected to console me I could easily perceive that she was glad. After the seventh day I said to her, 'Wife, I am stone blind, I can't see a thing.' She, hearing this, set up a hypocritical howl, and, going out, she visited this saint and that, and offered up prayers for my recovery.

"I now took to a stick and acted the blind man to the life. But one day my wife said to herself, 'This may be all a deceit; I must put his blindness to the test.' So she said to me, 'I am going out a-visiting; if I put some barley to dry, will you take care of it?' To this I replied, 'How can I? Still, if you will put it on some matting within my reach so that I can feel it from time to time, I will try.' This then she did, and I sat by it with my stick in my hand. In a short time I saw my wife slyly creeping towards the grain, and when she got near she felt it. Lifting my stick, I gave her such a violent blow on the head that she fell almost senseless, crying out, 'Ah, you have killed me!' 'Wife, wife,' said I, 'how could I tell it was you? Did I not say I was blind? I thought there was a bullock or a goat here.' This quite convinced my wife that I must be entirely blind, and she continued to feed me as before.

"Now the truth was that she was intriguing with another man, whom she used to visit, though at great risk, whenever she found the oppor-

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tunity. This man she now introduced from time to time into my house. One day, when he was expected, she sought a quarrel with me to get me out of the way. 'Why don't you do something?' said she; 'you are always indoors. Get out, man, and cut some wood!' I abused her heartily for her speech, and went out. When I returned I saw the man sitting in my chamber, and said to myself, 'Aha, my friend is here!' When my wife saw me she told him to get into the mat which was lying rolled up against the wall, and he did so. Going to the cow-house, where I knew there was some rope handy, I returned, groping all the way with my stick. 'What do you want with that rope?' said my wife. Without answering, I felt my way to the mat, and tying it up first at one end and then at the other, I shouldered it, and said to my wife, 'This trouble which has fallen upon me is more than I can bear. I am now going as a pilgrim to Mecca, and this will serve me as a kneeling mat.'

"I then went out, but she followed me entreating me to alter my mind. 'Don't go—don't leave your poor wife alone!' said she. But the neighbours said: 'Let the poor man alone. What use is he to you now?' So I got away from her.

"After I had gone two or three miles, the man inside the mat begun to struggle and shake. 'Shake away,' said I, 'you will have reason to shake soon. You think I am blind, but I am not.'

"I now approached a village, and the first thing I observed was a woman baking some bread of fine flour. When the cake was ready she took it inside the granary, where her lover was hiding, and she gave it to him. Then she came out and began baking bread of coarse barley-meal. Pretending to be a fakir I went up to her and said, 'Mother, make me some wheaten bread with a little butter.' She answered, "Where am I to get wheaten flour? Do you not see how poor I am?' I replied, 'Nay, but bake me some.' As we were disputing her husband came up and said, 'Don't quarrel, woman, with fakirs.' She answered, 'I am not quarrelling, but this man asks me for fine bread and butter. Did *you* ever get such a luxury?' When the husband heard this he was angry with me, and said, 'If a barley-cake will suit you take it. But if not, begone!' Then said I, pointing to the granary, 'They who sit in granaries eat fine bread, but beggars mustn't be choosers.' 'What's this about granaries?' cried he. 'This must be looked into.' So he went to the granary and there he found his wife's lover eating fine bread and butter. 'You

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are an honest man, O fakir,' he cried out to me; but he was in such a rage that he drew his knife, and would most certainly have cut the fellow's throat if I had not caught him by the arm and checked him, and brought him out of the place. 'Look here,' said I, opening my mat, and releasing my prisoner, 'here is another of them. Your fate is not different from mine, nor mine from other men's. Therefore do not kill, but let us both agree to make the best of a bad job, because, you see, if Rájá Rasálu in his palace, great and mighty as he is, has the same misfortune as we, and yet bears it patiently, who are we that we should complain?'"

When the washerman had ended, Rájá Rasálu, who had overheard every word, came forward and said, "I am Rájá Rasálu, the King of all this land. Ask me for land and you shall have it, or if you want money take it, but tell me how knew you people that such wickedness was being done in my house?" "And do you not know," answered the man, "that the women of this country are by nature witches and soothsayers? They know everything, and they have been talking of the doings at Ránithrod for days."

Then the King took them both to the castle and gave them money, and to the husband he said, "You are a white-bearded man, old and venerable. Your years entitle you to respect. Therefore come and see me often, and let us converse together." And he sent them away. He himself after this grew morose, and he ceased to visit the field so often, his life being weary, and his heart broken, thinking of his dead wife, of her black ingratitude and of her dismal fate. Frequently the old washerman visited him and brought him in news from without, and his parrot strove to console him. But his kingdom was neglected, his conquests forgotten, many of his followers deserted his service, and in his vast lonely fortress he lived like a recluse.

Meanwhile there were wise women at the town of Rájá Hodi who had guessed or divined the secret of Ránithrod. One day the Rájá's brothers were riding past the common well when the women were drawing water for their households, and they overheard one of them saying, "Men reckon their darling vices more than life." "What is that you say," cried one of them reining up. "I said," answered the speaker, "that a man who pursues some cherished object will sacrifice his life for it." "But what do your words really signify?" said he. She replied, "If the brothers of Rájá Hodi have any sense of their own, they have no need to ask."

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...n hearing this they galloped up to the palace of Lyn Endi, and entering the court they cried, "Where is Lyn Endi?" "Where is Lyn Endi?" One of the attendants answered, "Ever since the day on which he pursued the wild mare he has been paying daily visits across the river in the direction of the castle of Lyn Lassar. Some days ago he went out as usual, but he has not yet returned, and we know not what has become of him."

When the knights heard these things they assembled their vassals from all parts and marching them they said, "The King is a prisoner or else he has been killed in the country of Lyn Lassar. We must rescue or avenge him. Will you stand to us when we cross the river, or will you go back to your houses?" They all answered, "Let our heads be shaved if we do not stand to you to a man."

Now the old wiseman used to visit Lyn Lassar day by day because the King delighted in his quaint stories and good sense. About this time he went up to the palace as usual and received his customary welcome. Said the King to him, "What news to-day?" The wiseman answered smilingly, "Among the women of the village there is a strange rumour, but it may not be true." "Let me hear it," said the King. "I overheard them talking among themselves, and they were saying that as Lyn Lassar had run off the head of Lyn Endi, so his own head would be also cut off in a few days." When the King heard this he was greatly put out, and rising and pacing the floor he said, "Have you really heard this?" "Yes," answered the wiseman, "the women have it so, but I know nothing about it." "I have seen the day when I would risk my life to serve," said the King; "and still I have troops if I can only assemble them in time." Then he summoned his warlike and made him call out all his followers in the district. But when they were drawn up there were not a dozen men left to man the walls. "Winning or losing a battle is in the hands of God," said he to the old wiseman. "But what is one to do with a rabble of men like this?" Vigorously, however, the old warrior prepared for a siege. Something of his former spirit returned upon him as he directed one of his men to gallop out into the country to order his tenants to gather their vassals, and to bring in supplies for the defence of Ranthrod, and so he assisted with his own hands to repair the broken battlements and to close up the breaches. Hardly had he completed his task when the hostile force appeared in sight.

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They were led by the brothers of Rájá Hodi. They were fully armed with every implement of war. They swam the river or crossed it on inflated skins; and like bees they swarmed up the hill, and sat down beneath the walls of Ránithrod. Then passed mutual defiances between the opposing leaders, and the siege began in form. But Rájá Rasálu, though reinforced by fresh supplies of men, soon began to perceive that the struggle was a hopeless one, and that the end could not be far off. Resolving therefore not to be caught like a rat within his walls, but to sell his life as dearly as possible, he ordered his troops to prepare for a sally. The next day he led them down to the plains, and met his enemies hand to hand. The fight raged for several hours. King Rasálu fought like a lion, and many an adversary went down beneath his mighty arm never to rise again. At last his men were forced to give way all along the line, and the King himself wearied out with the long struggle, covered with wounds, and hemmed in by increasing numbers, was slain by an arrow nine yards long, which entered his neck. When the fight was over, his enemies smote off his head and carried it back with them in triumph to the castle of Rájá Hodi.

And thus according to the story-tellers of the Upper Panjáb perished the hero Rájá Rasálu, having outlived the fame and glory of his great exploits.

NOTES.

RÁJÁ HODI.—This hero was one of three brothers. In the Jelálábád valley he is known as Rájá Hodá or Hudi. His brothers were Aiánposh, and Dárantá. They were the sons of Rájá Afrássá. All three brothers are still remembered in Hádá, a village five miles south of Jelálábád, standing on part of an ancient Buddhist city; in the Aiánposh Tope, on an eminence one mile south of Jelálábád; and in the charming spot Dárantá, about five miles west of Jelálábád, famous for its grand caves and beautiful topes. King Afrássá is said to have reigned from Kábul to Jamrud. I am not sure whether it was Jamrud only which was named Baktá Land or the whole kingdom, but I imagine the tradition refers to the latter. Baktá was the name of the wazir of a still more ancient giant king, named Nausheráwán, who first built the fortress of Jamrud, which still retains ruins of the old solid Buddhist masonry.

These meagre traditions are preserved by the villagers of Hádá, who also state that the three brothers were slain by Ámihamza, who came from Mecca. The villagers of Amerakhel say that many of the topes were built by Rájá "Udi," and that originally the Jelálábád valley was inhabited by Hindoos, who, upon some persecution, fled across the mountains, and were now the people of Káfristan (*vide* also Moorcroft, 1819-1825).

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It is certain that Rája Hodi had a castle on the Indus just opposite to Attock; it is still called by his name: and the legend states that he was slain by Rája Rasalu.

Of Ajáiposh, the villagers about Jelálábád tell that he wore a coat of iron; and of the third brother, Daranta, that he lived at Báribát.

KÓT BHITAUR.—A careful description of this fine old fortress of Sirikap the Beheader was contributed by me to the *Pioneer*, and will be found in the number of May 1, 1882. The high white ridge of Chittáh, on which stands Ránithrod, is visible from Kót Bhitaur to the south.

THE GIANTS OF GANGAR.—Some legends state that there was only one giant of enormous strength and stature, and that Rája Rasalu imprisoned him under the mountain.

THE PUNJABI VERSES, which occur in Legend No. IV. are these:

1. Kain mera hukká pivia?
Kain satthe Khangar?
Kain meri Khúi geria?
Je thinni pái ansar.

Who did smoke my hookah?
Who did spit out his phlegm?
Who did turn round my well?
Since the trough is wet.

2. Jiwandhe manjan manía,
Muáanh dha Khaidha mas.
Bhat anandha jivia,
Jina bigani as.

Alive he was your pleasure,
Dead, his flesh you did eat,
As an oven may that life be,
That sets its hopes in another.

3. Uthan dhena mena Raja
The bendha dhena gal:
Jinandhi dhena baithanh
Sara mara anandhe nal.

When getting up you taunt me,
When sitting down you abuse me:
After whom you give me the bad name
With him my death shall be.

CHARLES SWYNNERTON,
Bengal Chaplain.

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SONGS FOR THE RITE OF MAY.

ONE of the first of living painters has pointed to the old English custom of carrying about flowers on May Day as a sign that, in the Middle Ages, artistic sensibility and a pleasure in natural beauty were not dead among the common people of England. Nothing can be truer than this way of judging the observance of the Rite of May. Whatever might be the foolishness that it led to here and there, its origin lay always in pure satisfaction at the returned glory of the earth; in the wish to establish a link that could be seen and felt—if only that of holding a green bough or of wearing a daffodil crown—between the children of men and the new and beautiful growth of nature. The sentiment is the same everywhere, but the manner of its expression varies. In warmer lands it finds a vent long before the coming of May. March, in fact, rather than May, seems to have been chosen as the typical spring month in ancient Greece and Rome; and when we see the almond-trees blooming down towards Ponte Molle in the earliest week in February, even March strikes us as a little late for the beginning of the spring festival. A few icicles next morning on the Trevi, act, however, as a corrective to our ideas. In a famous passage Ovid tells the reason why the Romans kept holiday on the first of March: "The ice being broken up, winter at last yields, and the snow melts away, conquered by the sun's gentle warmth; the leaves come back to the trees that were stripped by the cold, the sap-filled bud swells with the tender twig, and the fertile grass, that long lay unseen, finds hidden passages and uplifts itself in the air. Now is the field fruitful, now is the time of the birth of cattle, now the bird prepares its house and home in the bough." (*Fastorum*, lib. iii.)

March day is still kept in Greece by bands of youngsters who go from house to house in the hopes of getting little gifts of fruit or cheese.

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They take with them a wooden swallow which they spin round and round to the song:

The swallow speeds her flight
O'er the sea-foam white,
And then a-singing she doth shake her wing.
"March, march, my delight,
And February wan and wet,
For all thy snow and rain thou yet
Hast a perfume of the spring."

Or perhaps to the following variant, given by Mr. Lewis Sergeant in *New Greece*:—

She is here, she is here,
The swallow that brings us the beautiful year;
Open wide the door,
We are children again, we are old no more.

These little swallow-songs are worth the attention of the Folk-Lore student, since they are of a greater antiquity than can be proved on written evidence in the case, so far as we know, of any other folk-song still current. More than two thousand years ago they existed in the form quoted from Theognis by Athenæus as "an excellent song sung by the children of Rhodes."

The swallow comes! She comes, she brings
Glad days and hours upon her wings.
See on her back
Her plumes are black,
But all below
As white as snow.
Then from your well-stored house with haste,
Bring sweet cakes of dainty taste,
Bring a flagon full of wine,
Wheaten meal bring, white and fine;
And a platter load with cheese,
Eggs and porridge add—for these
Will the swallow not decline.
Now shall we go, or gifts receive!
Give, or ne'er your house we leave,
Till we the door or lintel break,
Or your little wife we take;
She so light, small toil will make.
But whate'er ye bring us forth,
Let the gift be one of worth.
Ope, ope your door, to greet the swallow then,
For we are only boys, not bearded men.

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In Ægina the children's prattle runs: "March is come, sing, ye hills and ye flowers and little birds! Say, say, little swallow, where hast thou passed? where hast thou halted?" And in Corfu: "Little swallow, my joyous one, joyous my swallow; thou that comest from the desert, what good things bringest thou? Health, joy, and red eggs." Yet another version of the swallow song deals in scant compliments to the month of March, which was welcomed so gladly at its first coming:—

From the Black Sea the swallow comes,
She o'er the waves has sped,
And she has built herself a nest
And resting there she said:
"Thou February cold and wet,
And snowy March and drear,
Soft April heralds its approach,
And soon it will be here.
The little birds begin to sing,
Trees don their green array,
Hens in the yard begin to cluck,
And store of eggs to lay.
The herds their winter shelter leave
For mountain-side and top;
The goats begin to sport and skip,
And early buds to crop;
Beasts, birds, and men all give themselves
To joy and merry heart,
And ice and snow and northern winds
Are melted and depart.
Foul February, snowy March,
Fair April will not tarry.
Hence, February! March, begone!
Away the winter carry!"

When they leave off singing the children cry "Pritz! Pritz!" imitating the sound of the rapid flight of a bird. Longfellow translated a curious Stork-carol sung in springtime by the Hungarian boys on the islands of the Danube:

Stork! Stork! Poor Stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it,
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum.

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In Croatia, on the Eve of St. George, the women go into the woods and gather flowers and grasses, which they throw into water taken from under a mill-wheel, and next morning they bathe in the water, imagining that thus the new strength of Nature enters into them. There is said to also exist a singular rain-custom in Croatia. When a drought threatens to injure the crops, a young girl, generally a gipsy, dresses herself entirely in flowers and grasses, in which primitive raiment she is conducted through the village by her companions, who sing to the skies for mercy. In Greece, too, there are many songs and ceremonies in connection with a desire for the rain, which never comes during the whole pitiless summer.

If there be a part of the world where spring plays the laggard it is certainly the upper valley of the Inn. Nevertheless the children of the Engadine trudge forth bravely over the snow, shaking their cow-bells and singing lustily:

Chalanda Mars, chaland'Avrigl
Laschć las vachias our d'nuilg.

Were the cows to leave their stables as is here enjoined, they would not find a blade of grass to eat—but that does not matter. The children have probably sung that song ever since their forefathers came up to the mountains; came up in all likelihood from sunny Tuscany. The Engadine lads, after doing justice to their March-day fare, set out for the boundaries of their commune, where they are met by another band of boys, with whom they contend in various trials of strength which sometimes end in hand-to-hand fights. This may be analogous to the old English usage of beating the younger generation once a year at the village boundaries in order to impress on them a lasting idea of local geography. By the Lake of Poschiavo it is the custom to "call after the grass"—"chiamar l'erba"—on March-day.

In the end, as has been seen, March gets an ill-word from the Greek folk-singer, who is not more constant in his praise of *April*. It is the old fatality which makes the Better the Enemy of the Good.

May is coming, May is coming, comes the month so blithe and gay;
April truly has its flowers, but all roses bloom in May;
April, thou accurst one, vanish! Sweet May-month I long to see;
May fills all the world with flowers, May will give my love to me.

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May is pre-eminently the bridal month in Greece; a strange contradiction to the prejudice against May marriages that prevails in most parts of Europe. "Marry in May, rue for aye." The Romans have been held responsible for this superstition. They kept their festival of the dead during May, and while it lasted other forms of worship were suspended. To contract marriage would have been to defy the fates. Traces of a spring feast of souls survive in France, where, on Palm Sunday, *Pâques fleuries* as it is called, it is customary to set the first fresh flowers of the year upon the graves. Nor is it by any means uninteresting to note that in one great empire far outside of the Roman world the *fête des morts* is assigned not to the quiet close of the year but to the delightful spring. The Chinese festival of Clear Weather which falls in April is the chosen time for worshipping at the family tombs.

Of English songs treating of that "observance" or "rite" of May to which Chaucer and Shakespeare bear witness, there are unfortunately few. The old nursery rhyme:

> Here we go a piping,
> First in spring and then in May,

tells the usual story of house-to-house visiting and expected largess. May-poles were prohibited by the Long Parliament of 1644, being denounced as a "heathenish vanity generally abused to superstition and wickedness." A long while before, the Roman Floralia, the feast when people carried green boughs and wore fresh garlands, had been put down for somewhat the same reasons. With regard to may-poles we are not inclined to think too harshly of them. They died hard: an old Essex man told us on his death-bed of how when he was a lad the young folks danced regularly round the may-pole on May-day, and in his opinion it was a good time. It was a time, he went on to say, when the country was a different thing; twice a day the postillion's horn sounded down the village street, the Woolpack Inn was often full even to the attics in its pretty gabled roof, all sorts of persons of quality fell out of the clouds, or to speak exactly, emerged from the London coach. The life of the place seemed to be gone, said our friend, and yet "the place" is in the very highest state of modern prosperity. The parade of sweeps in bowers of greenery lingered on rather longer in England than may-poles, but it too appears to have

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come to an end. In the country west of Glasgow it is still remembered how once the houses were adorned with flowers and branches on the first of May, and in some parts of Ireland they still plant a may-tree or may-bush before the door of the farm-house, throwing it at sundown into a bonfire. The lighting of fires was not an uncommon feature of May-day observance, but it is a practice which seems to us to have strayed into that connection from its proper place in the great festival of the summer solstice on St. John's Eve. Among people of English speech May-day customs are little more than a cheerful memory. Herrick wrote:

> Wash, dress, be brief in praying,
> Few beads are best when once we go a-maying.

People neglect their "beads" or the equivalents now from other motives.

May night is the German Walpurgis-nacht. The witches ride up to the Brocken on magpies' tails, not a magpie can be seen for the next twenty-four hours—they are all gone and they have not had time to return. The witches dance on the Brocken till they have danced away the winter's snow. May-brides and May-kings are still to be heard of in Germany, and children run about on May-day with buttercups or with a twist of bread, a *Bretzel*, decked with ribbons, or holding imprisoned may-flies, which they let loose whilst they sing:

> Maïkäferchen fliege,
> Dein Vater ist in kriege,
> Deine Mutter ist in Pommerland,
> Pommerland ist abgebrannt,
> Maïkäferchen fliege.

May chafer must fly away home, his father is at the wars, his mother is in Pomerania, Pomerania is all burnt. May chafer in short is the brother of our ladybird. Mr. Karl Blind recollects taking part as a boy in an extremely curious children's drama which is still played in some places in the open air. It is an allegory of the expulsion of winter, who is killed and burnt, and of the arrival of summer, who comes decked with flowers and garlands. The children repeat:

> Now have we chased death away,
> And we bring the summer weather;
> Summer dear and eke the may,
> And the flowers all together.
> Bringing summer we are come,
> Summertide and sunshine home.



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German *Mailieder* are one very much like the other; they are full of the simple gladness of children who have been shut up in houses, and who now can run about in the sunny air. We came across the following in Switzerland :—

" Alles neu macht der Mai,
Macht die Seele frisch und frei.
Lasst das Haus !
Kommt hinaus !
Windet einen Strauss !

" Rings erglänzet Sonnenschein,
Dustend pranget Flur und Hain.
Vögel-sang,
Lust'ger Klang
Tönt den Wald entlang."

In Lorraine girls dressed in white go from village to village stringing off couplets, in which the inhabitants are turned into somewhat unmerciful ridicule. The girls of this place enlighten the people of that as to their small failings, and so *vice versâ*. All the winter the village poets harvest the jokes made by one community at the expense of another, in order to shape them into a consecutive whole for recital on May Day. The girls are rewarded for their part in the business by small coin, cakes, and fruit. The May-songs of Lorraine are termed " Trimazos," from the fact that they are always sung to the refrain,

" O Trimazot, ç'at lo Maye;
O mi-Maye !
Ç'at lo joli mois de Maye,
Ç'at lo Trimazot."

What *Trimazo* means it would be hard to say, unless, as someone has suggested, *Tri* stands for three, and *mazo* for maidens. The word is known outside Lorraine: at Islettes children say :

" Trimazot ! en nous allant
Nous pormenés eddans les champs
Nous y ons trouvé les blés si grands
Les Aubépin' en fleurissant."

They beg for money to buy a taper for the Virgin's altar; for it must not be forgotten that the month of May is the month of Mary. The villagers add a little flour to their pious offering, so that the children may make cakes. Elsewhere in Champagne young girls collect the

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taper money; they cunningly appeal to the tenderness of the young mother by bringing to her mind the hour "when she takes her pretty child up in the morning and lays him to sleep at night." There was a day on which the girls of the neighbourhood of Remiremont used to waylay every youth they met on the road to the church of Dommartin and insist on sticking a sprig of rosemary or laurel in his cap, saying, "We have found a fine gentleman, God give him joy and health; Take the May, the pretty May!" The fine gentleman was requested to give "what he liked" for the dear Virgin's sake. In the department of the Jura there are May-brides, and in Bresse they have a May-queen who is attended by a youth, selected for the purpose, and by a little boy who carries a green bough ornamented with ribands. She heads the village girls and boys who walk as in a marriage procession, and who receive eggs, wine, or money. A song still sung in Burgundy recalls the præ-revolutionary era and the respect inspired by the seigneurial woods:—

"Le voilà venu le joli mois,
Laissez bourgeonner le bois;
Le voilà venu le joli mois,
Le joli bois bourgeonne.
Il faut laisser bourgeonner le bois,
Le bois du gentilhomme."

The young peasants of Poitou betake themselves to the door of each homestead before the dawn of the May morning and summon the mistress of the house to waken her daughters:

"For we are come before hath come the day
To sing the coming of the month of May."

But they do not ask the damsels to stand there listening to compliments; "Go to the hen-roost," they say, "and get eighteen or still better twenty new-laid eggs." If the eggs cannot be had, they can bring money, only let them make haste, as day-break is near and the road is long. By way of acknowledgment the spokesman adds a sort of "And your petitioners will ever pray;" they will pray for the purse which held the money and for the hen that laid the eggs. If St. Nicholas only hears them that hen will eat the fox, instead of the fox eating the hen. The gift is seemly. Now the dwellers in the homestead may go back to their beds and bar doors and windows; "as for

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us, we go through all the night singing at the arrival of sweet spring."

The antiquary in search of May-songs will turn to the Motets and Pastorals of that six-hundred-year-old Comic Opera "Li gieus de Robin et de Marion." Its origin was not illiterate, but in Adam de la Halle's time and country poets who had some letters and poets who had none did not stand widely apart. The May-month, the summer sweetness, the lilies of the valley, the green meadows—these constituted pretty well the whole idea which the French rustic had formed to himself of what poetry was. It cannot be denied that he came to use these things occasionally as mere commonplaces, a tendency which increased as time wore on. But he has his better moods and some of his ditties are not wanting in elegance. Here is an old song preserved in Burgundy :

Voici venu le mois des fleurs
Des chansons et des senteurs ;
Le mois qui tout enchante
Le mois de douce attente.
Le buisson reprend ses coleurs
Au bois l'oiseau chante.

Il est venu sans mes amours
Que j'attends, hélas, toujours ;
Tandis que l'oiseau chante
Et que le mai l' on plante
Seule en ces bois que je parcours
Seule je me lamente.

In the France of the sixteenth century, the planting of the May took a literary turn. At Lyons for instance the printers were in the habit of setting up what was called "Le Mai des Imprimeurs" before the door of some distinguished person. The members of the illustrious Lombard house of Trivulzi, who between them held the government of Lyons for more than twenty-five years, were on several occasions chosen as recipients of the May-day compliment. "Le Grand Trivulce," marshal of France, was a great patron of literature, and the encouragement of the liberal arts grew to be a tradition in the family. In 1529 Theodore de Trivulce had a May planted in his honour bearing a poetical address from the pen of Clement Marot,

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and Pompone de Trivulce received a like distinction in 1535, when Etienne Dolet wrote for the occasion an ode in the purest Latin.

Lorenzo de' Medici says in one of his ballads:

Se tu vuo' appiccare un maio,
A qualcuna che tu ami. . . . .

In his day "Singing the May" was almost a trade; the country-folk flocked into Florence with their May trees and rustic instruments and took toll of the citizens. The custom continues along the Ligurian coast At Spezia we have seen the boys come round on May-day piping and singing, and led by one, taller than the rest, who carries an Italian flag covered with garlands. The name of the master of the house before which they halt is introduced into a song that begins:

Siam venuti a cantar maggio,
Al Signore ——
Come ogn' anno usar si suole,
Nella stagion di primavera.

Since Chaucer, who loved so dearly the "May Kalendes" and the "See of the day," no one has celebrated them with a more ingenuous charm than the country lads of the island of Sardinia, who sing "May, May, be thou welcome, with all Sun and Love; with the Flower, and with the Marguerite." A Tuscan and a Pisan *Rispetto* may be taken as representative of Italian May-song:

'Twas in the Calends of the month of May,
I went into the garden for a flower,
A wild bird there I saw upon a spray,
Singing of love with skilled melodious power.
O little bird, who dost from Florence speed
Teach me whence loving doth at first proceed?
Love has its birth in music and in song,
To end, alas! to tears and grief belongs.

Era di maggio, se ben mi ricordo
Quando c'incominciammo a ben volere
Eran fiorite le rose dell'orto,
E le ciliege diventavan nere;
Ciliege nere e pere moscatelle,
Siete il trionfo delle donne belle
Ciliege nere e pere moscatate.
Siete il trionfo delle innamorate
Ciliege nere e pere moscatine,
Siete il trionfo delle piu belline.

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The child's or lover's play of words in this last baffles all attempt at translation: it is not sense but sweetness, not poetry but music. It is as much without rule or study or conventionality as the song of birds when in Italian phrase, *fanno primavera*.

Professor d'Ancona believes, that to the custom of keeping May by singing from house to house and collecting largess of eggs or fruit or cheese, may be traced the dramatic representations, which, under the name of *Maggi*, can still be witnessed in certain districts of the Tuscan Hills and of the plain of Pisa. These May-plays are performed any Sunday in Spring, just after Mass; the men, women, and children, hastening from the church-door to the roughly built theatre which has the sky for roof, the grey olives and purple hills for background. The verses of the play (it is always in verse) are sung to a sort of monotonous but elastic chant, in nearly every case unaccompanied by instruments. No one can do more than guess when that chant was composed; it may have been five hundred years ago and it may have been much more. Grief or joy, love and hate, all are expressed upon the same notes. It is possible that some such recitative was used in the Greek drama. A play that was not sung would not seem a play to the Tuscan contadino. The characters are acted by men or boys, the peasants not liking their wives and daughters to perform in public. A considerable number of *Maggi* exist in print or in MS. carefully copied for the convenience of the actors. The subjects range from King David to Count Ugolino, from the siege of Troy to the French Revolution. They seem for most part modern compositions, cast in a form which was probably invented before the age of Dante.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

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ADDITIONS TO "YORKSHIRE LOCAL RHYMES AND SAYINGS."

[See *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. pp. 160-175; vol. iii. pt. 2. pp. 174-177.]

The following local sayings picked from an article, "Yorkshire Rhymes and Proverbs," contributed by Mr. William Andrews to *Old Yorkshire*, vol. i. pp. 263-269, deserve to be stored with those already housed in the garners of the Folk-Lore Society.

(58.) *Addleborough.* Concerning Addleborough Hill, where there are remains of a Druidical circle, it is asserted with perhaps more reason than rhyme—

"Druid, Roman, Scandinavia,
Stone raise on Addleboro'."

(59.) *Cleveland Villages:*—

"Halton, Rudby, Entrepen,
Far more rogues than honest men."

(60.) *Cottingham*, near Hull. Here are some intermittent springs called Keldgate, which are supposed to be in some way dependent on the Derwent, twenty miles away. The saying runs:—

"When Derwent flows
Then Keldgate goes."

(61.) *Wharfe and Aire:*—

"Wharfe is clear and the Aire lithe;
Where the Aire drowns one, Wharfe drowns five."

(62.) *Weather Rhymes:*—

"When the clouds are on the hills
They'll come down by the mills."

(63.)

"When the mist comes from the hill
Then good weather it doth spill.
When the mist comes from the sea,
Then good weather it will be."

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(64.)

"When Ingleborough wears a hat,
Ribblesdale 'll hear o' that."

(65.) *Market Weighton:*—

"Market Weighton,
Robert Leighton,*
A brick church,
A wooden steeple,
A drunken priest,
And wicked people."

A variant of (13) is

"Pendle Hill, Penygent, and little Ingleborough,
Are three such hills as you'll not find by seeking England thorough."

Mr. Andrews refers us to Robert Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 223, for yet another version of No. (1), a version ascribed to True Thomas:—

"York was, London is, and Edinburgh will be
The biggest o' the three."

The story of the saddler of Bawtry, who was hanged for leaving his liquor (24) is thus told in *Notes and Queries* (6th S. vi. 335) from a MS. left by a native of Bawtry, who was born 1732 :—

"A traveller, who had a good deal of cash in his saddle-bags, was robbed soon after leaving Bawtry on his way to Doncaster, viz. near the King's Wood in Bawtry Lane, a place at that time noted for robberies and even murders. He had had the saddler at Bawtry to stuff his saddle, which hurt his horse's back. Returning to Bawtry with his pitiable tale, he asked for the saddler; but lo! no saddler was to be found. The traveller had given him part of a tankard of ale, which was found untouched standing in a manger in the stable. Now the saddler being a well-known thirsty blade, it was thought surprising that he forsook the friendly draught, and the sagacity of the multitude immediately suspected him to be the guilty person, and on this circumstance the poor saddler was immediately taken into custody, detained, and sent to York Castle, where he lay till the following assizes, when he was tried and acquitted." Seeing that this saddler was acquitted and *not* hanged, it would hardly seem as if the old inhabitant of Bawtry had "put the saddle on the right horse."

E. G.

* A sometime well-known farmer in the district.

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Notes on the Robin-cycle.—In **Melusine**, pp. 193-196, there is printed a Breton song, "Les Noces du Reitelet," which is evidently connected with the English Robin and Wren cycle. All the birds are bidden to the wren's wedding, and each one is to bring some gift, as the bridegroom is not rich. The cock comes and sings before the wedding procession, the rook brings bread, the crow a lighted torch, the magpie a piece of meat, the jay a flask of wine, the woodcock acts as priest, the snipe as bell-ringer, the cuckoo comes with a drum, the nightingale sings songs, the sparrowhawk is water-carrier, the blackbird brings money, the thrush will beg for them, the starling will carry a faggot, the kite comes with the dove, the lark sings across the river, the yellow-hammer near the door, the swallow on the house-top, linnet and starling come together, finch and hoopoe, all birds were present, but one stayed away. This song is apparently only found in Brittany, at least I have not met with it in any purely French collection. The points of contact with the two English rhymes, "The Wedding of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren" and "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin" are too obvious to need pointing out in detail.—An Irish friend told me many years ago a sequel to the "Death of Cock Robin." Each part of Robin's body is mentioned, and it is asked what shall be done with it. The answers run thus:

> What shall we make of his blood?
> "Paint, paint," said Flibbertigibbet;
> "Paint, paint," said Tippetywitchet;
> "Paint, paint," said Peter Malone;
> And "Paint, paint," said everyone.

A spoon is made of his beak, quill pens of his feathers, &c. Can any one tell me if this has been printed, or point out a song with a similar refrain?

ALFRED NUTT.

The Witch Spell on Cattle (p. 57).—In connection with Mr. Gregor's story, an extract from Ellis's *Modern Husbandman*[*] should

[*] *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 86.

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be noted. Although in the case there cited the charm had no effect, the *modus operandi* shows that a belief similar to that given by Mr. Gregor was to be found in Huntingdonshire about 1750.

JAMES BRITTEN.

Ancient Superstitions in Tiree.—Mr. J. Sands, who has been spending some time in the Island of Tiree, says that certain houses are still believed to be haunted by fairies, although it is only gifted individuals who can see them. In one cabin they were wont to sit in swarms upon the rafters, and had the impudence even to drop down now and again and seize a potato out of the pot. Eventually they became such a nuisance that the tenant of the house determined to build a new dwelling and to abandon the old one. Unfortunately, when the new cabin was almost finished, he took a stone out of the haunted hut, with the result that all the fairies came along with it, so that his new home was as much infested as the old one had been. This is only a sample of many ancient superstitions which, according to Mr. Sands, still linger among the people of Tiree. Marriage parties, for example, still take care to turn to the right hand, and not to the left, when they enter the church; and the same rule is observed when a body is laid in the grave. When boats are launched from the shore the bow is brought round, although it may be a little inconvenient, agreeably to the apparent course of the sun. Nine is regarded as a sacred number. Water taken from the crests of nine waves, and in which nine stones had been boiled, is an infallible cure for the jaundice. The shirt of the patient, after being dipped in this magic infusion, is put on wet. Mr. Sands says he was personally acquainted with a man on whom this remedy was recently tried, but without effect, as he was on the brink of death. Water taken from nine springs or streams in which cresses grow is also believed to be an effectual cure for jaundice. On the west side of the island there is a rock with a hole in it through which children are passed when suffering from whooping-cough or other complaints. Sick cattle are treated in a curious way. The doctor being provided with a cog of cream and an oatcake, sits on the sick cow or other animal, and repeats a verse nine times, nine times taking a bit and a sup between each repetition of the rhyme. The cream and the bannock are the doctor's fee. Mr. Sands asserts that about five years ago a woman left her child, which she supposed

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[illegible] hanging. [illegible] have [illegible] taken away by the [illegible] and we want [illegible] and [illegible] at the present [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] children [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] wears [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

1881.

VII. Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-east of Scotland. By the Rev. Walter Gregor. 8vo pp. xii. 238. [Published at 13*s.* 6*d.*]

CONTENTS:—Birth.—The Child.—Baptism.—The Nursery.—Boy Code of Honour.—About the Human Body.—Dreams, Divination, &c.—Leechcraft.—The House.—Evenings at the Fireside.—Fairies.—Water Kelpie.—Ghosts, Witches. —"Black Airt" and Devil Compacts.—Riddles.—Marriage.—Place Rhymes.—Place and Family Characteristics.—Animal and Plant Superstitions.—Times and Seasons and Weather.—Christmas, New Year's Day, &c.—Countings out.—Washing Day.—Farming, Boats, and Fishing.—Death.—Burial.—Glossary.—Index.

VIII. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 239. [Issued to Members only.]

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1882.

The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 229. [Issued to Members only.]

Researches respecting the Book of Sindibad. By Professor Domenico Comparetti. pp. viii. 167.—**Portuguese Folk-Tales.** By Professor Z. Consiglieri Pedroso of Lisbon; with an introduction by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. pp. ix. 124. In one vol., 8vo. Published at 15*s.*

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I. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. I. 8vo. pp. xvi. 232. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—Some West Sussex Superstitions lingering in 1878, by Mrs. Latham.—Notes on Folk-Tales, by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A.—The Folk-Lore of Fruges, by A. Lang, M.A.—Some Japan Folk-Tales, by C. Pfoundes.—A Folk-Tale and various Superstitions of the Hidatsa Indians, communicated by Dr. E. B. Tylor.—Chaucer's Night-Spell, by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—Plant-Lore Notes to Mrs. Latham's West Sussex Superstitions, by James Britten, F.L.S.—Yorkshire Local Rhymes and Sayings.—Divination by the Blade-bone, by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—Index to the Folk-Lore in the First Series of Hardwicke's "Science-Gossip," by James Britten, F.L.S.—Some Italian Folk-Lore, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Wart and Wen Cures, by James Hardy.—Fairies at Ilkley Wells, by Charles C. Smith.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.

1879.

II. Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By William Henderson. A new edition, with considerable additions by the Author. 8vo. pp. xvii. 301. [Published at 12s.]

CONTENTS:—Life and Death of Man.—Days and Seasons.—Spells and Divinations.—Portents and Auguries.—Charms and Spells.—Witchcraft.—Local Spectres.—Worms or Dragons.—Occult Powers and Sympathies.—Haunted spots.—Dreams.—Appendix.—Index.

III. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. II. 8vo. pp. viii. 230; Appendix, pp. 31. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—Preface.—Neo-Latin Fay, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Madagascar Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions, by the Reverend James Sibree, Junior.—Popular History of the Cuckoo, by James Hardy.—Old Ballad Folk-Lore, by James Napier.—A Note on the "White Paternoster," by Miss Eveleen Cunningham.—Some Folk-Lore from Chaucer, by the Rev. F. G. Fleay.—Reports, &c.:—Four Transcripts, by the late Thomas Wright, F.S.A., communicated by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—The Story of Cuno-Falco; or the Golden Apples of Laugh. Communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Index to Vols. I. and II.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1878.

1880.

IV. Aubrey's Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme with the additions, by Dr. White Kennett. Edited by James Britten, F.L.S. 8vo. pp. viii. 224. [Published at 10s. 6d.]

V. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. pp. 132. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—Calalú; the English and Irish Pooh. A Law, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Biographical Notes, illustrated from the Town of Dublin and Muhammad, by John Pearson.—Stories from Mauritius, by J. H. Andrews.—Animal Stories, communicated by J. H. Andrews.—Proverbs, English and Irish, with their Supposed Relations, by the Rev. J. Long, F.R.G.S.—Proverbs and Folk-Lore from William Kitch's "Modern Greek-Grammar" (1706), by James Britten, F.L.S.—Christmas Mummers in Shropshire, by J. S. Udal.—Indian Mother-in-law Tales, communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.

VI. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. Part II. 8vo. pp. 133-316; Appendix, pp. 20. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—Two English Folk-Tales, by Professor Dr. George Stephens.—Folk-Lore Illustrative of Historical Events, by the Reverend W. S. Lach-Szyrma.—Singing-Games, by Miss Georgina Christopher.—Addresses to Evergreen Local Heroes and Sayings.—Folk-Lore the Source of some of W. Shakspeare's Plots, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—H. Schmidt's address on the Collection and Classification of Folk-Lore, by Alfred Nutt.—Danish Popular Tales, by Professor Sophus Bugge.—The Icelandic Story of Gunnlaug, by William Howard Cummings.—An Old Danish Ballad, communicated by Professor Sophus Bugge.—A Basque Ballad, by Dominique Aranzadi.—Notes and News.—Index.—Appendix.—The Annual Report for 1879.

THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 106.)

CHAPTER V.

Marvellous Creatures, or Bogy Stories.

In the paper on "Malagasy Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions" (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. pp. 19-48), very brief reference was made to the belief in several fabulous animals, three of which were merely mentioned, while of one, the Fanàny, a little more detailed account was given. A few additional particulars about this creature were supplied in the short supplementary paper (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. pp. 46-51). Eight of these marvellous creatures are described in Mr. Dahle's book, and we shall therefore give a translation of what is said about each of them, only omitting a few sentences which are merely wordy repetitions. In a note to the heading of *Sampon-jàvatra sàsany Màhagàga*, or "Sundry Marvellous Stories," it is said that these stories come from the Bétsiléo district, the southern-central province of Madagascar. It will be seen that some of the strange creatures here described are not animals, but have some connection with humanity: the *kinòly* being a grisly re-appearance of men after death; the *angalàpona* being a kind of water-sprite; while the *siòna* is a diminutive elf, of pilfering propensities.

1.—*The Songòmby.** The songòmby, they say, is an animal as big as an ox and fleet of foot, and is said to eat men. In former times (not very long ago) the people in the south thought the horse† was a songòmby come from abroad. The way it is caught, they say, is thus: A child is fastened at the entrance of the songòmby's den, so that it cries, and a net is spread at the entrance, whereupon the crea-

* The two words apparently composing this name mean respectively as follows: *sònga*, "having the upper lip turned upward, uncovered," and *òmby*, an ox. *Songòmby* means, figuratively, "lion-hearted."

† The horse is of quite modern introduction into Madagascar; it is called, by a corruption of the French word, *sòaràly* = *cheval*.

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ture comes and is snared. Near our town (says the author of this account) is a hole in the rock where the people think there is a songòmby. When it sees any one it attacks them fiercely, but the female, it is said, does not fight much, but only encourages the male, so that they always go together. It once happened, they say, that a certain man was going about by night, and met with the songòmby. He fought most bravely all night, and being a very strong man was not hurt. Another story about it is that a naughty child was put by its father and mother outside the house, and would have been devoured by one of these creatures had it not been quickly rescued. And another day, the tale goes, a child was punished in the same way, the parents calling out, "Here's your share, Mr. Songòmby!" Then the beast really came up, whereupon the child cried out, "Oh, here he really is!" But the parents replied, "Well, let him eat you," thinking it was only the child's deception. After a little while they opened the door, and lo! the child had gone. So the parents and the villagers made a great stir, and took torches to seek it, and lo! there was child's blood dropped on the road all the way to the beast's den. Many other stories are also told, which the people think confirm the truth of the existence of this creature.

2.—*The Fanàny with Seven Heads.* This creature, they say, is something which comes from man, for there are certain people whose intestines turn into fanàny; but sometimes it does not come from their intestines, but from their corpse as a whole when it becomes corrupt. On this account it is said to be a frequent custom in certain districts in the south for the people to take the intestines of their dead relatives and place them in a river or small pool, so that they may turn into a fanàny. But the people who change into this creature, they say, are of royal (or noble) descent. So that because of this belief they kill oxen when they see a large creature they believe to be a fanàny, and give it blood and rum to drink and ox-hump to eat. When it first appears, they say it ascends into the town where it was produced, that is, where the person from whom it came formerly lived; and there the people of the place ask it, "Art thou Such-an-one?" And if the name they mention was really its own, it nods its head; but if it does not correspond, it shakes its head. Then they go on mentioning the names of all the famous deceased nobles in the surrounding district until the creature acknowledges one of them as its own; and as soon as this is arrived at they kill oxen as just described.

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The animal is similar in appearance to the water-snake and the *mànditra* (another serpent). It is a fierce creature, and has seven heads; and when it is grown full size each of its heads has a horn growing on it. There was a certain man named Ralàko, who conversed with me (says the narrator of this), and this he says he saw: The fanàny fought with a bull during the night, and each fought hard. And during the conflict the fanàny did not bite with its mouth, but fought with its seven horns; each of these was successively broken, until at last it was killed by the bull. Just before death it drew itself up and swelled out to the size of a mountain, so that all the villages in the neighbourhood could not be inhabited on account of the effluvium. It was a man from Imámno (the western part of Imérina, the central province) who told me this, and it was there, he said, that it happened.

There is also another story about the fanàny as follows: When it becomes big, they say it encircles a mountain (Itrìtrìva * is said to be one of such mountains); and when its head and tail meet and there is anything to spare besides what goes round the mountain, the creature eats it; and when that is done some say that it sticks its tail into the earth and mounts up to the sky; but others say that it goes into some great piece of water sufficient for its size. It remained in the lake of Itritriva, they say, but when it became too big for the lake it removed to Andraikiba (a lake west of Sirabé, in the same neighbourhood), and there it remains up to the present time.

I have seen the animal called the fanàny (says the native narrator), but I have not seen either its seven heads or any appearance of them; and on asking the people the reason of this they replied that it was yet too young. The size of the creature they pointed out to me was about that of an adult *mànditra*, or somewhat less.

3.—*The Tòkan-tòngotra or Tòkon-dìa* ("Single-foot" or "Single-step"). This is a large white animal (but smaller than the songòmby), which has the foreleg in the middle of its chest and the hind leg opposite the position of the paps. These same legs are in each case one only, they say, whether fore or hind leg. It is an exceedingly swift animal, so that no other creature has a chance of escaping it. It eats men, and goes about at night like the songòmby. There are

* This is the name of an extinct volcano in the northern Bétsiléo country. The crater is occupied by a lake of profound depth, popularly said to be unfathomable.

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people who say they have seen it, but few compared with those to testify to the existence of the songòmby.*

4.—*The Kinòly.* This creature is said to be human. When any one dies who turns into a kinòly he is buried by the relatives, until the intestines and the skin of the stomach all decay, and when that is the case they open up the tomb so that the kinòly may go out; so it goes out. Their eyes are red and their nails long, but they are no longer like the living; yet the whole body, except the portions already mentioned, is like that of a human being. They are said to be constantly thieving, and when any one leaves out cooked rice or other food, they take it. Sometimes they also steal rice in the husk, but it is said they can hardly carry any burden; and a story is told of some one who saw two kinòly stealing rice, and hid himself to observe their procedure. They filled with rice some vessel they carried, and the male one carried the burden, putting it on his shoulder; but as soon as it rested there he cried, "I'm killed; my shoulder!" Then said the female, "There's no carrying it; where is it? I'll carry it." Then she carried it on her head (that is their custom when both husband and wife die); but as soon as it was placed there she called out, "I'm killed; my head!" Another story is told of a person suddenly meeting a kinòly one day and, seeing the redness of its eyes and length of its nails, said, "How is it your eyes are so red?" It replied, "God passed by them." Then he asked again, "How is it your nails are so long?" It replied, "That I may tear out your liver" (or inside), upon which it tore the man. In the Bétsiléo province people say that there are kinòly up to the present time, and this not long ago, but quite recently. Among the inhabitants there are many who believe in the reappearance of these bowelless people; but they think it a cause of lamentation, both to the person himself and also to his relations, to become a kinòly.

5.—*The Dòna or Pily.*† This animal is one of the fiercest creatures;

* It is commonly said that those who even see the *tòkan-dia* are immediately struck dead or senseless.

† *Pily* is the name of a serpent. This account is, I think, hardly correctly put under the heading of superstitious beliefs; excepting two or three points it is rather a piece of natural history observation, for there is no question at all about the existence in the western and warmer parts of Madagascar of one or more species of boa. These examples of the widely-spread tropical pythons belong to a peculiar genus, *Sanzinia;* hanging from the branches of the trees these serpents are said to pounce suddenly on their victims, and, enveloping them in their folds, speedily squeeze them to death. They are even said to kill oxen, and occasionally man.

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it is big and long, and its skin is striped, so that makers of lambas take it as a pattern for striped cloths. During the day it is quite gentle, so that even an infant can play with it and take no harm; but when night comes on there is hardly any other creature so fierce. They say it bellows like a bull. If any animal or man meets it at night it encircles them at the loins and compresses them so tightly that in a very short time the object attacked is dead. It has the power of making its body big or little, something like india-rubber. It is very crafty, so that when it meets with a serpent (*ménaràna*), which is a creeping creature like itself, it appears to be afraid, and makes its body small. Then comes the serpent and twines round it, and then raises its tail to strike the dòna (for the tail of the ménaràna is barbed, they say, like a spear, and it kills its victims by this means). Then the dòna swells its body suddenly, so that the ménaràna is broken, as if cut with a knife. Such is its power that it is said to be able to force its way out of its hole, although opposed by the strength of the strongest man stopping it up with a cloth stuffed in at the entrance. Whistling, it appears, makes the dòna angry, although in the daytime it is usually tame.

6.—*The Làloména or Làliména.* This animal is like the ox, but lives in the water. It has two horns, and they are very red, and it is said to be amongst the strongest of the animals which live in the water. It is difficult to say exactly what its appearance and qualities are, for there is much of the fabulous mixed up with the accounts of it.

7.—*The Angalàpona.* This creature is among things which are related to man, they say, although it is not so large as a human being. Its abode is said to be in the water, but yet it is not wetted by it; for they say there is a cave within the water into which water does not enter, and there the angalàpona lives. The door by which it goes out and in turns in the water, and so is the road by which it passes to and fro, but yet it is not at all wet, although traversing water in this way. As regards its size, it is a little larger than a young child. Its hair is very long, so that when it stands upright its hair almost reaches the ground. It is considered by the people to be the director of divination and (fortunate) day foretelling, &c., so that the diviners call upon it when working the oracle with the words, "Arise, for thou hast come from 'Long-hair'," &c.

There are two persons still living who say that they have certainly seen it; their names are Rénisòaràhanòro and Ràinitsimanàhy. The

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former (a woman) chanced to be in the uninhabited country, and was called by name, a name which is pleasing to the angalàpona. (For names such as Rasòa* and the like are pleasing to this creature, so that it fetches such as bear these names.) So the angalàpona came and took her towards its den, passing through the water, but neither it nor the woman was wetted at all. But when they came to the cave she would not go forward, but remained at the side of the door; neither would she eat food, disliking the things eaten by the angalàpona, such as raw eels and cray-fish, and the like. And so because she would remain always at the doorway her clothes became covered with water-plants. So the angalàpona and his wife considered together what they should do with her, and they agreed to send her back home. This they did after giving her (power to work) divination. And now she is applied to by the people for that purpose.

And Ràinitsimanàhy's account is that he was in the uninhabited region, and at the time when every one is fast asleep, an angalàpona came and desired him to be its husband. But as he would not agree to this it followed him about perpetually.

Many of the people say that they have seen this creature, especially those who are afflicted with a disease called *fìla*.

8.—*The Siona.* The creature so called has also something human about it, but it is different both from the kinòly and the angalàpona. It is said to live away from men; and when any one goes through the uninhabited country and does not take care of his rice, or chopper, these are taken by the siòna,† they say, and conveyed to its abode. When the woodmen go to sleep, and leave a fire still burning (for their custom is to place a big log on the hearth before sleeping, so that they may be kept warm), then this creature comes and warms itself. Its food is a root called *avòko* and other substances. All over its body it is covered with lichen growing upon it, so that when it lies down on a rock it is not distinguishable, although seen close to the place. When any people are ill and out of their mind, their friends are afraid lest they shall become a siona; and very lately it was reported that some people narrowly escaped this fate, from which they were only saved by the strenuous efforts of their friends.

* This is a very common female name among the Malagasy, both in this short form and also in combination with other words. *Ra* is the personal prefix, *sòa* is "good, pleasant, agreeable."

† Pronounced *suna*.

(To be continued.)

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SOME PANJABI AND OTHER PROVERBS,

BY

R. C. TEMPLE, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., ETC.

I HAVE an old *Grammar of the Panjabi Language* dated 1851, Lodiâna Mission Press, to which is appended a "selection from Panjabi Proverbs, with explanations by a native." These explanations are in Panjabi, and, I may add, are as difficult to understand as the proverbs themselves.

In this paper I give all these proverbs, with some more that I have collected myself. They are presented in a transliterated form exactly as found in the original, but the renderings are all my own, and are free, not literal. The explanations and illustrations I am also responsible for, as it would be useless to give a translation of the "native" explanations in a paper meant for readers in England. The illustrations are not meant to be English renderings of the native originals, but to shew how we express the same idea in our idioms and proverbs, *e.g.* proverb No. 8; our phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle" conveys the same idea as the Panjabi "the beggar stands at the beggar's door," *viz.*, the doing of a useless thing: and so again proverb No. 14; the idea expressed by our "still waters run deep" is the same as that in the Panjabi "the empty pot rattles, the full one is silent."

As the point of a proverb necessarily lies in the aptness of its reference to the surroundings of those who compose and use it, the rendering of proverbs idiomatically into a foreign language is always a difficult and delicate matter. In the case of Indian proverbs the difficulty is the greater as the fundamental difference between our habits and those of the natives are more complete than elsewhere. If therefore in some cases I have failed to convey the sense of the originals I plead the great difficulties of the task.

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PANJABI PROVERBS.

1. *Anhîn kukrî khaskhas dâ chogâ.*

Poppy-seeds to a blind fowl, *i. e.*, pearls before swine: poppy-seeds are very expensive.

2. *Chortî kuttî jalebiân dî rakhwâlî.*

Set a thievish dog to watch sweetmeats, *i. e.*, leaning on a broken reed. It is useless to trust a dishonest man.

3. *Nakk dî nath khasm dî hath.*

The nose-ring in the husband's hand. The husband is so bad that he even takes away his wife's personal ornaments for his own use. No reliance on the wicked.

4. *Kamîne dî yârî sadâ khuârî.*

The friendship of the base is always bitterness.

5. *Kamîne dî dostî jihe bâlû dî bhît.*

The base man's friendship is like a wall of sand.

6. *Ganjî ghutâr te tisî âhalnâ.*

The bald-headed starling put her nest on the tree-top, *i. e.*, shutting the stable-door after the horse is stolen. The *mainâ* or Indian starling is supposed to have become bald-headed by the rubbing of the tree-branches as she sits on her nest.

7. *Nach na jâne merâ angan bingâ.*

I can't dance for my room is crooked, *i.e.*, a bad workman quarrels with his tools.

8. *Ape bâbu mangte te bâhar karhe darvesh.*

The beggar stands at the beggar's door, *i. e.*, carrying coals to Newcastle.

9. *Mangtiân te mangnâ êh lântiân dâ kamm.*

Only the mean will beg from a beggar, *i. e.*, a tree is known by its fruit. *Magistratus indicat virum.*

10. *Mâs mâs sarî gîâ te haddiân haddiân rahî gaiân.*

The flesh has gone bad and the bones have remained, *i. e.*, all one's eggs in thesame basket. To lose what one has in striving for more: foolish speculation.

11. *Hoche tâîn thûthâ labbhâ pânî pî pî âphar gîâ.*

Give a cup to the low and he swells himself with water, *i.e.*, a beggar on horseback. Puffed up with pride.

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12. *Agg nûn âî gharbâran hî ban baithî.*

She came for fire and became mistress of the house, *i. e.*, Jack in office: being conceited about nothing.

13. *Parâî chhâh uppur muchchân manâuniân.*

Shaving your moustache for another man's butter-milk, *i. e.*, every man's geese are swans. It is folly to trust in another man's goods. Muhammadans (and copying them the ignorant Hindus also) shave the moustache to avoid the hair going into the mouth when eating and drinking, as if it does it is supposed to send them to hell.

14. *Khâli gharâ chalkdâ bharyâ nahîn dalkdâ.*

The empty pot rattles, the full one is silent, *i. e.*, still waters run deep, or the empty kettle sings, not the full one. Old Sanskrit proverb.

15. *Ankhân te anhâ te nâun Nainsukh.*

Blind of the eyes and called a Seer, *i. e.*, *lucus a non lucendo*. Calling white black.

16. *Nawîn juânî liddu de phakke.*

The youth eats a mouthful of horsedung, *i. e.*, anything for show. The pride of a fool. The story goes that a young Jatt, in showing off how much food he could throw (after the manner of Jatts) into his mouth at once, picked up some horsedung and threw it in.

17. *Nâun na jânân terâ : tûn hoiâ jatherâ merâ ?*

I don't know your name: are you an ancestor? *i. e.*, you are making yourself very much at home. Said of a stranger who makes himself at home readily. The *jatherâ* is a deceased ancestor who is worshipped and to whom offerings of food must be made.

18. *Dâkhe hath na upre : thâ! kaurî!*

What the hand can't reach are sour grapes, *i. e.*, sour grapes! The Panjabi adage has originated from the same tale as the English one.

19. *Hath pur thukk te mâun âkhe "merâ putt rupâe hî parkhdâ hai."*

Spittle in his hand and his mother says he is examining his money *i. e.*, putting off the evil day: pacifying the creditor. The tricks of the bankrupt.

20. *Tinn pâu khichrî te chubâre rasoî.*

A pound and a half of rice and a dinner on the housetop, *i. e.*, inviting guests to a Barmecide feast: dining with Duke Humfrey: making a vain show.

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21. *Ghar nahîn khân nûn te ammâ pîhan gat hût hai.*

Nothing to eat in the house, because mother has gone out to grind corn, *i. e.*, putting a good face on it: hiding the skeleton in the cupboard.

22. *Hochî dî nath, kade nakk te kade hath.*

The mean woman's nose-ring, sometimes in her nose (shown), and sometimes in her hand (hidden), *i. e.*, showing off before company.

23. *Palle nahîn ann te barâsâhî banh.*

When your granary's empty send presents to your daughter-in-law: *i. e.*, making a vain show: living upon nothing.

24. *Khâh, jawâtâ, tahrî, nakkon muhon bahrî*, or *Khâh, jâwâtâ, tahrî, manne chitte bahrî.*

Eat the rice, my son, and fill your nose and mouth, or eat the rice, my son, and fill your heart and soul, *i. e.*, letting your right hand know what your left hand does. Doing a thing that everybody may know of it. The *tahrî* is a choice and rather expensive dish and the story goes that an old woman was so proud of having made some that she bade her son-in-law eat till the rice-grains hung about his nose and mouth. The second version may also mean (freely), "I call this *tahrî*, eat it and think so too."

25. *Mân jore kaurî kaurî, dhî gawâwe dhaurî.*

The mother collects pence and the daughter loses a whole buffalo skin, *i. e.*, being generous beyond one's means, current among the leather-seller class in India.

26. *Mâun phire phosî phosî nûn, te putt guhûre bakhsdâ phirdâ hai.*

The mother collects the cow-dung (for fuel) and the son gives away the heaps, *i. e.*, being generous with other people's money.

27. *Nawîn julâhî dher pur tânî.*

The new weaver fixed her loom on a dung-hill, *i. e.*, manners make the man. A man out of his station is sure to commit a solecism. The native loom has to be fixed firmly into the ground, but the untrained weaver fixed hers in a soft place.

28. *Dillî dalâl khâwen makkî baje nihâl.*

The Delhi brokers eat raw grain, and are called rich, *i. e.*, all for show. A common trick among these very sharp gentry is to have two pockets, one full of *makkî*, raw Indian corn, and one full of expensive

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sweetmeats. They munch the former and if asked what they are eating produce the latter, and offer some to the questioner to induce a belief in their wealth.

29. *Sûth nâ kupâh julâhe nâl thúngâ thângî.*

Nor cotton nor thread and he bothers the weaver, *i.e.*, much ado about nothing. Trading without means.

30. *Ghar men rahe na tîrath gae, Mund mundâ fazâhat bhae.*

Nor remained at home, nor went on the pilgrimage, but shaved his head and was disgraced, *i. e.*, pride comes before a fall. To shave the head is a ceremony preparatory to starting on a pilgrimage.

31. *Bâp na mârî piddrî te betâ tîrandâj.*

The father never hit a tomtit, but the son is an archer, *i. e.*, getting up a coat-of-arms; claiming a false descent. In India native trades and occupations are always hereditary.

32. *Mâun bhathiârî te putt Fattê Khân.*

The mother was an innkeeper and the son is Fatteh Khân, *i. e.*, giving one's self airs. The meaning of *Fatteh Khân*, is Conqueror of Conquerors: it is however a common Muhammadan name.

33. *Mâun mûlî, piû piâj, putt kesar dî tarî.*

The mother a raddish (valueless), the father an onion (valueless), and the son a saffron flower (valuable), *i. e.*, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Like father like son: a chip of the old block.

34. *Nawîn fakîrnî te tûthîân dâ karkarât.*

The new *fakîrnî* rattles her cups, *i. e.*, every cobbler to his last. A *fakîrnî* is a female religious mendicant (*fakîr*): the *fakîrnî* who has just begun to beg rattles her cups instead of holding them out for alms, showing she does not understand her work.

35. *Nawîn nâin te banjh dâ naherna.*

The new barber and bamboo nail-scissors (these should be of metal), *i. e.*, every cobbler to his last. The barber in India cuts nails and performs many domestic offices besides shaving and cutting hair.

36. *Mâun moî Poh de mahîne te dhî dâ nâun Bugchî.*

The mother died in the winter, yet the daughter is called "My Present," *i. e.*, an ass in a lion's skin. A man is not necessarily what he appears to be. In the winter it is the custom for parents to send small presents of clothes, etc., called *bugchî*, to their daughters while

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little: the girls as long as they receive these are called "*Bugchî*, my Present." It is therefore useless to call an orphan "*Bugchi*."

37. *Jatt fakîr gall gandiân dî mâlâ.*

The Jatt *fakîr* carries a garland of onions, *i. e.*, the child is father to the man. A man by changing his condition will not change his habits. Religious mendicants (*fakîrs*) will not eat onions, Jatts live on them.

38. *Kuttâ râj bahâliye, te chakkî chattan jâh.*

Set a dog on the throne and he still licks the handmill, *i. e.*, a beggar on the throne is a beggar still. The *chakkî* is the handmill used by Panjabi women for grinding corn; dogs constantly come to lick it. Habits do not change.

39. *Bânh jalî gîâ par bât nahîn gîâ.*

Burn the rope and the twist of it remains, *i. e.*, can the leopard change his spots?

Roebuck's Proverbs.

Elliot, *Races of the North-west Provinces of India*, Beames's ed. 1869, vol. i. p. 261, in his article on *Harbong kâ râj*, quotes the above book as Roebuck's *Oriental Proverbs*. Its full title is "A Collection of Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases in the Persian and Hindoostanee Languages," compiled and translated chiefly by the late Thomas Roebuck, Captain on the Madras Establishment, Public Examiner in the College of Fort William, and Member of the Asiatic Society. Calcutta, printed at the Hindoostanee Press, 1824.

Captain Roebuck died of fever in 1819, aged 35, in the midst of his useful career, and his book was published by the celebrated H. H. Wilson in 1824, and is dedicated to another pioneer of Indian studies, J. B. Gilchrist.

The collection of proverbs published by Wilson in Roebuck's name was commenced by Dr. William Hunter, the distinguished scholar, carried on and nearly completed by Roebuck, and finished and published by H. H. Wilson. The original plan was to publish a collection of Arabic and Persian, Sanskrit, Panjâbî, and Hindustani (Urdu) proverbs. Only the Persian and Hindustani were however completed and published.

The copy before me belongs to the Library of the Asiatic Society of

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Bengal (No. 1225), and is much worm-eaten. It contains pp. xxxi. 400, and 397, so it is a thick volume. There is an introduction, which includes a memoir of Captain Roebuck, showing all the good and useful work he did in the early days of oriental study. The book is divided into two parts, paged separately. The first part contains the Persian and the second the Hindustani proverbs. Each part is divided into two sections in which the proverbs are numbered separately. Thus:—Persian, Section 1, extracted chiefly from the Shâhid-i-Sâdiq, 500; Section 2, Persian proverbs, 2222; total 2722: Hindustani, Section 1, 1144; Section 2, 1560; total 2704. This gives a grand collection of 5426 proverbs current either in the mouths of the people or in the literature of India.

The method of presenting them is to give the original in the Persian character, with a free translation and sometimes an explanation. The translations are admirable, but the old Persian type used in printing the original is very indistinct and difficult to read. The transliterations of Proper Names, etc., where given, are in the now discarded style adopted by Dr. Gilchrist. The proverbs are given in that kind of alphabetical order that I described when noticing the vernacular book of proverbs in my possession, the *Khaznat-ul-Imsâl;* each section commencing with the letter *a*. Thus:—

Part I, Section 1, *âbâdân shud shahr-i-tû*, may your town be populous! addressed to a fool or rogue, *q. d.* May you remain at home and not go into any other country to do mischief there.

Part I, Section 2, *âb az daryâ bakhshîdan*, to give water from the river. Applied to one who procures favour or advantage to another without injuring himself and incurring expense. It also signifies to give away the property of another without fear of being called to account.

Part II, Section 1, *â, balâ, galle lag*, come, misfortune, embrace me.

Part II, Section 2, *ab bhi merâ murda tere zinde par bhârî hai*, still my dead is more than a match for your living: my family, etc., are more respectable.

This book is not quoted by Mr. Long, *Eastern Proverbs and Emblems*, Trubner, 1881, nor do I know that it is generally known or procurable, though it is pretty sure to be found in the British Museum. It is

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however, of such importance to modern collectors of proverbs for purposes of intercomparison that I have thus described it at length for the Members of the Society.

Current Proverbs.

Natives are very fond of making jokes and quips playing upon proper names. Here are some.

(1.) Persian.

Hoshnâkî râ cheh goyam? hosh ne'st.
Kâr kardan go, magar ân josh ne'st.
How shall I call the senseless sensible (*Hoshnâkî*)?
You may tell him to work, but he has no spirit in him.

Play on the name Hoshnâkî, meaning sensible.

(2.). Hindî. North-west Provinces (Jânsî).

Ai mere *Sartâjo*,
Karat nahîn kachu kâjo!
Ah my grand-lady (*Sartâjo*)
That does no work!

said of an idle consequential girl. Sartâjo (sar+tâj) means the crown of the head, grand lady.

(3.) Panjâbî. Kângrâ Hills.

Âî mere *Nanhîn*,
Par hâkhîn te hai anhîn.
My little girl (Nanhîn) has come,
But her eyes are blind.

That is, very little children are not sharp: said of a stupid woman. Nanhî or Nanhîn means a very small girl, a little trot.

(4.) Panjâbî.

Saddî na bulâî,
Bhâbo phulke belan âî.
asked or not
the girl came to roll the chupâtis.

Said of one who comes into a room on any pretext.

(5.) Urdu.

Khamdâr chîz fasâd kî jhar hai.
Crooked things are the root of all evil.

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(6.) Urdu.

Jo fasâd hotâ hai,
So khamdâr chîz se hotâ hai.
Quarrels arise
From crooked things.

This is a very common notion in India and is applied to everything, even personal peculiarities, see the following.

(7.) Panjabî. Kângrâ Hills.

Kânâ, kâchra, hoch-gardanâ; yeh tînon kamzât:
Jablag bas apnâ chale, to koî nahîn pucche bât.
Wall-eyed, blear-eyed, short-necked; these three are low-bred.
No one employs them if he can help it.

(8.) Hindi.

Âp mare to jag marâ
When I die the world dies.

or

Âp dûbe to jag dûbâ.
When I am drowned the world is drowned.

i. e., A man is all the world to himself.

(9.) Hindî.

Wahân jâo jahân singh samâî.
Go where your horns are safe.

i. e., Look before you leap.

(10.) Urdu.

Jahân mohabbat wahân ranj.
Where there is love there is sorrow.

The "aliquid amari:" every rose has its thorn.

(11.) Persian.

Falak rà ghair azîn khud ne'st kâre,
Keh yâre rà judâ sâzad ze yâre.
The stars do nothing else
But separate friend from friend.

(12.) The manners and habits of the low-class natives—especially in the hills—are very beastly and disgusting, and lead to many proverbs. I give one softened down as much as possible.

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Panjâbî. Kângrâ Hills.

Bhojan pâwe bhânt bhânt par pindâ mota n'hoe :
Jûîn likh to bahot hain aur milî chitrnî joe.
He eats plenty of food and is not fat :
For his lice and nits are plenty and his wife is fascinating.

From jûîn, a louse, is a girl's proper name Jûn or Jûîn ; and from likh, a nit, comes Likho, a girl's name ! The process of extracting lice and nits from the hair can be seen in any Indian village any day from Peshâwar to Cape Comorin.

IRISH FOLK-TALES.

By James Britten, F.L.S.

(See ante, p. 55.)

THE following tale was written down by Patrick Myers at the dictation of his father, John Myers, native of Kilfinnan, co. Limerick. Mr. Myers has many stories, but says that the stories they told when he was a young man wouldn't be fit to be written down. It may be remembered that Mr. Patrick Kennedy * gives a similar account of some of the folk-tales of co. Wexford : and I have a suspicion that the story now given has been somewhat polished up by the writer. Its interest as a folk-tale lies partly in the corroboration which it gives to and receives from one of Crofton Croker's stories. In that writer's *Killarney Legends*, pp. 80-83, will be found a legend resembling this in all the main features. It is there associated with Mucruss Abbey, and the parts of Pat and the beggarman are taken by two monks. I strongly suspect that the setting, the localisation, and the *dramatis personæ* are Mr. Croker's own ; there are certain

* *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 23.

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incongruities in his version which would not appear in a genuine Irish story. Mr. Croker probably heard the story in some such form as that I now give, and afterwards adapted it to his purpose.

IV.—The Two Brothers.

Once upon a time there lived a rich gentleman who had two sons, named Michael and Pat. Mike was a steady and saving lad, while Pat used to squander and drink all that was allowed him; but he was very good in one way, for he used to go on his knees and pray that his father and mother would die, as he was expecting half the property. Soon the father did die, and willed his property between them. Pat soon sold his property, and squandered his money away, so that he was obliged to come and work as a labourer for his brother, and live in a cottage on the estate. One night a beggar man knocked at the door, and asked for a night's lodging. Pat, being very free-hearted, gave it to him. The beggar man, noticing they had nothing for supper but cabbage, said they would go halves, as he had plenty of potatoes. While the vegetables were cooking, he began to enquire about the gentleman up at the house (meaning Pat's brother). Pat soon told him the whole story; about his drinking making him as he was; and about the rich man being his brother. Now, as the cottage was situated close to the paddock where the cattle were kept, the beggar man said he would never see him have potatoes and cabbage without meat for supper while his brother was so rich. At the same time, pulling a pistol from his pocket, he forced poor Pat to go out into the paddock with him and kill one of the sheep; so they had plenty of vegetables and mutton for supper. The beggar man soon made bold and stopped, lodging with them, going out hawking at day-time, and bringing home plenty of potatoes at night; and when they wanted meat for supper they used to go the paddock and kill a sheep. They soon began to miss them up at the house, and Mike's mother-in-law and wife suspected Pat for it; but Mike said that, although he used to drink heavily, he would not steal. Now the mother-in-law proposed a plan that there should be a party, and that she would get into a chest that was in the drawing-room, with plenty of food in it, and have it taken down to the cottage, saying it was in the way up at the house; and in that way they would find out the truth. Now the first night the chest was at the cottage, they went out and brought in a sheep. After enjoying the supper, the beggar man remarked, "I

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wonder if anything would tempt him to leave any money in that chest." Pat told him it was locked; but the beggar man said he would soon open it. Pat said he would get turned out of house and home; but the beggar man took no notice, and turned the chest upside down, and, getting a spade, soon broke the bottom boards out. The poor old woman sued for mercy, saying she would say nothing of what she had heard; but the beggar man said she would not get a chance, at the same time catching up a hard crust, he rammed it down her throat with the end of the poker. After three days had passed, Mike's wife said it was time the chest was brought back, and, to their surprise, when it did come home they found the old woman dead and quite black in the face. Mike said it was a judgment from God for suspecting his brother. Mike consulted his wife, and they agreed to tell the foreman to lay straw about the yard as the old lady was taken dangerously ill. Next day, about twelve o'clock, they put the report about that she had died. The funeral was arranged, and she was buried with a gold ring and other costly things about her. The night after the funeral, the beggar said it was a shame that such good things should be buried; therefore it was arranged that they should go to the grave and dig her up, and take them off of her. But instead of taking them off of her, he put her on his back, and carried her to the house, and leant her up against the front door. In the morning the master called the butler, and asked him to go and see how the weather was, as he had to see to the making of hayricks. Directly the butler opened the front door, the old woman fell inside, and he fainted away on top of her. The master, getting impatient, called the footman, and told him to see what was keeping the butler. He brought back answer to say that they were both stretched at the front door. The next day the master buried her a second time. The next night they dug her up, and brought her to the stables, and strapped her on a colt's back, and took the headstall off. In the morning, when daylight appeared, the colt made its way out on the front lawn, and began jumping about, as he had not been used to have anybody on his back. The master waking up, seeing it out of his window, determined to leave the country: so, making arrangements with his foreman, he started off with his wife in a four-in-hand. Now the mother of this colt was among the four. When the colt saw her go it followed. When the master saw this he became greatly alarmed, and resolved to turn back. Now on their way home they had to

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pass Pat's cottage; the beggar, running out and stopping the colt, unstrapped the old lady. The master had her buried the third time, and appointed twelve men to watch over her, Pat and the beggar among them. About midnight Pat and the beggar began crying, "Here she is rising"; and all ran away. Next morning the master asked how they got on, and the beggar replied they were the cowardliest lot of men he ever met, except one, alluding to Pat; at the same time pretending he never knew him before. Then Pat and the beggar entered into an agreement that they would watch over the grave for half the money and property he possessed. The master agreed, and the old lady was very easily kept down. Afterwards, the beggar took the money and went away; and Pat began a new life, and got on very prosperously.

JAMES BRITTEN.

MAY-CHAFER AND SPRING SONGS IN GERMANY.

THE Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco having spoken, in her interesting article of last month, of the May-chafer and Lady-bird ditties of Germany, I think I should mention that there is good reason to believe that the word "Pommer-land" (Pomerania), in the song alluded to, is evidently a late corruption. There are several versions of that children's song. In one of them, "Engelland" is brought in; which may mean either England, or the Land of the Angels. Perhaps, for the solution of the question, I may be allowed to quote what I wrote in *Freia-Holda, the Teutonic Goddess of Love*, in the *Cornhill Magazine* of May, 1872.

Having referred to the Lady-bird, the hallowed messenger of that German Aphrodite, I said:—

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"The cock-chafer, too, seems to have been a hallowed insect of yore. It is called *Mai-Käfer* in German, from the period of the year when it generally comes first out of the ground; and that period, as said before, was the sacred time of the Goddess of Love. German children have a custom of placing that beetle on their left hand, to which they generally attach it by a thread; and then they sing a verse the meaning of which has long puzzled investigators. Mannhardt* has collected quite a variety of such verses, all taken direct from the lips of German boys, in order to prove that they refer to *that final catastrophe*† *when the Gods and their Giant antagonists are warring with each other, and the Asa-world collapses in a fearful tumult and universal conflagration.* All the rhymes collected until now make it extremely probable that they refer to the danger which envelops, and finally destroys, Holda's reign. Still, Mannhardt was not able to give any verse in which her name is distinctly traceable. . . . I believe I can supply the missing link in regard to the curious Cock-chafer Songs which are of such high mythological interest. I distinctly remember a ditty sung by children, in which the cock-chafer is bidden to fly to his father (presumably Wodan, the consort of Freia-Holda‡), who is said to be 'at war,' and to his mother, who is in Holler-Land,' where a conflagration has broken out, which consumes Holler-Land :—

Maikäfer, flieg'!
Dein Vater ist im Krieg!
Deine Mutter ist im Holler-Land—
Holler-Land ist abgebrannt!
Iuch he!

"The latter joyful exclamation may be supposed to be the Christian '*Io triumphe*,' the utterance of joy over the destruction of the heathen Asa-world. I need scarcely remind the reader that the song which is sung in Germany about the cock-chafer is also sung in some parts of this country about the ladybird :—

Lady-bird, lady-bird, hie thy way home!
Thy house is on fire! thy children all roam!

* *Germanische Mythen.*

† *Ragnarök*, the Dusk or Doom of the Gods.

‡ In the old German faith, Freia's image is not yet split into two figures, as among the Northmen (Freyja and Frigg).

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Or :—

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire! your children will burn!"

So far the quotation from the article in the "Cornhill Magazine." As to the "children" who are said to be in danger of burning, they are, according to the myth, the Unborn who dwell in the fragrant domain of the Goddess of Love, on flowery meadows, and in the foliage of her garden, until the little lady-bird, the messenger of Our Lady Freia-Holda, comes to call them into human existence.

There is, no doubt, still some beetle-lore worth collecting for the better reconstruction of these ancient poetical beliefs; and therefore I thought I might refer more fully to this subject. I may add that I have heard the above version of the Cock-chafer version in the Baden Palatinate, where it is, no doubt, still current.

I have stated elsewhere, in connection with Freia, that even such apparently silly children's songs as

Ringe, ringe Reihe!
Sind der Kinder dreie;
Sitzen auf dem Holler-Busch,
Schreien alle: husch! husch! husch!

are clearly an infantine ceremonial, of combined dance and song, in which there is not—as may seem at a first blush—any reference to the elder-tree, but rather an allusion to the bushes of the fragrant meadow in Freia-Holda's realm, on which the souls, or faint forms, of the Unborn await their incarnation on the "Holler-Busch."

The curious children's drama for which the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco has been good enough to quote me, must once have been (as I stated in *A Bavarian Passion Play and the Earliest Vestiges of a German Drama**) a rude theatrical representation, in heathen times, of the struggle between Life and Death; between the torpidity of Winter and the genial powers of Spring—a struggle in which a Resurrection Idea was embodied. In boyhood I have taken part, in open air, in the somewhat elaborate ceremonies of driving out Death, or Winter, and welcoming Spring with triumphal glees. It was all done by little boys who marched out of town in formal procession.

* *Minerva* Magazine (Rome); April, 1880.

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The emblems of Spring consisted of little bedding fir-trees, borne aloft, which were hung all over with gaudy garlands of many-coloured paper ribbons and blown-out egg shells, through which coloured strings were passed. The egg, I need not say, is the symbol of the rejuvenescence of Nature.

In Grimm and Simrock, some details may be read of this semi-dramatic Expulsion of Winter or Death. Bits of poetical ditties are also mentioned by them. I remember the beginning of a song in the Frankonian dialect of the Baden Palatinate, in this way :—

Summer-daach! Staab aus!
Blos' 'em Winter die Aache aus!
Mit Veilche, Rose, Blumme
Will der Summer kumme !

In High German :—

Sommer tag! Staub aus!
Blas' dem Winter die Augen aus!
Mit Veilchen, Rosen, Blumen
Will der Sommer kommen !

That is :—"Summer-day! Dust away! Blow out Winter's eyes! With violets, roses, flowers, Summer is a-coming!"

More, I regret to say, I do not recollect; but I have a strong remembrance of the "Expulsion of Winter" and the "Bringing-in of Spring" having been acted in a striking, anti-strophic manner.

Now, such a performance, heathen Teutonic in its origin, celebrating the Resurrection of Life from its wintry tomb, or the Triumph over Death in Nature, may be looked upon as an incipient drama, which by its very character easily lent itself as a means of transition to a Mystery and Passion Play in a Christian sense. It has, therefore, been contended with some show of reason that the Passion Play in Germany is only an after-comer. In our children's games and songs, beyond question, a great deal of older Wodanic and Wanic rites and beliefs is often preserved, which sometimes can be traced quite clearly under their present infantine garb.

KARL BLIND.

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Stone Celts.—In Mr. C. W. King's *Early Christian Numismatics and other Antiquarian Tracts*, 8vo. 1873, there is a very learned and interesting dissertation on the widely prevalent notion that stone axes or celts are thunderbolts. One line in this paper however requires correction. Mr. King states, "No such notion with respect to celts has ever been current in this country" (p. 238). We have evidence of the existence of this belief in Cornwall. The Rev. R. Polwhele in his *Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1826, tells us that "For the *reumatis* boiled *dunderbolt* is a sovereign remedy, at least in the West of Cornwall. I knew an old woman who used to boil a *celt* (vulgarly a *dunderbolt* or thunderbolt) for some hours, and then dispense her water to the diseased. The wonder with her was that none of the celt would ever boil away."—Vol. ii. p. 607.

In W. Jerdan's *Autobiography* there is a passage which is confirmatory of this, but as I have not the book at hand I cannot give a more exact reference.

In a review, by Sir Henry Dryden, of Mr. George Low's *Tour through the Islands of Orkney and Schetland*, which appeared in *The Academy* of July 26, 1879, we read: "The natives, it appears, gave the name of 'thunderbolt' to the stone axes or celts, and here we may notice that, among nations of Celtic as well as Teutonic origin, this name is assigned to these instruments The elf arrows were the instruments wherewith the fairies or witches injured their cattle, and so the possession of them prevented further attacks by these imps. A thunderbolt, concealed under the eve of a house, protected the dwelling from fire. Low mentions the discovery at Northmavine of seven celts arranged in a circle, with the points towards the centre. It is a curious fact that in the museum at Nantes are eight celts which are stated to have been found in that neighbourhood in a similar position." P. 72.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

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A Gaelic Charm (*seun*).—The following is a translation of a charm from the late Dr. Norman Macleod's *Caraid nan Gaidheal*, p. 343 (Ed. 1867). He took it down from an old man in Glen Forsa, Isle of Mull, about the year 1800 :—

For thee and for thy heirs,
The charm Bride put round Doirdheal's daughter—
The charm Mary put round her son
Between her sole and her neck,
Between her breast and her knee,
Between her eye and her hair.
Michael's sword at thy side ;
Michael's shield on thy shoulder.
There is naught 'twixt heaven and earth
Will conquer the King of divine favours.
Weapon-point will not cleave thee,
And sea will not drown thee.
Christ's flag upon thee ;
Christ's shadow over thee.
From crown of thy head to sole of thy foot,
Is the charm of success upon thee now.
Thou shalt go in the name of the King,
And shalt come in the name of thy Chieftain.
Thou belongest to God and to the powers together.
I will send the charm on Monday
On a narrow pointed thorny journey.
Start off with the charm round thy waist,
And thou shalt have no occasion to fear ;
Thou shalt mount to the top of the hill,
And thou wilt not be thrown down from behind.
The son of peaceful Eala, in battle
Thou shalt stand in the midst of the slaughter ;
Thou shalt rush through five hundred,
And the man that harms thee will be in a strait.
God's charm round about thee !
A host going over thee !

JOHN ABERCROMBY

New Year's Day Custom, Sussex.—The Sussex Daily News of Jan. 5th, 1883, states that on New Year's Day the old custom of "the Bushel" was observed at the Red Lion Inn, Old Shoreham, Sussex. "The manner is to decorate a vessel holding a bushel, with flowers, green paper, &c., and fill it with beer, from which any comers may drink free. The vessel was twice filled, first by the brewers, Vallance, Catt, and Co., and next by some of the company. A large number was present,

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and the liquor went off freely. The present landlord is Mr. James Cuddington. The house is a good picture of an old country inn, and has been in the family for a great number of years." On enquiry I was told the custom had been observed for 80 years. A new bushel corn measure is used, and, when filled, the beer put in it froths up, and with the green paper, &c., makes it appear like a huge cauliflower. The beer is ladled out with a pint mug, and drunk from glasses. There is a regular chairman, and the man who ladles out the beer is called "*the baler*" and the latter has the privilege of drinking from the measure itself. Is this custom common elsewhere, and what is its origin?

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Malagasy and Chinese parallels.—See *ante*, p. 66.—The Malagasy effusion here quoted by Mr. Sibree, stanza 1, reminds one of the Chinese saying:—

> "In the sky there are not two suns,
> On earth there are not two Emperors."

The original of which is very terse and expressive.

Similarly the note on p. 70, respecting the misfortune of dying away from home, finds its counterpart in China. A Celestial, as every one knows, will do anything rather than be buried in a strange land. The great reason is that they believe the spirits of the unburied to become vagrant, and there can be no greater misfortune befall a man than this. Hence, too, their desire to have coffins made during their life-time.

HILDERIC FRIEND.

Richmond Castle tradition.—The following tradition told to me by the Rev. Mr. Sorby, of Sheffield, was thought by him to refer to Richmond Castle, but he was not quite sure on this point:—In the ruins of (Richmond) Castle, Yorkshire, King Arthur and his knights sit spell-bound. A man, Potter Thompson by name, once penetrated by accident into the hall in which they sit around a table on which lie a sword and a horn. Terrorstruck at the sight the intruder fled, and as he crossed the threshold of the hall a voice sounded in his ears:

> "Potter Thompson, Potter Thompson, hadst thou blown the horn,
> Thou hadst been the greatest man that ever was born."

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For he would have released Arthur from his spell. Needless to say that he never found his way back to the enchanted hall.—I shall be glad of any references to genuine traditions of a similar nature. It is hardly necessary to point out that the fundamental idea is the same as that of part of the Grail legend.

ALFRED NUTT.

PERSIAN FOLK-LORE.—The following notes occur in O'Donovan's recent book, *The Merv Oasis* (London, 1882).

Idiotcy.—"The inhabitants of Asterabad hold the peculiar belief that the bread made in the town exercises an intoxicating influence upon strangers; and there are trees standing beside one of the numerous streams which traverse the town—centennial *cherars* (lime trees), with great branching roots arching the channel, which are supposed to bewitch the individual who stands under their spreading boughs after the sun has set. Half-witted people are pointed out among the population, and the Asterabad will tell you, with a grave shake of the head, that 'that is what comes of standing under such-and-such a tree after nightfall.'"—i. 186.

Divination.—"After supper the Khan amused himself with a peculiar kind of divination . . . . . A plate of 'destiny' (*fall*) was brought in, being only a slab of unbaked earth on which a circle had been traced, and divided by radial lines into twenty-nine sections. Three pieces of straw were placed at random on the divisions, and the Khan, taking a division at haphazard, and counting to the left, repeated the letters of the alphabet, and announced the letters corresponding to the three straws. An old Turcoman interpreted the result, and announced that the party would return the next day with success."—ii. 59.

Wandering Spirits.—"Near the doorway, against the felt wall-lining, is sewn a piece of linen or calico, four or five inches square, forming a pocket for the reception of the bounties of wandering spirits. This they call the *tarum*."—ii. 141.

Horse Shoe Charm.—"A horseshoe, too, is occasionally to be found nailed upon the threshold."—ii. 141.

Whistling and Ghouls.—"I asked why Makduru Kuli objected to my whistling. 'Is it possible you don't know,' returned the priest,

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that at this hour [sunset] the ghouls and gins are abroad, and are wandering to and fro? If they hear you whistle they will suppose you are calling them; and, Bismillah, we have no desire for their company.' I afterwards learned that to whistle in the day time is a token of defiance, and not considered proper when others are by."—ii. 264.

Fever Charm.—A woman, too, whose daughter was suffering from fever, brought in a handful of camel's hair, and asked me to manufacture from it a charm for the cure of her daughter's illness. As I had not the slightest notion of what the nature of the charm might be, I addressed myself to Aman Niaz Khan, who immediately undertook to instruct me. By means of a spindle the camel's hair was spun to a stout thread, the Khan all the time droning some verses from the Koran, or some necromantic chant. When the thread was finished it was of considerable length, and, folding it three times upon itself, he respun it. Then he proceeded to tie seven knots upon the string. Before drawing each knot hard he blew upon it. This, tied into the form of a bracelet, was to be worn on the wrist of the patient. Each day one of the knots was to be untied and blown upon, and when the seventh knot had been undone the whole of the thread was to be made into a ball and thrown into the river, carrying, as was supposed, the illness with it.—ii. 319.

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Children's Charm.—On page 30 (*ante*) reference is made to crumbs given to children to eat after they had fallen from a donkey's mouth. The same custom is observed in China. A friend of mine, living near Canton, used to keep a monkey (a sacred animal, and supposed to be concerned in the well-being of children). He observed that the native women often brought articles of food for this creature, and wondered at their kindness. He soon ascertained the cause. A woman one day came and gave the monkey a banana, which she took back again when half eaten. When questioned, she stated that she had a sick child whose complaints would be relieved by its partaking of food left by (or bearing the saliva of) a monkey.—Cf. *N. and Q.*, quoted by Dyer in *English Folk-Lore*, p. 155.

A Neapolitan Custom (p. 31).—There are links in this chain which are of great interest and value in the study of social and early

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domestic life. My friend, E. H. Parker, Esq., of H.M. Consular Service, one of the most indefatigable students of out-of-the-way matters relating to Chinese customs and folk-lore, thus writes of the people living in the province of Kwang-tung, and more especially in the prefecture of Kwang-chou:—"Every Cantonese husband is provided on the day of his marriage with a small piece of immaculate white cloth, with which in his bosom he approaches the nuptial couch. Deflorata jam nupta, mantelium, *hwa sé* [*lit.* flower-colour, cf. "flowers" in our own language in this connection, H.F.] vaginali cruore imbutum laeteficus parentibus exhibit maritus. Porro, triumphans, porcos assatos nuptae parentibus offert. Si tamen infauste laesa illi advenerit virginitas, tunc, comperto fraude, nuptam parentibus ignominiose dimittit." We were informed of a case in the city of Canton the other day, in which an unfortunate and possibly innocent girl was thus sent back. She was scolded and abused by her disappointed and disgraced parents to such an extent that she died in a few weeks." Something similar is alleged to have been the practice among the Arabs, Turks, Copts, and Persians. The foregoing extract first appeared in the *China Mail* (Hongkong) in the form of "Chinese Notes." It was reprinted in the *China Review*, and the article afterwards published separately under the title "Comparative Chinese Family Law." The pamphlet deserves the special attention of all who are interested in the subject.

HILDERIC FRIEND (formerly of Canton).

Deathbed Superstition.—My mother-in-law having been sick unto death for some weeks I have been earnestly entreated to *move her bed* "as it must be under a cross beam or she would have passed away long ago, and then she will quickly pass away."

JNO. A. YATMAN.

Children's Rhyme in Bucks (*Buckingham*) *and Oxon* (*Banbury*):—

"Some say the devil's dead
And buried in Cold Harbour;
Others say he's come again
And 'prenticed to a barber."

This dates back at least sixty years and is still in use. Cf. *Folk-Lore Record*, iv. 176.

JAMES BRITTEN.

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QUERIES.

Bugbears for frightening Children.—Has any exhaustive collection ever been made of them? Almost every country seems to possess some traditional being,

> So much feared abroad,
> That with his name the mothers still their babes.

Spain is peculiarly rich in shadowy personalties whose names are frequently cited in the cradle-songs (*nanas*). The *Coco* has long performed this useful office, and is said by a learned writer of the seventeenth century (*Covarrubias—Tesoro de la lengua Castellana*, &c. Madrid, 1611, s.v. *Coco*) to have a Hebrew origin. The *Bû*, the *Cancon*, and the *Duende*, are all hobgoblins who assist the *Coco* in his functions; and even should all those fail to awe the miscreant into good behaviour, there is still the Moor (*Moro*), the Jews (*Judios*) and Black hand (*Mano negra*) to fall back upon.

J. W. Crombie.

Garments.—Is it worth while asking why men button their garments to the right, and women to the left?

Fanny Field Andrews.

Le Pigantié, Menton (Alpes-Maritimes), France.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

The Bakhtyār Nāma: a Persian Romance. Translated from a manuscript text by Sir William Ouseley. Edited, with introduction and notes, by W. A. Clouston (privately printed, 1883). 8vo. pp. li. 232.

With infinite care, excellent taste, and considerable learning, Mr. Clouston has, by the production of this volume, conferred a boon upon

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all students of folk-lore. The members of the Society know full well from Comparetti's *Treatise on Sindibad* the position held by this remarkable cycle of stories, and as Sir William Ouseley's translation of the Bakhtyār Nama has become extremely scarce it is particularly fortunate that we should at this juncture be able to place Mr. Clouston's edition side by side with the Sindibad. The Bakhtyār Nama is founded upon the false accusation by ten viziers of the favourite of the king Bakhtyār. He saves himself from execution by the relation of stories apropos to his own situation, and the ten viziers counteract his stories by stories of their own. At the last Bakhtyār is discovered to be the son of the king, having been left as an infant by the side of a well and adopted by robbers. Thus there is the same framework as in the Sindibad. One cannot help reading these stories quite independently of their folk-lore value, because they possess all the charm and interest which generally accompanies Eastern romance. Mr. Clouston, however, leaving the stories to speak for themselves, has added a most useful and valuable appendix of notes illustrative of the manners and customs referred to in these tales. Such notes direct attention to the archaic origin of some of the story incidents and hence to the stories themselves. It is very remarkable what a life these stories have had; and the western world no doubt owes much of its romantic literature to these wonderful productions of the east. Standing as this country does in such close connection with one great home of romance, India, it becomes the duty, as it would very soon become the pleasure, of the cultured and the studious to learn as much as scholars can produce of this great body of eastern literature.

Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven, von Dr. F. S. Kraus. (Leipzig, Friedrich). 12mo. xxxii. 480 pp.

A valuable collection of 109 Servian, Bosnian, Croatian, and other South Slavonic tales and traditions, translated into German from the following printed and MS. sources: 18 from the collection of *Vuk Vrcevic*, originally published in the Slovinac, a Ragusa Magazine; 19 from *Valjavec's Narodne pripojedke skupio u i oko Varazdina*,

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originally published in 1858; 57 from a MS. collection formed by Professor Valjavec as a supplement to the above-named work; the remainder from the printed collections of *Vuk Stefanovic Karadzic*, *Stojanovics* and from the MS. collections of *Plohl-Herdvigov*, *P. Lõw* and the author himself. Hitherto *Karadzic's* Servian folk-tales, translated into German by his daughter, has been the only South Slavonic collection accessible to the majority of students, by whom Dr. Kraus' volume will therefore be heartily welcomed.

Ueberreste Germanischen Heidenthums im Christenthum, oder die Wochentage, Monate und Christlichen Feste etymologisch, mythologisch, symbolisch, und historisch, erklärt von K. A. Oberle. Baden Baden 1883. viii. 172 pp.

A careful and exhaustive survey of the survivals of heathen beliefs and practices in the ceremonies and observances of the Christian Church.

Proverbes et Dictons du Peuple Arabe. Matériaux pour servir à la connaissance des dialectes vulgaires, recueillis, traduits et annotés par C. Landberg. Vol. i. Province de Syrie. Leiden and Paris 1883. 8vo. xlviii. 458 pp.

The first volume of a collection of proverbs, collected from and explained by the people.

Les Deux Saints Caradec. Legendes Latines inédites, avec introduction et notes critiques par A. de la Borderie. Paris 1883. 8vo. 30 pp.

The editor has done good service by printing the earliest forms of two legends which, as he shows, are found in the ordinary hagiological collections only in an interpolated and debased shape.

Introduction à l'Etude de la Litérature Celtique, par H. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Vol. i. Paris 1883. 8vo. 401 pp.

The present volume consists of the course of lectures delivered by the eminent Celtisant at the Collège de France. It is entirely devoted to an examination of the functions and privileges of the three lettered classes which are to be distinguished among the Celts, viz. the Bards, the Druids, and the File. It is needless to say that the author has

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complete command of the entire literature of his subject, and that he deals with his facts in a thoroughly scholarly spirit.

Folk-tale Tabulations.—The following tabulations have been received "John Comfortable *v.* Death," "The Devil's Mother-in-law," from Caballeros, *Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces*, "The three Riddles," from *Cantos Populares Españoles*, "The Candles," "The Ring of Rabbits," from *El Folk-lore Andaluz*, 1882-3, all by Mr. J. W. Crombie.

It is interesting to learn that the Folk-lorists of Spain, notwithstanding the somewhat lukewarm support they are getting from their countrymen, are shewing great activity in collecting and publishing the rich folk-lore of their country. Headed by S. Antonio Machado y Alvarez they have resolved to issue a collection under the title, *Folk-lore Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españoles.*

Attention may be drawn to another valuable series just now issuing at Seville, *Poesia popular—cuentos, cantares, adivinanzas*, &c. A volume of "Enigmas y Adivinanzas," by Demófilo, has appeared. It contains upwards of eleven hundred arranged in alphabetical order according to their solutions, with a valuable introduction, some *Cuentos de Adivinanzas* in an appendix, and a bibliography of Spanish riddle-literature, with mention of a few collections in other languages.

Dr. Samuel A. Green has published a *brochure* on "Groton (Massachussetts) in the Witchcraft Times." The chief matter and interest of it consists in an independent transcription of the account left by the Rev. Samuel Willard of a supposed case of demoniacal possession in the year 1671, famous in Puritan annals as the case of Elizabeth Knapp.

Mr. Robert Holland read a paper before the Chester Archæological Society in April last on Rustic Folk-lore.

Mr. Alfred Nutt read a paper before the Cymmrodorion Society on the 12th April on the "Grail legend and its relationship to Celtic popular belief and literature."

The Annual Meeting will be held towards the end of June.

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1881.

VII. Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-east of Scotland. By the Rev. Walter Gregor. 8vo. pp. xii. 238. [Published at 13*s.* 6*d.*]

CONTENTS:—Birth.—The Child.—Baptism.—The Nursery.—Boy Code of Honour.—About the Human Body.—Dreams, Divination, &c.—Leechcraft.—The House.—Evenings at the Fireside.—Fairies.—Water Kelpie.—Ghosts, Witches.—"Black Airt" and Devil Compacts.—Riddles.—Marriage.—Place Rhymes.—Place and Family Characteristics.—Animal and Plant Superstitions.—Times and Seasons and Weather.—Christmas, New Year's Day, &c.—Countings out.—Washing Day.—Farming, Boats, and Fishing.—Death.—Burial.—Glossary.—Index.

VIII. The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 239. [Issued to Members only.]

CONTENTS:—The Aryan Expulsion-and-return Formula in the Folk and Hero Tales of the Celts, by Alfred Nutt.—Some additional Folk-Lore from Madagascar, by the Reverend James Sibree, Junior.—Slavonic Folk-Lore, by the Reverend W. S. Lach-Szyrma.—Euphemism and Tabu in China, by the Reverend Hildric Friend.—Folk-Lore from the United States, by William George Black.—Notes on Irish Folk-Lore, by G. H. Kinahan, M.R.I.A.—Weather Proverbs and Sayings not contained in Inwards or Swainson's Books, by C. W. Empson.—Notes on India Folk-Lore, by William Crooke.—Portugnese Stories, by Miss Henriqueta Monteiro.—Proverbs from "The Praise of Yorkshire Ale," 1697.—Amulets in Scotland, communicated by James Britten, F.L.S.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1880.—Index.

1882.

The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 229. [Issued to Members only.]

Researches respecting the Book of Sindibad. By Professor Domenico Comparetti. pp. viii. 167.—**Portuguese Folk-Tales.** By Professor Z. Consiglieri Pedroso of Lisbon; with an introduction by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. pp. ix. 124. In one vol., 8vo. Published at 15*s.*

1883.

Folk-Medicine. By William George Black. [In the press.]

Folk-Lore Journal. Issued monthly, free of charge to Members. Published at Eighteen pence.

In Preparation.

FOLK-LORE AND PROVINCIAL NAMES OF BRITISH BIRDS. By the Rev. C. Swainson.

SUTHERLAND FOLK-TALES. By Miss Dempster. [MS. received.]

THE DENHAM TRACTS. Edited by James Hardy. [MS. received.]

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE. By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. [Now being printed in Folk-Lore Journal.]

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF ENGLISH CHAPBOOKS AND PENNY HISTORIES.

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.



Alter et Idem.

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PUBLICATIONS
OF
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XI.

my *Great African Island*, shewing the relative positions of the principal tribes of the Malagasy. It must be remembered that the island, although about four times as large as England and Wales, has only about four to five millions of inhabitants; so that a considerable extent of country is either uninhabited, or has only a very scanty population, and the territory occupied by the different tribes is often separated from the others by unoccupied regions.

The most favourite and interesting, as well as the longest, Malagasy folk-tale, is that of Ibonìa, or, as the name is given in some of the variants of the story, Andrian-àri-saina-bonìa màso-bonìa-manòro. Of this tale Mr. Richardson says, "It could with a little 'padding,' and the additions contained in our various renderings, be lengthened out into a good-sized three-volume novel, so many are the incidents and *dramatis personæ*; while the most concise form of it (18 pp.) is that published in the first number of the [Malagasy] Folk-Lore Society's Publications, and obtained by the writer [Mr. R.] from a teacher in the London Missionary Society's Normal School. Its length and wealth of incident certainly establish its claim for a first place in all notices of the Malagasy tales."

THE WAY IN WHICH ANDRIANÒRO OBTAINED A WIFE FROM HEAVEN.

(The following was obtained from Vàkin-Ankáratra.)

Once upon a time there was, it is said, a man named Adriambahòaka-in-the-midst-of-the-land, and this man had three children—one son and two daughters. The son's name was Andrianòro, and those of his two sisters, Ràmatòa and Rafàravàvy.* Andriambahòaka was rich and had large estates, and these two daughters of his were unmarried. Then said the son named Andrianòro to his father and mother, "Get me a wife, oh daddy and mammy." So his parents agreed to obtain a wife for their son. But when they had fetched the wife for Andrianòro, he could by no means like her. So his father said, "*We* will no more fetch a wife for you; you yourself shall choose whom you like." And after some time, so the story goes, some one spoke to Andrianòro and said, "There is a most enchanting

* These are not strictly proper names, but are rather words denoting the eldest and youngest daughters in a family. The latter, however, is frequently retained as a proper name.

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lake yonder, and delightful sands, and the water clear as crystal; and there are three sisters whom we have seen swimming in that clear lake, and whose beauty we have never seen the like of." Then said Andrianòro, "I will capture one of them for my wife." So he said to his subjects, "Where lives the person most skilful in divination?" The people replied, "Go to Ràvakòmbé, for he is the most skilful diviner." So Andrianòro went to Ràvakòmbé and said, "Be so good as to divine for me, Ràvakòmbé, for there is a person whom I wish for a wife in this lake; but if any one approaches the lake then she flies away, for in heaven, they say, is her dwelling-place; so please give me good counsel as to what I should do to capture her." Then Ràvakòmbé answered, "Go thou away to the lake and change into three very ripe lemons, and then while the three sisters are playing do thou desire them; and when the three take thee, then do thou change again into a man, and so lay hold of one of the three sisters for thy wife."

So when Andrianòro had come to the sand where the three sisters played, he changed into three lemons, according to Ràvakòmbé's directions. And when the three sisters came there and saw the lemons, they were exceedingly astonished. So the youngest of the three said, "Come, let us take these lemons for ourselves." But the eldest and the second one replied, "Don't let us touch these lemons, for it is a snare, for from long ago there have been no such lemons here." Then they flew away, and went up into the sky.

So the lemons changed again, it is said, and became Andrianòro once more, and off he went afresh to Ràvakòmbé to inquire what divination would enable him to obtain his wish; and the divination worked by Ràvakòmbé gave answer, "Do thou change into bluish water in the midst of the lake, and when the three sisters swim there, lay hold of them." So Andrianòro went away again. But when the three sisters came again to swim they were afraid to do so, for they said, "That water is a snare, like the lemons we saw before."

And after a little while again, Andrianòro changed again in an instant into the seed of the *ànamàmy* [a vegetable] growing by the water side; but the sisters knew all about it. So Andrianòro was perplexed, and did not see what he could do, for he wished to obtain one of the three for a wife. And off he went again to Ràvakòmbé to ask some more suitable counsel as to how he might obtain her. So Ràvakòmbé said, "Do thou change into an ant, and walk upon the

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sand." Then the three sisters came down from the sky again and sat on the sand, and then Andrianòro caught one of them, the youngest, and said to her, "Thou art my wife, Ifàravàvy." But she replied, "I am not thy wife, Andrianòro. Then said Andrianòro, "What is it makes thee unwilling to marry me?" She answered, "There are many things about you which trouble me." "What things are they?" said he. Ifàravàvy replied, "My parents do not live here on the earth, but in the skies; and thou art of human-kind here on the earth, and art not able to live in heaven with father and mother; for if father speaks the thunder-bolt darts forth; and besides, I do not drink spirits (*tòaka*=rum), for if spirits even touch my mouth I die." Then said Andrianòro, "I can endure all that for my love to thee, my darling" [lit. "piece of my life"]. Then she consented to be his wife. And when the pair went home to Andrianòro's house they were met by a great many people, and both his subjects and his father and mother rejoiced. And Andrianòro made an exceedingly strong town, with seven inclosures, one within another • did he make it; and together with Andrianòro there lived also his younger sister, whom he loved best of the two.

And after a long time, Andrianòro's wife said to him, "I should like to play with the horns of the *làloména*" [a fabulous creature, *see* p. 173]. So he replied, "I will go to seek it, my dear, wherever it may be; so do not trouble yourself needlessly about it, my wife." Then Andrianòro told his parents that he was going to seek the thing desired by his wife, speaking to them thus: "I am going, father and mother, to procure the horns of the *làloména*, and lo, here is my wife for you to take care of, if you love me; and let my sister Rafàravàvy stay with her until I come, for if I do not find the horns of the *làloména* I shall not return" [they say he did find them]. So Andrianòro's father and mother agreed to take good care of his wife and children until he returned. Then his dependants and servants pounded rice for the journey, for he was about to go. And when the rice was pounded, he went and took leave of his parents and his wife and sisters, saying, "Farewell [lit. "May you live"] then until I come back, so do not grieve fruitlessly!" And then Andrianòro set off with very many of his people to seek the horns of the *làloména*. And after he had remained away a long time,

• The old Hova villages, generally built on the top of hills, were all thus enclosed within a series of deep fosses, for the sake of security, in the former warlike times.

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his father and mother and eldest sister said, "Come, let us kill this woman, for it is through her only it has come about that Andrianòro has gone off to a country he knew not." So her father-in-law said, "How shall we manage to kill her?" Then her mother-in-law and sister-in-law replied, "Give her spirits in a horn,* for that is what she told Andrianòro before they were married." So they went to buy rum, and put it in a horn. But Rafàravàvy, Andrianòro's sister, was there with his wife, and overheard about their killing her. So the wife charged Rafàravàvy, saying, "When I am dead, then say to the chief people, 'Bury her in the road by which Andrianòro will come.'" "Yes," said Rafàravàvy, "but cannot I be substitute for what is to befall you, my relative, for what will it matter to me? for I will inform the chief people secretly."

So the two sisters-in-law locked all the gates (seven deep), and Andrianorò's parents and sister and wife went and fetched the *tòaka*. Soon the father called at the gateway, "Open me the gate, my child, open me the gate, my child; for here is the *tòaka* for thee." Then his daughter-in-law replied, "I do not drink *tòaka*, O dada; for if I drink that I die, no matter if in a white horn, or in a black horn." Then again her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law called, and to the same effect, but Andrianòro's wife still refused, as she had done before. Then the three broke the gate where the wife was, together with her sister Rafàravàvy; and they forced *tòaka* into Andrianòro's wife's mouth, and she died. So the sister went to the chief people and said, "Bury her in the road by which Andrianòro will come, for that was the charge she left."

So she was buried there; and there was a voice crying out for Andrianòro there in his wife's grave. And after some time Andrianòro said to the people who went with him, "Come, let us return to the land of our ancestors, for I am longing to see my wife, for she appears to me constantly in dreams" [or visions]. And after a long journey he got back to his house; and his sister Rafàravàvy chanced to be in the house weeping for sorrow for her brother's wife. And when she ceased weeping she declared to her brother about her father and mother killing his wife. Then Andrianòro was in a swoon a long time before coming to his senses. And after he had lamented her a long time he said, "Where did you bury my wife?" His sister

* The ordinary drinking-vessel.

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replied, "In the very road by which you came we buried her." So Andrianòro commanded his people to be gathered together at his wife's grave. Then they brought a quantity of red *lambas* [cloths] to remove the corpse, and numbers of oxen to be killed as votive offerings, and dug open the grave; and when it was uncovered, and the cloths undone in which she was wrapped, lo and behold, Andrianòro's wife was alive again, and her face was exceedingly fair and fresh, [lit. "green"] and tender as the young shoots of the banana. Then Andrianòro swooned when he saw his wife alive again; but they blew upon him, and he recovered from his fear. Then he bade all the people return to their homes. And Andrianòro was exceedingly glad, and killed many oxen, those indeed all but sacrificed for his wife, so that the people might eat. Then he said to his father and mother and eldest sister, "Go, depart you three, for I will not suffer you to remain here; and the populace also dislike you because you killed their loved one, and sought to destroy me too, therefore I cast you forth now; and if you will not depart I shall bid the people kill you, for they dislike you and I hate you." So the three departed and wandered in an unknown country.

And after a little while again Andrianòro's wife said to him, "I will go now to father and mother in the sky, for it was thee I waited for in the grave; for had I gone when your parents killed me, they could not have killed me by any means; but on account of your love for me and my love for you also I waited for you, although I endured so much here. So now let me go to visit father and mother in the sky." But Andrianòro said, "I beseech you, my lady," [lit. "I humble myself, feet and hands"] "do not go away." But his wife said again, "Let me go, my lord, for my father and mother grieve for me; for the day is thundering, and that is a sign of their grief." Then said Andrianòro, "Suffer me then to go along with you, if you will not stay." But his wife replied again, "Remain here, my lord; for father is obstinate, and when he speaks the thunder-bolt darts forth. And not only so, but the sky is no dwelling-place for you, for you are of human-kind here on the earth; and also, there are spacious fields and giant trees, and if you cannot till the fields and fell the trees, father will kill you, for he will in no case suffer you to live; but if, on the other hand, you are able to accomplish it, he will give me to you afresh for your wife. Besides, that is not all, for there are also a thousand spades buried in a great lake, and if you

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are not able to obtain them you will be killed; and also, there are a thousand cows, and the mothers and the calves are exactly alike, but if you cannot distinguish which are the mothers you will be killed. Besides that, we three daughters and our mother are alike in appearance, but if you cannot tell which is our mother, then father will kill you; but if, on the contrary, Andrianòro, you can distinguish all these things, then father will give me to you for a wife, and you shall live and not die. So, therefore, I beseech of you, Andrianòro, do not go, but remain here; besides that, your sister will be desolate if you leave her, my lord."

Then said Andrianòro, "I will nevertheless go with you, my dear one." So he went and bade farewell to his sister, who wept profusely. Then, just before going away, Andrianòro went into the fields and called thus to all the beasts and the birds in the fields, "O, animals with black armpits! (?) O, animals with black armpits! help me, for I am in sore distress!" So all the birds and beasts came to him, and Andrianòro killed oxen to feed the beasts and the birds. And he recounted to them what had befallen him (that is, the things he was to do in the skies, and the tests by which he was to know them); so the beasts and birds gave him encouragement, that they would accomplish the things that troubled him. So Andrianòro and his wife went up to the sky. And when they arrived at the gate of heaven Andrianòro wept for sorrow about his sister, and called out, "O, this earth below us! this spacious earth! the earth where my dear Rafàravàvy lives!" Then his sister also wept, and replied to her brother's voice thus:—"O, Andrianòro, do not forget me, thy relative!" And just as the gate of heaven was really about to be opened he was bidden again by his wife to return, for his difficulties were just at hand. "Besides, I grieve for thee, my dear," said she, "so do thou return." Then her father in the sky heard her words, and it thundered fearfully. And when Andrianòro would still not return his wife gave him this advice: "When you come in to father and mother do not be persuaded to advance first, but remain there at the place where the firewood is stored, for they will kill you." "Very well," said he. And when he came in his father-in-law said, "Come forward, child." Then the thunderbolt flashed out. But Andrianòro was breathed upon for some time by his wife, and so he still lived. "Advance yonder to the golden chair," said his father-in-law. So he went into that part of the house. "Give him rice in my plate," said his father-in-law

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again. But Andrianòro refused, and ate from the plate of the servants. So his father-in-law was astonished, and said, "Art thou the husband of my daughter?" "Yes," said Andrianòro. Then said he again, "If thou, my lad, art indeed her husband, then go and do this work for me: cut down yonder trees which hide the sun; and fetch those thousand spades buried in the lake which is full of crocodiles; and also find out which are the mothers which bore those thousand oxen, for the mothers and the offspring are alike; and also find out which is the mother amongst my wife and daughters. For if you cannot accomplish all these things you shall surely die, so do not hope to live. If, on the contrary, you can perform these acts, and can cut down the trees, then you shall have my daughter to wife, and shall also have wherewith to live." "Yes, my lord," replied Andrianòro. So he went off to call the beasts and the birds who had made a compact with him to help him, saying, "Help me, O beasts and birds!" So he went to work, and the beasts ploughed up the earth with their tusks, so that it was dug all over; and the trees were plucked up by the birds and uprooted by the beasts, so they were all felled. And the thousand spades were brought by the crocodiles until they were all fetched. And the great cattle-fly said, "Those which I bite on the nose are the mothers among those thousand cattle." And the little fly also said, "The woman on whose nose I settle is the mother, so take good heed."

So Andrianòro bade his father-in-law come out to look at the work which he had performed, and also pointed out the mothers among the cattle, and the mother amongst the four women. Then his father-in-law was astonished, and gave Andrianòro his daughter for his wife. And he gave a quantity of oxen, and numbers of slaves, and much money, to him and his wife. So the pair returned to the husband's fatherland, and they all came in peace and safety to their house, but Andrianòro's sister, Rafaravàvy, had died of sorrow.

And these were the concluding words of the story-tellers:—"It is not I who tell fictions (lit. "lies"), but the people in former times related them. The heat of the sun to-morrow breaks the bald head; I break the bones, but you are those who suck them out."

THE CROCODILE AND THE DOG.

Once upon a time a crocodile and a dog chanced to meet suddenly on the road. Then said the crocodile, "Where are you from, my

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younger brother?" "Just hereabouts, my elder brother," said the dog. Upon that the dog also asked the crocodile, "Where are you from, elder brother?" "I've just come from such a place, younger brother," said he.

And said the dog, "What do you think about my proposal? do you agree or not?" "What proposal is that, younger brother?" "Let us strike up a friendship together," said the dog. "Yes, all right," said the crocodile; "if a little fellow like you knows what is right, much more a senior like myself. Come along then, young friend." "Agreed," said the dog. So the two struck up a firm friendship, and went on talking thus: "Whoever proves false," said the crocodile, "shall be scouted." "Agreed," said the dog.

Some little time afterwards the crocodile said, "Come, let me give you a meal, young friend." So he supplied the dog with food, and when he had eaten his fill, the dog said, "Come, carry me over, old friend." So the crocodile carried him; but half-way across he stopped and sank down into the water. Upon that the dog struggled a little, but presently got across; and as soon as he landed the crocodile emerged from the water. So the dog said, "You've broken the agreement, old fellow." "Why, wasn't I there below you all the same? For I want you to be able to swim." Nevertheless if the dog had not been able to swim he would have been drowned.

Then said the dog in his turn, "Come now, old fellow, do you go yonder with me to-morrow." "But where is the place of meeting, young friend?" "Yonder, at such-a-place," said the dog. "Agreed," replied the crocodile. On the morrow accordingly the dog took him some distance towards ground covered with the trailing tendrils of gourds. But it was to pay him out for what he had done. So the dog said, "I will give you a signal, old fellow; when I bark, then run off, for people are coming." The crocodile, be it said, had brought his wife and family with him. And when they all arrived the dog set food before them, but before the meal was half-way through he began to bark. So off they all ran, but some of the young ones were entangled in the trailing tendrils of the gourds and killed.

So when they got to the water, the crocodile said, "What kind of a dog are you? What's the meaning of this, fellow?" "There's no retribution, but the past returns,"* said the dog. The crocodile rejoined, "If my descendants and heirs do not destroy dogs from

* A native proverb.

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henceforth, then let me have no heirs to inherit!" And this was the origin of the enmity between dogs and crocodiles.—(Translated from a contribution by Rev. W. C. Pickersgill to the *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society.*)

RARAKY.

Here is a story which professes to give the origin of the native Malagasy custom of chewing tobacco, although the story has, doubtless, been made to account for the custom. It should be remembered that the native name for tobacco is *paràky*, substantially the same as that of the hero of this story, *Ra* being the particle which makes any word a personal name. The Malagasy take tobacco in the form of snuff, which is mixed with ashes and salt, and taken, not in the nostrils, but in the mouth, where it is retained for a short time under the tongue.

There was once a man called Andriamitàndrina, who, with his wife, very greatly desired that they might have a child. After a long time they had a son, an only child, whom they named Raràky. They loved him extremely, for he was their only son, and although imperfectly formed, intense was their affection, for he was the "fat of their life;" all the relatives loved him too, and Andriamitàndrina and his wife were rich.

After some time, when Raràky had grown, he fell ill; and his father and mother, and all the family, were full of sorrow. Great was their tribulation on account of the child's illness. So they talked together in their sorrow for his affliction, and they all agreed together, and said, "If Raràky should die, we will not bury him in the earth, but we, the family, will swallow him as food, for we won't suffer him to rest in the ground."

After some time Raràky died. So they all considered about each of them swallowing a little portion of him for their love of him. But as they were about to cut up the corpse for division, that they might each eat a little portion of it according to their agreement, just as they were on the point of cutting it up, Andriamitàndrina's sister spoke and said, "Don't let us eat Raràky, for it will cause us to be ill. But let us bury him as usual. At the same time let us do this with regard to Raràky: let us eat whatever may grow upon his grave. No matter

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what sort of thing may grow over the grave that we will eat." So the family agreed together to bury Raràky, but to eat the first thing that should grow upon the grave.

And when things began to grow there, tobacco was the first of all which appeared. So the family took some to eat, according to their agreement. They took some of the green tobacco leaves and all ate; but the green tobacco was raw and uneatable, for it was bitter, and made them sick. So they thought again how they could eat it. "Let us cook it first before eating," said they. So they did this, but it made them more sick than before. So they considered again how they could take it. "Come, let us dry it for rubbing, and toss it into the mouth." So they tried this plan, and still they were sick; besides which it intoxicated them, and made them ill. How then could it be made possible to eat it? For it could not be changed for something else, because what grew first upon the grave was agreed to be eaten, and it was tobacco which grew there first. So, by their agreement, they could not change it. So they rubbed it fine, together with ashes, and by that means they were able to take a little into their mouths.

So this is what people are now accustomed to; and this, they say, was the origin of people's use of tobacco to the present day.—(Translated from a contribution by Rev. W. C. Pickersgill to the ***Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society.***)

(To be continued.)

S. SWITHIN AND RAINMAKERS.

By Frederick Ernest Sawyer, F.M.S.

THE position of S. Swithin as a Rain-Saint, or Deity, has been thoroughly considered in its relation to a period of heavy rain, or continuous rain, which is supposed to be probable at certain periods of the year. It is open to question whether this view of the legend be correct, and the Rev. John Earle says, "The real origin appears to have been the habit

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of attaching to the saints of Christendom any remnants of traditional and mythological lore which, by the extinction of heathendom, had lost their centre and principle cohesion and were drifting about in search of new connections."* There are as Mr. Earle remarks "a host of raining saints,"† amongst whom we find, in *Great Britain* the days of SS. Simon and Jude (October 28); Bullion's Day (Scotland July 4); S. John the Baptist (June 24); S. Vitus, Translation of S. Martin, Cewydd-y-gylaw (Cewydd of the rain, July 1, a Welsh saint‡); *Flanders*, S. Godeliève; *Germany*, the Seven Sleepers (July 27); *Tuscany*, S. Galla's Day (October 5); and *Italy*, S. Bibiana (December 2).

When it is remembered that the dates range over a period of five months in the comparatively limited district of North Western Europe the idea of a rainy period appears untenable, and it may be desirable to consider the legend from a fresh point of view, and to look at S. Swithin, as one of a group, or collection of Rain-Saints. This would be more in accordance with the opinion of Mr. Earle, and, as we shall presently show, is a preferable explanation.

In the earliest periods the phenomena of nature—always mysterious, terrible, and awe-inspiring—are at once deified, and we find Storm-Gods, Thunder-Gods, and Rain-Gods. In time anthropomorphic conceptions of deity arise, and then the phenomena of nature become attributes of deity. It is in this stage that they present to the folk-lore student features of peculiar interest, namely, in the primitive conceptions of the causes of meteorological (or natural) phenomena. At a still later period sanctity itself, or rather, saintship, is invested with the control over nature, and is thought to possess phenomena-producing powers, which are even extended to the remains of saints. The story of S. Swithin belongs to the latter group.

Before considering the legend it will be well to look at the early speculations which have been entertained as to Rainmakers and the causes of rain. Job says, "He bindeth up the waters in his thick

* *Legends of S. Swithin*, p. 53.

† *Proceedings of the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club*, vol. ii. p. 161.

‡ *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. vol. viii. p. 508.

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clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them."* This evidently indicates the collection of rain, or the waters, in the clouds, in bottles or vessels; and this is apparently a common view of the matter, for in the Book of Enoch, Enoch states, "There I saw the receptacles of wood out of which the winds became separated, the receptacle of hail, the receptacle of snow, the receptacle of the clouds, and the cloud itself, which continued over the earth before the creation of the world;"† also, "The spirit of dew has its abode in the extremities of heaven, in connection with the receptacle of rain; and its progress is in winter and summer. The cloud produced by it, and the cloud of the mist, become united; one gives to the other; and when the spirit of rain is in motion from its receptacle angels come, and opening its receptacle bring it forth."‡

In India we find that "Upon the sky above the hill-country of Orissa, Pidzu Pennu the Rain-God of the Khonds rests as he pours down the showers through his sieve;"§ and "Over Peru there stands a princess with a vase of rain, and when her brother strikes the pitcher men hear the shock in thunder and see the flash in lightning."‖

In Polynesia rain is supposed to be caused by the sun, and they say that if he is a long time without giving any some of the stars get angry and stone him until he causes rain to fall. If we descend lower we find that there have not been wanting men who profess—

"To guide the thunder and direct the storm;"

but it is of course difficult to say exactly where imagination begins and actual influence does end. Battles, great fires, telegraph wires, railways, &c., have been supposed to affect the rainfall. Some years since Mons. Helvetius Otto brought before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a "Pluvifuge," or machine for blowing away rain-clouds. It consisted of a huge bellows on a high platform.¶ There is a curious letter of Philip Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain

* Chapter xxvi. 8.
† Archbishop Laurence's Translation (1821), p. 43.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 62.
§ Macpherson, *India*, p. 357.
‖ Markham, *Quichua Grammar and Dictionary*, p. 9.
¶ *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vol. x. p. 207.

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to Charles the First, on the subject of burning fern, which in the North of England is supposed to bring rain :—

"Sir,

His Majesty taking notice of an opinion entertained in Staffordshire that the burning of Ferne doth draw downe rain, and being desirous that the country and himself may enjoy fair weather as long as he remains in those parts, his Majesty hath commanded me to write to you, to cause all burning of Ferne to bee forborne untill his Majesty be passed this country. Wherein, not doubting but the consideration of their own interest, as well as of his Maties, will invite the country to a ready observance of this his Maties command,

"I rest your very loving friend,

"Pembroke and Montgomery.

"Belvoir, 1st August, 1636.

"To my very loving friend the High Sheriff of the county of Stafford."

In Burmah the inhabitants still have a custom of pulling a rope to produce rain. A rain party and a drought party tug against each other, the rain party being allowed the victory, which in the popular notion is generally followed by rain.

We may now consider the Rain-Deities proper, or those possessing rain-producing attributes. Mr. Tylor says, "the Rain-God is most often the Heaven-God, exercising a special function, though sometimes taking a more distinctly individual form, or blending in characteristics with a general Water-God."* In an early form we find, from Mr. Fergusson (*Tree and Serpent Worship*), that the chief characteristic of the serpents throughout the East in all ages seems to have been their power over the wind or rain, which they gave or withheld, according to their good or ill will towards man." †

The prophet Elijah was always associated with rain, and Dr. Schliemann mentions that "at Mount Eubœa, near Mycenæ, is a temple to Elias, and in times of drought the inhabitants of neighbouring villages go there in a pilgrimage to invoke Elias to send rain. Formerly the

* *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 235.
Anthropological Journal, July 1870, p. 104.

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site of the shrine was a temple to Ηελιος, the Homeric Sun-God—a remarkable coincidence." * It is said the Jews are still expecting the return of Elijah, and in heavy storms whisper to one another "Elijah is coming!" Bede records that when S. Wilfrith converted the inhabitants of Sussex to Christianity "no rain had fallen in that province in three years before his arrival, whereupon a dreadful famine ensued. ..... But on the very day on which the nation received the baptism of faith there fell a soft but plentiful rain; the earth revived again."† Upon which Fuller quaintly remarks, "On that very day wherein he baptised them (as if God from heaven had poured water into the font) he obtained store of rain, which procured great plenty. Observe (though I am not so ill-natured as to wrangle with all miracles) an apish imitation of Elijah (who carried the key of heaven at his girdle, to lock or unlock it by his prayer); only Elijah gave rain after three years and six months, Wilfrith after bare three years, it being good manners to come a little short of his betters."‡ The assumed connection between saints and rainfall is thus clearly illustrated.

We may now glance at the legend of S. Swithin, the details of which it is not necessary to repeat in detail. The essence of the story seems to be that interference with the bones of the saint caused an excessive rainfall, and it is somewhat remarkable to find the important part dead men's bones occupy in the procedure of professional Rainmakers. A letter from a native teacher at the Island of Maré (Western Polynesia) to the Rev. Mr. Buzacott (of the London Missionary Society) describes an interview with a Rainmaker of that island: "I again requested him to do his best to procure rain at once, that I might be his witness. He then answered, 'I do not my work openly, but secretly, because the instruments I use are in the bush.' I asked, 'What kind of instruments are they?' He answered, 'Dead men's bones; but not anybody's but those of my own relatives.'"§

In New Caledonia they have similar customs, and the Rev. George Turner (of the same Society) writes:—"There is a rain-making class

* *Mycenæ*, p. 147.

† *Ecclesiastical History*, book iv. chap. 13 (Bohn's translation).

‡ *The Church History of Britain* (book ii.), Brewer's edition, p. 228.

§ *The Juvenile Missionary Magazine* 1861, p. 253.

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of priests. They blacken themselves all over, exhume a dead body, take the bones to a cave, joint them, and suspend the skeleton over some taro leaves. Water is poured on the skeleton to run down on the leaves. They suppose that the soul of the departed takes up the water, makes rain of it, and showers it down again. They have to fast and remain in the cavern until it rains, and sometimes die in the experiment. They generally choose, however, the showery months of March and April for their rain-making. If there is too much rain, and they want fair weather, they go through a similar process, only they kindle a fire under the skeleton and burn it up." *

In South Africa the Rainmakers are a most important class. The Rev. Robert Moffatt, says, "The rainmaker is, in the estimation of the people, no mean personage, possessing an influence over the minds of the people superior even to that of their King, who is likewise compelled to yield to the dictates of this arch-official. . . . Each tribe has one, and sometimes more, who are also doctors and sextons, or the superintendents of the burying of the dead, it being generally believed that that ceremony has some influence over the watery treasures that float in the skies. . . . Though the bodies of the poor are habitually exposed, the orders of the rainmaker apply to all, because if any were buried it would not rain." Sometimes the rainmaker permits interments, and then after various curious observances "a large bowl of water, with an infusion of bulbs, is brought, when the men and women wash their hands and the upper part of their feet, shouting 'pùla, pùla, rain, rain.'" Mr. Moffatt next describes an embassy to a rainmaker :—"They assured him that, if he would only come to the land of the Batlapis, and open the teats of the heavens, which had become as hard as a stone, and cause the rains to fall and quench the flaming ground, he should be made the greatest man that ever lived."†

In Mexico in seasons of drought, at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc, the god of rain, children, for the most part infants, were offered up.‡

* *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, p. 428.

† *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa* (1842), pp. 80, 81.

‡ *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (Prescott, 1843), p. 70.

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Lastly, as in Mexico, we find living human sacrifices, in South Africa dead human bodies, and in Polynesia and New Caledonia human bones,—all used in conjunction with professional rainmakers, and to produce rain,—these facts seem to point to the conclusion that there is some widespread myth, or story, as to the connection of human remains with rainfall, and that in this the true explanation of the story of S. Swithin should be sought.

SOME GREEK FOLK-LORE.

By Mrs. M. A. Walker.

DURING the many years in which I have been living in contact with the unlettered classes of this country, I have found frequent amusement in gleaning such items of their folk-lore as came in my path. Some of these are very quaint, as the following examples, collected chiefly from Greek sources, will show.

Tuesday is considered a most unfortunate day on which to begin any kind of work: from the cutting out of a dress, to the sailing of a ship, all must go wrong: the dress will not fit; the sweetmeats will ferment; the house will be weak in its foundations; the ship will most certainly be wrecked! One hour out of the twenty-four is so especially baneful that a child beginning life at that time is sure to grow up vicious and unmanageable; no one, however, knows exactly which is the fatal period, and all Tuesday-born children may enjoy the benefit of the doubt, until their perversity betrays the malignant influence that overshadowed their birth.

If you wish to dismiss a visitor without incurring the painful necessity of hinting that the visit is unwelcome, let some one quietly slip a pinch of salt into his galoshes, left outside the door, and immediately the unconscious guest resolves to depart: you may then with safety entreat him to prolong the pleasure of his society; nothing can withstand the subtle power that compels him to leave.

In many countries the howling of a dog is taken as the sign of death in the neighbourhood; here, nothing is easier than to avert the omen; again, it is only a little salt that is required: put it in

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the toe of a slipper, which you turn gently over: and you may rest in peace.

A slipper is a strangely useful article; there should always be one at hand for emergencies. Terribly bad luck will befall a family if one of its members is allowed, unchecked, to grind the teeth when asleep; quickly stride the mouth of the offender with a slipper—three times—and the family misfortunes are avoided.

The mysterious influences that hover round our beds are moved to evil by other grievances besides the gnashing of teeth: a black handkerchief on the head of a sleeper is an abomination: woe to the woman who may have thoughtlessly so bound up her brows, her good destiny peeping in at the door and seeing the sombre head-dress will cast off all interest in the sleeping sinner, and with the gesture "Nà! Nà!" take flight for evermore.

There is great danger in giving and taking incautiously. During twelve days before Christmas carefully avoid giving any thing to any one or harm will come of it, and at all times and seasons remember never to give either salt or ashes: let people take what they need of those homely substances, but if you give them your house will inevitably be burned down.

Never take a piece of soap from a friend's hand; let the giver lay it down, and you may take it up with safety, and thus avoid the bitter quarrel which would surely follow the neglect of this trifling precaution.

To spill either oil or spirits is most unfortunate; but if wine is spilt by a genuine accident you may fairly rejoice in the happy prognostic.

If salt is spilt unintentionally, it is sufficient to scatter a little pepper upon it to arrest the evil consequences which would otherwise follow.

A half-open door may occasion serious misfortunes. If the door of the house is standing open when a corpse is carried past it must be shut in haste, or the uneasy spirit that has so lately left its earthly tenement will glide in to take up its abode where it is not desired. On the door-step of the house from which the poor body has been so hastily removed, a vase or bottle of wine must be thrown down and broken, that it may not, at least, seek to re-enter its lost home.

If the door of a cupboard is left partially open, a visitor may happen to glance unconsciously at the worldly goods stored up within, but the most disastrous results will follow the innocent glance, as the

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property will gradually but surely slip out of the possession of that family by the fatal power of the "evil eye."

A person who sits down to rest upon a box filled with clothing may, quite unwittingly, hinder the happy marriage of the young girl whose belongings are packed up there: adverse influences will certainly prevent the old woman, whose business it is to negociate marriages, from coming to that family to seek for a bride.

Again, any one who sits on the ground in the way of those passing in and out of the room occasions much needless trouble, for the unthinking person who may have hurriedly stepped across the obstruction must—in spite of haste—instantly return to step over a second time, and so unwind the spell; otherwise the one stepped over will, ere long, shrivel up and perish.

You may be tired or reflective, or perhaps in a defiant mood, nevertheless carefully abstain from standing with the arms crossed; to do so is to tie up all good fortune in your destiny.

Be sure to buy vinegar before the sun is down; if sold afterwards it will become musty, but it is not easy to procure it at that time as the *bakals* are aware of this necessary precaution.

The first money taken by a dealer in the morning should be rubbed all over the face, to ensure a good amount of custom for the rest of the day.

A child falls and cuts his head on a rough stone: is it the first care of the mother to wash and bind up the wound? that is an after consideration: she must first find the exact spot where the accident occurred, and, turning her head away, pour on it, over her shoulder, a libation of wine or sugared water, then go quickly away without looking round: by this wise measure all bad consequences will be avoided, and the hurt can be looked to at leisure.

The careful Eastern housewife enjoys the guidance of many rules of which others are deprived by ignorance and want of faith. She is especially attentive to the phenomena that affect the *boughata*, or great wash of the household linen, carefully taking out the pieces of half-burnt wood from beneath the copper when all is finished, and placing them aside to die out gradually: if, from a fatal idea of economy, she is rash enough to extinguish them in water, the house and family will infallibly decay from that time.

A fine display of cleanly-washed and snowy linen is a cheering sight after all the labour bestowed, but beware of the false friend who,

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coming in, treacherously admires it. "How beautifully the *bougatha* has succeeded! how spotless! how white!" Can anything be more cruel? Soon afterwards the unfortunate washerwoman feels a sharp pain in her finger; she has been struck by the "evil eye," and there is but one remedy: to cut off some part of the neighbour's dress, some frayed tatter of her well-worn jacket, burn it in the candle, and apply it to the aching finger.

Cooks have a responsibility connected with the three-legged iron trivets on which they set their saucepans over the charcoal stove: when no longer wanted, they must be careful not to leave them standing, but to place them with the feet horizontally—otherwise any relation likely to pay the family a visit will be prevented from coming.

When a pair of scissors is left gaping on a table it is said that the Archangel Michael's mouth is open, ready to take the soul of some one member of the family.

There is a simple and easy method of overcoming the malignity of the "evil eye," the remedy is valuable in proportion to the injury inflicted by the unconscious glance. Take three fine cloves, stick them solemnly on a pin, burn them a moment in the flame of the candle and wave them about in the air. If one of the cloves bursts, the effect is attained, if not, take another three and recommence—the bad influences must be indeed tenacious (or the spice-box mutually damp) that can prevent the desired explosion of the clove, always provided the trial be made with the needful patience and with unwavering faith in its efficacy.

A person invited to two marriages taking place on the same day must only accept one of the invitations; to attend both weddings would bring misfortune on the second couple.

Do not be too eager to compliment a mother on the birth of an infant, but remain at least half an-hour in the house before entering her room, lest rejoicing should turn to lamentation.

Such and similar superstitions, of which the number is infinite, trivial as they seem in themselves, possess a certain interest, some in their evident derivation from sources of the highest antiquity, others, in their connection with like beliefs amongst the peasantry throughout Europe; everywhere modified and shaped by local circumstances, but all springing from the same dread of unknown and mysterious influences, of which the most potent and the most universally feared is the power of the "evil eye."

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THE GOOD SERPENT.

A Chilian Fairy Tale in Spanish, el Culebroncito, literally Big Snake.

(*Collected in Concepcion, Chili, by* T. H. Moore.)

THOU must know to tell, and understand in order to know, that there was a gentleman who had three children; two sons, and a daughter whose name was Mariquita. This one was precisely the darling of her father and brothers. One day when she was in the garden she found a little snake; she took it up and put it in her bosom. There she nursed it, and when it was bigger she kept it inside a trunk. Every day she kept a plate of food, went to the trunk, opened it, and said to the snake, "Sister mine, Florita!" The snake answered, "What wantest thou, sweetheart?" put out its head and ate the food. Her father noticed this—for whom should she hide away food? and set his servants to spy upon her. When they saw the serpent, that had grown ever so big, they were very frightened, and went running to the master to tell him that the food was for a very horrid animal. The gentleman went to see it; and indeed the sight of the serpent put one in a fright; he ordered a servant to go with it to a wooded height and to kill it. In vain the maiden begged him to leave it her, since she had brought it up from a very little one, but her father was not willing, only he told the servant instead of killing it, to cast it alive into the wood. The maiden remained weeping very much for her snake, for she liked it as if it were a sister; so she passed many days very sorrowful.

One day her father had to send his two sons with a message to the king, who lived in a neighbouring town. Being one day at the king's table, they were relating many things to him (for they were very well instructed in everything), and amongst others they said to him, "We have a very singular sister, for when she laughs she lets fall fine pearls; when she washes her hands, the water next day changes into a block of silver; and when she combs her hair, the hair that falls off becomes golden threads." "Is this possible?" said the king. "So possible is it," said the young men, "that we will lose our heads if it be not as we have said." "Very well," said the king, "I am going to ask for

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your sister in marriage, and if what you have told me does not turn out true, I will order your heads to be cut off, as a punishment for having deceived me." Soon after he sent messengers to their father, asking him for Mariquita, to become the king's wife. Now, besides the gifts which her brothers had talked of, she was beautiful as the sun, and good.

Her father consented, highly pleased; and sent her to the king, accompanied by her nurse. The latter had a daughter named Estefania, and she and her daughter were very bad-hearted and envious. When they had travelled half-way, Mariquita fell asleep; so Estefania said to her mother, "Can you tell what I am thinking about?" "What is it?" said she to her. "That it would be a good thing if we were to put out Mariquita's eyes, and cast her off in this wooded height (now just then they were passing through a thickly-wooded spot), and as the king does not know which is Mariquita, we will tell him that I am she, and I shall be married to him." "Very well," said the old woman to her; so they did so, but seeing that the eyes were very beautiful, they put them in a glass to keep them.

The maiden passed a dreadful night in the wood, for that night it rained and thundered a great deal; she was half dead with pain and cold. The following day there came a little old man to the wood with his little donkey, to get a load of firewood to take to sell in the town, and with the money to buy a bag of bran for his family, for he could not do any better for them. Instead of getting firewood he found the maiden, and moved by pity he took her to his house on his little donkey. The little old man had three bad-hearted daughters, who treated him very badly. When they saw him coming without firewood and a woman in its stead they began to cry out, "Bad old man, what wilt thou give us to eat to-day? it will be this woman mayhap? She is coming to bring another mouth to the house that we may come to an end once for all by dying of hunger! Of what use is this blind wench who cannot gain her living?" The little old man said to them, "Have patience, daughters; this poor creature was in the wood, and I have brought her out of pity; I am going quickly for the load of firewood, and you shall soon have your dinners. I will leave my share and will give it to her." But his daughters scolded him more and more; for that blind wench he would die of want, and then who was going to work for them? At last he managed to pacify them a little, went for the firewood, sold it, and brought them their food.

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Meanwhile the daughters illtreated Mariquita in all sorts of ways, until at last one of them more merciful than the others got them to leave her in peace. The maiden said to this one, "Little sister, bring me a little water to wash my hands." She brought it to her in a broken earthen pot. But the others cried out, "What a fine lady! she does not like to go and wash herself in the river!" But the kind one said, "There now, don't you see that the poor little thing is blind, and might fall into the water?" She washed her hands, and said, "Keep this water, little sister, till to-morrow." The old man's daughter said, "But to-morrow I will bring thee fresh water." Mariquita said, "But I want the same." At last the girl put it away among some shrubs, spilling a little on the ground. The next day Mariquita said, "Little sister, bring me the water that I asked thee yesterday to keep for me." She went to bring it, and found in its stead a block of silver, and silver on the ground where the water was spilt; and in bringing it the potsherd came to pieces from the weight of the silver. "What is this," said she, "that I have found instead of the water?" Mariquita said, "This is silver; tell daddy to go to the town and sell it, for it is worth a great deal; and let him buy for you clothes and food." The little old man did as Mariquita said; they bought it of him for a great deal of money; he bought plenty of clothes and plenty of food, and went home well pleased, for he had never even dreamed of so much riches.

Mariquita laughted heartily at the surprise of these people; and while she laughed, gathered in her lap the pearls that fell from her mouth. Then she said to the little old man, "Take these, daddy, they are fine pearls; take them to the town and sell them, for they are worth a great deal. Buy more food and all that you need." Meanwhile she asked the girls for a comb, to comb her hair. They brought her one; for since she had made them rich, they were so kind to her that they did not know what to make of her. She began to comb herself at the corner of the fireplace; and the girls to take care of her feet that she might warm them, put them so close to the fire that it almost burnt them. She kept the hair that fell from her head, and the next day she had a handful of golden threads. "Take these, daddy," said she to the little old man, "and go to town and sell them, for they are threads of gold. Buy all you need; all that you get for them is for you." The little old man was well pleased, and brought much money to his daughters.

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Meanwhile, Estefania had arrived at the king's palace. He received her with great kindness, and married her on the spot. On the morrow he made her wash her hands, and put away the water, but the next day it was nothing but water. He made her laugh, but not a single pearl fell from her mouth. He made her comb herself, and kept the fallen hair, but hair it was, and hair it remained. So he slapped his forehead, and said, "These young men have deceived me; I will order their heads to be cut off!" He did so, and had their bodies embalmed to be sent to their father. Estefania went on living with the king, and the time was drawing nigh that she was about to have a baby, so that she was full of longings for everything she set eyes on.

One day that Mariquita was sitting in the sun, at the door of the little old man's hut, his daughters saw a big serpent that went towards Mariquita. "Ay!" they said, "come away from there! there is a big serpent, a very dreadful one, that is going to eat thee!" She said to them, "He will not hurt me, only let him come!" The girls wanted to kill it, but Mariquita would not let them. The serpent came near to her, caressed her a great deal, and began to lick the sockets of her eyes, for it was the same which she had reared from a little snake. It said to Mariquita, "Thy foster sister Estefania will soon have a baby, and all that she sets eyes on she longs for. Send the little old man to the town, let him buy the most beautiful nosegay of flowers that he can find, and take it to sell at the king's palace." The little old man did so, and when he passed by the palace, cried out, "Who buys nosegays?" Estefania said to her mother, "I must have that nosegay!" Her mother asked the little old man what it was worth, and he told her that he sold it for eyes. "Mother," said Estefania, "let us take out the eyes of the dog* and give them to him." The old man took them and went his way; but, before he got home with them the serpent said, "Eyes are coming, Mariquita, but they are not thine, thine will come later." When the little old man arrived, the serpent said to him, "Throw them away, daddy, they are dog's eyes!" The next day Mariquita told him to buy another nosegay finer still, and pass by the palace to sell it for eyes. Estefania came out, as on the day before, to buy it, and said to her mother "Let us take out the cat's eyes, and give them to him." They did so, and the little old man took them, but before he came home the serpent

* In original *bitch*. This is not an unpolite word in Spanish.

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said, " Eyes are coming, Mariquita, but they are not thine, thine will come later " So she said to the little old man, " Throw them away, daddy, they are cat's eyes." The following day, they sent to buy a nosegay more beautiful than the others, with birds singing on the top of it, and the little old man went to the palace to sell it. Estefania came out to buy it, and said to her mother, " Now we have no more eyes, what shall we do ? for I must have the nosegay." Her mother said to her, " Dost thou not remember that we kept Mariquita's eyes in a glass ; we will see if they are sweet yet." Estefania said, " So long ago, they must be rotten." They went to look for them, and found them the same as when they had taken them out; so they gave them to him for the nosegay. Before the little old man got home, the serpent said, " Eyes are coming, Mariquita, and they are thine ! " So when he arrived she was well pleased, and said, " These, daddy, are really my eyes." She took them and gave them to the serpent. The serpent licked the sockets, put the eyes in again, and if beautiful they were before, much more beautiful were they afterwards.

The next day the serpent said, " Let us go to the palace. Take this bag of gold ounces, and as the king takes his afternoon nap with Estefania, and has his guards at the door, thou must throw a handful of ounces to the soldiers, and while they are busy in gathering them up, thou must cry at the door, ' Sister mine, Florita ! ' I will answer, ' What wilt thou, sweetheart ? ' Thou wilt say—

> ' My servant Estefania
> In the king's arms asleep ;
> Woe is me ! because of a faithless wretch.'

Thou wilt fling another handful of ounces to the guards, and while they pick them up we will escape."

They did so one day, but the king, who had seen and heard all, gave orders to his guards to seize Mariquita and the serpent when they came again. But the guards, busied with picking up the ounces, took no notice of the king's orders. The third day, the king himself got behind the door to seize them, since he could not get his guards to do it, even though he threatened to cut their heads off. When they came the third time, and said the same things, and were running away, the king took hold of Mariquita by her clothes and stopped her. "What is this, maiden," said he, " what wert thou saying ? " Therewith the serpent spoke up for her and said : " It is that the wife that your

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royal majesty has is not Mariquita. She is here; order her to do the wonders which her brothers spoke of." She then told all that the two wicked women had done with Mariquita on the way to the palace. The king, very wroth, took her indoors, made her wash her hands, kept the water, and the next day it had changed into a block of silver. He made her comb her hair, and the hair that fell off became golden threads. She laughed and fine pearls fell from her mouth.

The king acknowledged his mistake, and felt very sorry for having killed so unjustly the brothers; he married Mariquita, and ordained great royal feasts, and ordered Estefania and her mother to be broken on the wheel, quartered, afterwards to be burnt and their ashes cast to the winds.

After some time had passed, Mariquita had twin princes. Once when they were lying in the cradle, and their parents fondling them, the serpent came, and said, "Which should you like best to see, your sons dead, or your brothers alive?" They answered, "Our sons dead, since they are angels from heaven, and our brothers alive." The serpent cut the infants' throats, and led the parents to the place where the bodies of the two brothers lay embalmed, and they found them alive and well. The parents then felt very sorrowful, and went back to weep over their children; when they found them alive, and playing in the cradle. The serpent said to them, "I have now done all that I can do for you. I have no more business here, for I am an angel sent by God, and I am going back to heaven. Farewell!" The tale is finished.

NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Bogle Hole.—"It was in the immediate vicinity of Bogle Hole that during one of my earliest visits I was told by a countryman of superhuman appearances there, of the huntsman's dogs turning back from the pursuit of animals which were something more than what they seemed to be, and of a man who in trying to fly from a high crag was killed, as we might have supposed he would be; but my informant did not attribute his fate to want of skill in the means he had adopted for

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his flight, but solely from his having neglected to make an offering of barley-cake to the rocks. As evidences are found throughout the entire length of the Roman Wall of unlimited belief in local divinities there must linger in these stories traces of ancient traditions coeval with the faith which assigned to mountains, rivers, fountains, woods, and fields, their guardian deities."—Charles Roach Smith's *Retrospections, Social and Archæological*, vol. i. p. 181.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Well Superstition.—The following piece of folk-lore given by one of the witnesses examined before the Skye Commissioners at Glendale is worthy of a note.*

Alexander Ross, crofter and fisherman, Glendale, was [next] called and questioned. . . . .

Was there not a rule on the estate which the factor could enforce for keeping down dogs?—He enforced the rule on my dog by shooting him in a well, and the well has been dry since, although it was formerly one of the best wells in the country.

WALTER GREGOR.

Cheshire Wedding Custom.—At Whitsuntide of this year I attended the wedding of some relations at Knutsford in Cheshire, and observed that the villagers scattered sand opposite the houses of the bride and bridegroom and of the friends who took part in the ceremony. All sorts of patterns are designed The neighbours appear to have done it as a mark of respect.

H. T. WOOD.

Peacocks foreboding ill-luck.—In confirmation of the testimony I was able to afford on this subject lately (*ante*, p. 93), I may mention that I have just heard of another instance. A Devonshire friend tells me of peacock-screaming being considered to forebode death (just the same as a dog howling), and a notable instance of the fact actually happened a few months ago in his own house.

R. H. BUSK.

Barnard Castle—Bewcastle.—Barnard Castle is a town on the Tees in the southern part of the county of Durham. Bewcastle is a

* Compare *Folk-Lore of North-East of Scotland*, p. 40.

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village in Cumberland on the wild moors west of Northumberland. Both seem to have opprobrium attaching to them; and natives of either place have their origin thrown in their teeth as a reproach. When I was at school in Sunderland 50 years ago, a common taunt was "a coward, a coward, o' Barney Castle"; and the natives of Bewcastle bear a traditional bad reputation as moss-troopers and thieves.* In my own village of Edmundbyers, some years ago, I stopped to listen to two viragos, well-matched, holding a "slanging" contest, and found that when vocabulary and breath were almost exhausted what appeared the most pungent and irritating, as well as laconic, epithets were resorted to, "Barney Castle!" and "Bewcastle!" bandied from side to side: the meaning evidently well understood.

W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

Superstition in Mid-Somerset.—A case of belief in witchcraft and the "evil eye" has just occurred in Mid-Somerset. On the road between Langport and Somerton live two brothers, one a small farmer and haulier and the other a sawyer. A few weeks since the farmer's wife became ill, and shortly afterwards one of his cows died from inflammation. While he was in the act of burying the carcase a woman, known as "the White Witch of Somerton," passed by, and the farmer invoked her aid. The woman, it is said, made him believe that he was "overlooked," and gave him a description of the person who, she said, had caused the death of his cow and also had to do with his wife's illness, adding that his secret enemy would most likely do him further mischief. The crossing of the woman's palm with 7*s.* 6*d.* gained a promise from her of speedy deliverance. On a second visit she obtained 1*s.* 6*d.* more, and then proceeded to do something for the money. Mixing some red powder with the yoke of an egg, she burnt it, meanwhile muttering something that neither the man nor his wife understood. To the sick wife she gave a small heart, telling her to wear it next to her skin, but on no account to divulge the secret. She also obtained a supply of eggs to "work with" at her own home. The idea that he was "overlooked," and that the "spell" could not be removed, so preyed upon the man's mind that he became ill and

* See Dr. Bruce's *Roman Wall*, art. Bewcastle.

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delirious, and it was necessary that he should be watched. His brother the sawyer, a strong, hale man, of about forty years of age, undertook this duty; but, while attending to his brother, he also became impressed with the delusion that he was "overlooked," and that too by his own mother, who lived close by. The delusion gained such a hold upon him that his mind was unhinged, and he ultimately became so violent that it has been found necessary to remove him to the County Lunatic Asylum at Wells.—*Bristol Mercury*, 17*th March*.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Shropshire Folk-Lore: a Sheaf of Gleanings. Edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne from the Collections of Georgina F. Jackson. London, Shrewsbury, and Chester, 1883. (Trübner and Co.) 8vo. pp. xiv. 176.

This is the first part of what promises to be a very useful collection of local folk-lore. Collections arranged in districts like this must always be welcomed, and we cannot endorse the cry raised in some quarters that customs incidental to several counties or districts need not be repeated in every local collection. In dealing with folk-lore its geography as well as its variations are most important to note. If folk-lore is early custom and tradition survived from early times, it may in England be due to a Celtic or a Teutonic origin; and therefore to pick out the geographical limits of certain customs or traditions is a most interesting phase of folk-lore studies which has not yet been fully appreciated. Such books as *Shropshire Folk-Lore* will enable this to be done when the time comes for it. Miss Burne has taken up the Collections of Miss Jackson, whose *Shropshire Word-Book* was so much welcomed, and by the aid of her own local knowledge and her clear-sighted discrimination as to what was good and what was not, has succeeded in giving us an exceedingly good, if not a model,

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county collection. Shropshire is certainly rich in folk-lore. Its proximity to Wales lends additional interest to its possessions in this field of study. The book when complete will contain sections devoted to legends and traditions concerning giants and devils, popular heroes, Wild Edric, Will Edric, Will o' the Wisp, the white cow of Mitchell's Fold, bogies, fairies, meres and pools, hidden treasures, names and places, concerning ghosts, witchcraft, charming and divination, superstitions, cures, superstitions concerning animals, birds, insects, plants, the moon, days of the week, luck and unluck in daily life, birth, marriage, and death, customs and superstitions connected with days and seasons, the New Year, Shrovetide, Mid-Lent, Passiontide, and Easter, Rogationtide and Ascension Day, Whitsuntide, the month of May, Midsummer, harvest, All Saints Day, Christmastide, well worship, wakes, fairs, and feasts, games, morris dances, play-ballads, songs, rhymes, proverbs, notes on church bells, epitaphs. It will thus be seen that considerable interest attaches to Miss Burne's labours. She has occasionally used the publications of this Society for reference or for guidance, but the main portion of the work consists entirely of local collections obtained from the people themselves. The comparisons occasionally instituted with the folk-lore of other districts or of the continent are all to the point, but we must confess that we rather grudge the space devoted to this portion of the work in favour of the much more important work of printing what is fresh gathered. The comparisons are too few to be exhaustive, nor do they intend to be; and hence in their incompleteness they do not aid the study very much. Still it seems almost ungracious to say even this much in the way of objection to a most welcome and most valuable addition to a folk-lore collection. We trust our readers will aid Miss Burne in bringing out the succeeding parts—aid her in material as well as in subscriptions.

Prof. S. Bugge's Studies on Northern Mythology shortly examined. By Prof. Dr. George Stephens, F.S.A. With many illustrations. London, 1883 (Williams and Norgate). 8vo. Pp. 181.

All who know Prof. Stephens's work will hear with delight of anything fresh from his pen. The vigour, the go, the sturdy manly

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sincerity of all he writes, his very affectations, quaint and original as they are, endear him to his readers. The present work is full of his peculiar charm. An adequate answer to Prof. Bugge it can hardly be called—only on one point (that, it is true, a vital one) is issue fully joined. It was requisite for Prof. Bugge, in order to maintain his view of the late origin of the Norse mythology, as presented in the Eddas, to date the Ruthwell Cross from the tenth century instead of from the latter half of the seventh, as had been held by previous investigators. Prof. Stephens repeats and reaffirms his argument for the earlier date, and no unprejudiced reader but will admit that he proves his case thoroughly. In other points our author contents himself with a simple statement of the absurdity of Prof. Bugge's views—but he by no means shows how absurd they really are. By far the most valuable and interesting part of his book consists in the monuments he figures, some for the first time, from English, especially North-English, lands, and in the interpretation he gives of their symbolism from Norse mythology. Most remarkable of all these is the Gosforth Cross from Cumberland. Amongst other Eddaic episodes Prof. Stephens finds the slaying of the Femir wolf and the punishment of Loki. Another fragment from Gosforth is interpreted to figure Thor's fishing for the Midgardsworm.

Now for one word of criticism. Prof. Stephens would seem to think that the Kelts had nothing of their own in the way of god or hero tales. Thus on p. 404, referring to the tale of Thor and his goats, he says, "The same is told of an old Keltic saint. Unhappily I have not made a note where I found this. Of course it had been annext from the song of some Scandinavian pagan." The allusion is to the well-known story told by Nennius (c. 32) of St. Germanus, and its Scandinavian origin is by no means a matter of course.

Poesía Popular: Post-Scriptum á la obra Cantos populares Españoles (de F. R. Marin) Por Demófilo. Sevilla: 1883, Francisco Alvarez y Ca., Editores, Tetuan 24. 16 mo. pp. 125.

This booklet is a very interesting dissertation on popular poetry, designated by a Spanish writer, "lozano, huerto de la fantasia popular." It has been called forth by the publication of *Cantos*

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populares Españoles, by Marin. After giving an account of the different attempts at collecting them, the author goes on to show how much of the real life of the people lies embedded in their poetry—their religion, their ideas of life, their superstitions, &c. The little work though based on Spanish popular poetry, has a universal range, and is worthy of careful study.

The *Folk-Lore Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Españoles* promises to be of much value. According to the prospectus among the volumes to be first issued will be *Colleccion de cuentos populares*, compared with those of France, Italy, and Portugal, by A. Machado y Alvarez; *Supersticiones populares*, by A. Guichot y Sierra; *Costumbres y fiestas populares Andaluzes*, by Luis Montoto y Rantenstranch, &c., &c. A volume of about 300 pages will be published every three months at a subscription of 15 francs yearly, to be payable to the Editors, Francisco Alvarez y Ca., Zaragoza, 21, Seville. It is expected that the first volume will be issued during the current month.

Folk-Tale Tabulations. — The following tabulations have been received: "The Story of a Dam," "Kgolodikane (a large Bead)," "The Lion and the Jackal," "The Bewitched King," "Much searching disturbs things that were lying still," "The Ox which returned to life," "The Story of Umkuywana," "Story of Five Heads," "Ulusanana," "The Fleeing Girls and the Rock," from *The South African Folk-Lore Journal*, by Mr. G. L. Apperson. "La Soru di lu Conti," "La panza chi parra," "Lu Furasteri e lu Tratturi," "Li tri casini," "L'acqua e lu sali," "Il padre santo," "Il Re di Francia," "Figlio mio dottore!" "Li tri belli curuni mei," "Lu Re Cavaddu-mortu," "Russu-comu-sangu," "Donna Guángula," "La Bella Mainrana," "La Bella di li setti citri," from Pitré's *Fiabe Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani raccolti* by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland.

The Annual Meeting will be held on the 5th July, at 3·30 o'clock. The President has very kindly offered to have the meeting at his residence, 13, Belgrave Square. Members who desire to bring friends to the meeting may have cards on application to the Honorary Secretary.

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL BEAUCHAMP, *President of the Society, has kindly arranged to hold the Annual Meeting of the Society at his residence,*

No. 13, BELGRAVE SQUARE,

on Thursday, the 5th July, at 3·30 o'clock.

Members who desire to introduce friends at the meeting may obtain cards from the Honorary Secretary.

NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date*, and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Forms for the Tabulation of Folk-Tales may now be obtained.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

Members of the Society may advertise in these columns at a cost to cover only expenses.

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 211.)

THE THREE SISTERS AND ITRÌMOBÉ.

THERE was once a certain couple who were very rich, and they had three children, all daughters. And of these children of theirs, the youngest, Ifàravàvy ("last female"), was the prettiest.

One day Ifàra had a dream, and told it to her sisters; said she, "I have had a dream, lasses, and I dreamt that the son of the sun came from heaven to take a wife from among us, and it was I whom he took, for you two he left behind."

Then the two sisters were very angry about it, and said, "It is true enough that she is prettier than we are, and if a prince or noble should seek a wife he would choose her, and not care for us; so let us consider what to do. Come, let us take her out to play, and find out from people which of us they consider the best looking." So they called Ifàra, and said, "Come, Ifàra, let us go and play."

So they went away all dressed in their best, and soon met an old woman. "Granny," said they, "which of us three sisters is the prettiest?" "Ràmatoà (the eldest) is good looking, Ràivo (the middle one) is good looking, but Ifàra is better looking than either." "Oh, dear," said they, "there's no doubt Ifàra is prettier than we are." So they took off Ifàra's *làmba* (the outer native dress, a large oblong piece of cloth).

Presently they met an old man. "Grandfather," they said, "who is the prettiest of us three sisters?" "Ràmatoà is good looking, Ràivo is good looking, but Ifàra is better looking than either." "Dear me! although deprived of her làmba she is still prettier than we are." So they stripped her of her under clothing.

Then they met with Itrìmobé. (This was an immense monster, half

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human and half beast, a man-eating creature, and with a frightfully sharp tail.) "Oh dear, if here isn't Itrìmobé! Who is the prettiest of us three sisters?" But with a snarl he answered just as the old woman and old man had answered.

So the sisters were beside themselves with anger because Ifàra was prettier than they were, and they said, "If we were to kill Ifàra, perhaps father and mother would hear of it and kill us, so let us go and get some of Itrìmobé's vegetables, so that he may eat her." So the sisters said to her, "Come, Ifàra, let us see who can find the nicest vegetables." "Come along then," she said, "let us take some of those yonder" (meaning those of Itrìmobé). "Shall we get the ripe or the young ones?" said Ifàra. "Get those just sprouting," said they. Then they went to get them, but the two sisters took the full-grown ones. So when the three shewed theirs to each other Ifàra's were the worst. "Oh dear!" cried she, "why yours are the full-grown, you've cheated me." "It's yourself, girl, who would take the unripe," said the two; "go along and fetch some full-grown ones."

So Ifàra went off to get them; but while she was gathering them she was caught by Itrìmobé. "I've got you, my lass," said he, "for you are taking my vegetables; I'll eat you, my lass." Then Ifàra cried, "I am sorry, Itrìmobé, but take me for your wife." "Come along, then," said he (but it was that he might take her home to be fattened, and after that eat her).

The sisters were exceedingly glad at this, and went away to tell their father and mother, saying, "Ifàra stole Itrìmobé's vegetables, so he has eaten her." Then the old people wept profusely for sorrow. So Itrìmobé fed up Ifàra at his house, and would not let her go out of doors, but covered her with mats; while he went into the country hunting things to fatten her, so that Ifàra became very fat, and the time approached for Itrìmobé to devour her.

But one day, when Itrìmobé happened to have gone abroad hunting, a little mouse wearing plantain fibre cloth jumped by Ifàra's side and said, "Give me a little white rice, Ifàra, and I'll give you advice." "What advice can you give me?" said Ifàra. "Well then, let Itrìmobé devour you to-morrow." "But what is the advice you can give me?" said Ifàra, "for I'll give you the rice." So she gave some white rice to the little mouse clothed in cloth of plantain fibre; and it said to her, "Be off with you, and take an egg, a broom, a small cane, and a smooth round stone, and escape southwards."

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So Ifàra took the things and set off; but she put a plantain-tree stem instead of herself in her bed, and locked up the house. Presently Itrìmobé came home from the fields, bringing with him a spear for killing Ifàra, and a cooking-pot; so he knocked at the door, but no one opened. Said he, "Dear me, Ifàra's got so fat she can't move." So he broke open the door, and coming up to the bed thrust his spear through the mat, so that it stuck fast in the plantain-tree stem. Then he said, "Oh dear, Ifàra's so fat the spear sticks fast into her." So he struck it in again and licked the spear. "Why," said he, "Ifàra must be fat, for her blood has no taste!" But when he had opened the mat to take her for cooking, lo and behold, the plantain-tree stem! "Oho! the worthless wench has run off!" said he.

Then he snuffed the air to the east, but there was nothing there; he snuffed to the north, nothing there; he snuffed to the west, nothing there; he snuffed to the south, "Ah, there she is!" Off he sets, runs after her with all speed, and at last overtakes her; "I've got you, Ifàra!" So Ifàra threw down her broom, saying, "By my sacred father and mother, let this become a dense thicket which Itrìmobé cannot pass through." Then a very dense thicket grew up. But Itrìmobé took his tail and cut away perseveringly at the thicket until it was all cleared off. "I've got you now, Ifàra!"

Then Ifàra put down her egg, saying, "By my sacred father and mother, let this egg become a great pool of water." Then a great pool appeared. But Itrìmobé began to drink up the water and kept pouring it into the river. At last the water was dried up. "I've got you now, Ifàra!"

Then Ifàra put down her small cane, saying, "By my sacred father and mother, let this cane become a dense forest." Then a dense impassable forest grew up. But Itrìmobé with his tail hewed down the forest, and kept at work until the whole was felled. "I've got you now, Ifàra!"

Then Ifara put down her smooth round stone, and said, "By my sacred father and mother, let this become an inaccessible precipice which Itrìmobé cannot climb." So it became an immense precipice. Then Itrìmobé cut away with his tail incessantly, but at last his tail became so blunt he could do nothing more. He attempted to climb, but was unable. Then he called out, "Pull me up, Ifàra, for I won't harm you." But Ifàra replied, "I won't take hold of you until you have stuck your spear in the ground." So Itrìmobé stuck the spear in

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the ground, and Ifâra threw him a rope, which he laid hold of. But when he was nearly up he said, "I've got you, Ifâra, my lass!" Then Ifâra let him fall, and he was impaled on his spear and was killed.*

So Ifâra was there upon the rock; and she wept and was sad at heart for her father and mother. Then came a crow, and when Ifâra saw it she sang to it as follows:—

"O yonder crow, O yonder crow!
Take me to father's well,
And I will smooth thy tail!"

"And you say I eat unripe earth-nuts, and am I going to carry you there? Stay where you are," said the crow.

Then came a hawk, to whom she said:—

"O yonder hawk, O yonder hawk!
Take me to father's well,
And I will smooth thy tail!"

"And you say I am the eater of dead rats, and am I going to carry you there?"

After that a "Réo" bird (*Leptosomus discolor*) came, repeating its cry, "Reo, reo, reo," which, when Ifâra saw, she called to thus:—

"O yonder reo, O yonder reo!
Take me to father's well,
And I will smooth thy tail;"

"Reo, reo, reo," said the bird, "come, let me carry you, my lass, for I feel for the sorrowful." So the bird took her away and placed her on a tree just above the well of her father and mother.

Soon there came a little slave-girl of theirs to draw water; she washed her face, and seeing a reflection in the water, cried out, "My word! to have a pretty face like mine, and yet carry a water-pot on my head!" But it was the reflection of Ifâra's face she saw in the water and took it for her own. So she broke the water-pot in pieces. Then Ifâra called out from the tree, "Father and mother are at expense to buy water-pots, and you break them!" So the slave-girl, whose name was Itrétrikandévo, looked all about her and said, "Wherever was that person speaking?" So she went off home.

* Malagasy spears have a small blade at the foot, by which they are stuck in the ground when encamping, &c., so that the large blade stands upright.

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On the morrow she came again to fetch water; and, washing her face again, saw a reflection in the water, and breaking the water-pot said, "A handsome face like mine, indeed, and have to carry water on my head!" But it was Ifâra's face she saw there. And again Ifâra spoke from up the tree, "Father spends money buying, and you break." And again Itrétrikandévo looked about her, saying, "Whoever was that speaking?"

So she ran off to the village, saying to her master and mistress, "There was somebody speaking yonder at the well, but I could not see who it was; yet the voice was like Ifâra's!" So the pair went off to see; and when they got there, Ifâra came down, and all three wept for joy. Then Ifâra told them how her sisters had deceived her so that she might be seized by Itrîmobé. So they disowned the two daughters and kept Ifâra as their child.—(Translated from a story contributed by the Rev. J. Richardson to the *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society.*)

IKÒTOBÒRIBÒRY; THE LITTLE ROUND BOY.

A certain couple desired to have a child and said, "O, that we had a child, no matter whether like a ball, or of any shape whatever." After some time they had a child, for a son was born who had no legs or arms, for "God was disregardful," said the people. The father said, "Come, let us kill it,* for it's an unnatural thing." But the mother replied, "No, for I desired it earnestly from God, and that would be tempting God, so I don't agree, lest he should not give us another."

After some time the child grew, and one day his father went to the forest, and fastening up some food for the journey in a bag, the child jumped in too, for the name they had given him was Ikòtobòribòry. Some of the food he put in a basket to be eaten on the road until he came to the forest, and that in the bag was for the journey home; but the child in the bag was not seen. So the foresters set out on their journey. When night came on the child could not be found (at home); and for some time afterwards they searched for him but could not find him, and so at last they gave it up.

* The word here employed, *akòhoka*, is that used to describe killing new-born children born on one of the unlucky days, by putting them face downwards in a shallow wooden dish filled with water.

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Meanwhile, his father arrived at the forest, and opening the bag he saw the child there half-famished. So he said, "So it is you, little rascal, coming in the bag, is it, that made it so heavy? you little wretch. I'll leave you to die, you are so troublesome." So he threw him out. But the child said, "O father, please give me a cooking-pot, and fire, and water, and rice, and a little fuel!" His father replied, "Why, can you tend a fire?" "Yes," said he, "for I can add fuel with my mouth until I die." So he gave him some. Then the child said again to his father, "Please leave me at the foot of yonder big tree, daddy, and light the fire a little." So he kindled it, and left the child there alone, while he, its father, went away home.

When the man got to his house he said to his wife, "Our child went with us in the bag and we have left him there." The woman replied, "You carried my son away to abandon him because you disliked him, for while he was quite little you wanted to smother him." So they quarrelled together.

As for the child who was left at the foot of the tree, he made the fire burn up, and presently the tree was in a blaze. So the smoke ascended, and there came a messenger from God and said, "Little round one, put out your fire, for you are choking God's children." "That's exactly what I meant to do," said the boy, "for he has acted unfairly to me in giving me neither arms or legs, and that's why I have made such a smoke." So God's messenger went away, and when he came to God he said, "He says you have acted unfairly to him, in giving him no arms or legs, and that's why he is making such a smoke to choke your children." Then said God, "Go ye, bone-setter, muscle-producer, blood-maker, and flesh-smith, prepare him arms and legs." So these workmen went away, made them, and completed their work. Then the messenger came to God and said, "Completed."

Still, however, the child made the fire smoke, so God's messenger came again and said, "Why do you still annoy God's children with your smoke, although he has given you hands and feet? Why do you still do this?" Ikòto replied, "He has not given me a beautiful wife, and that's why I still make a smoke." So God's messenger went away again and said, "You have not given him a beautiful wife, and that is why he makes a smoke." So he sent him a wife as he wished.

After the messenger had gone, Ikòto still kept up his fire. Down

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came the messenger again, saying, "Why, Ikòtobòribòry, haven't you got a wife, you fellow? and yet why have you not put out your fire?" Ikòto replied, "He has not yet given possessions according to my heart's desire." "What then does your heart desire, fellow?" said the messenger. "Wisdom, honour, many slaves, many cattle, much money, long life." So the messenger went away to God and told him. Then said God, "Give them to him, for my children are choked." So they gave him what he asked.

Then Ikòto put out his fire, and having become very rich he went back to his father and mother. And when he came into their house they did not recognize him. So he said, "Where is your child?" They replied, "Ikòtobòribòry was his name, but he followed his father to the forest and died there." "Am I not he, father and mother?" They replied, "You are telling lies, for he had no arms and legs as you have!" He said again, "It was I who jumped into the bag and was thrown away by father when he came to the forest." Then his father and mother fell at his feet, and his father said, "It is true I threw you away, child; but however have you got feet and hands and wife and possessions?" He replied, "I so troubled God with my smoke that I obtained all I desired. My father will love me now I am so well off." Then his father replied, "I was very much to blame, child."

Then said Andrianambìniny (Mr. Prosperous), for that was the name Ikòto took after he became wealthy, "I am the child who did not disown the father, although the father disowned the child." So all the family rejoiced for the coming of Andrianambìniny, whom they thought dead, but who was still living, wealthy and beloved by all. And this is the origin of the saying, "A relative is a relative to those who have property; a father is a father to the well-to-do; but it is the mother who does not forsake whatever is one's condition."—(Translated from a contribution by Rev. C. F. Moss to the *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society*.)

A variant of the above story is given by the Rev. W. Montgomery under the title of Ilòhanihiàny, *i. e.*, "His-head-only." In this version it is the deformed boy's brothers who leave him in the forest, but the main story and incidents are substantially the same. The concluding sentence is, "This is the origin of the old saying, 'Although men wait not for God, I will yet wait for Him.'"

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THE DISPUTE FOR SENIORITY AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE BODY.

Once upon a time, it is said, the ear, the eye, the mouth, the hand, the foot, and the belly, disputed together about seniority; and in this manner went the dispute:—

Said the Ear, "I am the eldest of all, because it is I who hear all things whatsoever."

And when the Eye heard that, he answered, "It isn't you who are the eldest, but I; for although you, ear, may even hear, if it wasn't for me, the eye, seeing, then you would see nothing of the way you ought to tread."

And when the Mouth heard that, he was angry, and said, "You fellows here are talking nonsense, and disputing as to who shall be the head; while neither of you are the eldest, but it is I myself; for although you, ear, may ear, and you, eye, even may see, if it was not for me, mouth, speaking, you would remain silent as stone or wood."

And when the Hand heard that, he was startled, and said, "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for talking such rubbish, and each of you saying, 'It is I who am eldest.' Why don't you think a little before you speak? For although you all may be here, ear, and eye, and mouth, if it wasn't for me, the hand, which takes hold and works, what could you all accomplish? So let everyone be still, for there is no one of you eldest, for I, the hand, alone am the eldest."

And when the Foot heard that, he burst out laughing, and said, "What a set of fools! just look at the shadow first before you peer into the glass. People like you, indeed, quarrelling about seniority! For what are you but maize hung up, so that although you, eye, may see, and although you, mouth, may speak, and although you, hand, may take hold, if it wasn't for me, the foot, to go and carry you, what would you be better than the bottom of the basket, to sit still without any other business than to be friends with the ashes?* Don't dispute any more about seniority, for none of you is worthy to be senior. For it is I, the foot, only who am senior."

And the Belly, when he heard all that, said, "How is it these fellows have a mouth that is never tired, and lips above and below, and are not torn to pieces like a rag?"

"This Ear, forsooth, making himself to be senior! The dog has

* Alluding to the ashes carried in baskets as manure for the rice-fields.

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ears just as much as you, and hears the abuse and evil words spoken by others; but its belly does not know rest, and is happy to bear the abuse of others."

"And you, Eye, making yourself to be senior! Every living thing sees the darkness and the light; but the belly does not observe, for the eye looks upon the good and the evil."

"And you, Mouth, also, making yourself to be senior! The pig, too, has a mouth the same as you, but its belly is happy in doing evil, and devours that which it had vomited."

"And you, Hand, also, making yourself to be senior! The crab has hands just as much as you, but its belly has no thought, so its hands can do nothing of themselves, either separately or altogether."

"And as for you, Foot, making yourself to be senior! You see that the ox has feet just as much as you; but its belly is foolish, and so it is made a treader of rice-fields and a breaker up of clods.* So this is what I declare to you: Don't dispute any more about seniority, for it is I alone who am the eldest, because it is I, the belly, who am the thinker and observer, and receptacle for the food which is to strengthen you all."

So they all humbled themselves to be juniors, and the belly only was agreed to as the eldest; and they gathered together there all the emotions expressed in such phrases as "My heart is troubled," "My liver is troubled," "My bowels are troubled," "My belly is troubled," &c.

The meaning of this amusing fable will be clearer if it is remembered that the Malagasy use the word for belly (*kibo*) in a very wide sense, as including heart, bowels, liver, womb, stomach, &c.; and that in these organs they (like Orientals generally) place the seat of the emotions and feelings, and the intelligence also. The similarity of the main idea of the fable to that of Esop's "The Belly and the Members" is obvious, an idea which is probably found in almost every nation, as is also seen in its very full use as an illustration by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xii. 12-25. It will be noticed that seniority is equivalent among the Malagasy to headship or lordship.

* Oxen are driven about on the soft mud of the rice-fields, over which water has been allowed to flow, after they have been dug up by the spade.

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INJÀY.

In old times, they say, there was a certain man who, among others, was appointed to serve in the wars. So his wife and children and family were exceedingly sorry and troubled; and he himself also was very sad and full of fear, for it was a serious matter to go to the wars. So he went to consult a famous diviner. And when he got there, the diviner worked the oracle, and the man was seen by the divination to be liable to *regret*; but yet he would not be hurt by gun or spear, or by any sharp weapon. So the diviner spoke to him thus: "Thou, Sir, art not to be hurt by the hand of man, nor hurt by your own hand; nevertheless you are liable to this little matter called 'regret' (*énina*). Still, Sir, if you invoke (or make an offering to) the 'god in-the-house' (*i.e.* the sunlight entering into the house through a hole in the ridge), and the road be straight, and if you offer money to the ancestors, and kill an ox of the right colour for the tribe and the family that they may bless you (literally, "blow water on you"), for you are overtaken by blame from the dead, and have blame from the living, then you shall be free. Therefore make this (aforesaid) offering (*sòrona*). And this also is the expiation (*fàditra*, a word from the same root as *fàdy*, tabooed, consecrated, devoted) you shall make: an unfinished web of cloth, an unpierced gourd, a weed, an unripe lemon, something which has died of itself, a withered banana, a stone which has stopped the way, earth which has caused one to fall, a twisted tree, a liàna climbing a tree, a road which leads nowhere. These are the things you are to take for an expiation. And these also are the things for divination: a piece of unbroken money (a dollar), two small coins, a cloth in one unjoined piece, a bowl (called "step of divination"), a chopper, scissors, a fine cock, honey from living bees, and pieces of money of the value of eightpence and a halfpenny. If therefore you do all this, you shall free from blame from the dead and shall be blessed by the living. you shall have no hindrance, but shall return in health and prosperity here to your ancestral home."

And when the man heard about these many things to be done and to pay, he was discouraged and could not hold up his head; so he said, "Yes, I understand it, and I thank you, may you be blessed by the ancestors; but I will wait a little first to consult with my wife and children at home, for to save my life what would I not do, although

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it cost a great deal to accomplish?" And when he came to his wife and children he told them all about it, and they replied, "Who can possibly do or agree to all these different things? So, let us seek another diviner, for this one is only anxious to get for himself, and he cares nothing about saving people's lives." So the man agreed; the more so since he was already indisposed to do it, and his agreeing to it in the presence of the diviner was all pretence and hypocrisy.

So he consulted the oracle through another person, and this diviner said to him, "The oracle is startled; however, go away a little first and then return; but when you get home, take care and avoid broken pottery, and old bones, and things that are dead, and earth from a broken fence-wall; then take different kinds of beads (names given, one of them meaning 'Not overcome by calamity,' *Tsiléondòza*); and to-morrow evening come back here again, that we may know exactly the divination." So the man went back again to his wife and children. And when he had told them they agreed to it, and did accordingly; still, on the morrow he did not return to that diviner again, but changed to another one. And when he came to this other diviner it was simple and easy what he declared, for a cloth only was to be the expiation (*fàditra*), and the offering (*sòrona*), white beads called *haren-tsi-maty* (*i.e.* "riches not dead"=lost), and a straight road. (This diviner was not skilled.) So the man was glad because there was so little to be done, and went away home. And when he told his wife and children they also were glad.

So when the time came to go to the wars the man went away. And when they had gone about three weeks the soldiers came to a dense forest, and a herd of wild hogs rushed out, with tusks whetted and foaming at the mouth. On their approach everyone was taken by surprise and ran off; some made their escape, but some were unable to move from the place, and this man leaping, was caught by a liàna and hung there helplessly. After being there for some time the liàna broke, the man fell down and broke his thigh. So then he remembered the words of the skilled diviner to him, "You will be overtaken by *regret*, if you don't do this." Then the man, it is said, lamented thus: "Would that I had followed the skilled diviner's instructions!" And that, they say, was the origin of the expression "Injày," that is, "Would that!"

(*To be continued.*)

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THE FOLK-LORE OF YUCATAN.

By Daniel G. Brinton, M.D.

YUCATAN presents a strange spectacle to the ethnologist. The native race, which in nearly every other part of the American continent has disappeared before the white invaders or else become their acknowledged inferiors, has there gained the upper hand. The native language has ousted the Spanish to that extent that whole villages of whites speak Maya only, and the fortunes of war in the last generation have sided so much with the native braves that they have regained undisputed possession of by far the larger part of the peninsula.

Is there to be recognised in this a revival of that inherent energy which prompted their ancestors to the construction of the most remarkable specimens of native architecture on the continent, and to the development of a ripe social and political fabric?

It can scarcely be doubted; but, however that may be, such considerations cannot fail to excite our interest in all that relates to a race of such plucky persistence.

As throwing a side-light on their mental constitution, their superstitions and folk-lore merit attention. I happen to have some material on this which has never been published, and some more which has only appeared in mediums quite inaccessible even to diligent students. Of the former are a manuscript by the Licentiate Zetina of Tabasco, a native of Tihosuco, and some notes on the subject by Don Jose Maria Lopez, of Merida, and the late Dr. Carl Hermann Berendt; while of the latter a report by Don Bartolomé Granado de Baeza, *cura* of Yaxcabá, written in 1813, and an article of later date by the learned cura, Estanislao Carrillo, are particularly noteworthy.* From

* *Informe del Señor Cura de Yaxcabá*, Don Bartolomé del Granado Baeza, in the *Registro Yucateco*, tomo i. pp. 165 *et seq.*

The Rev. Estanislao Carrillo was cura of Ticul, where he died in 1846. He was a zealous archaeologist, and is frequently mentioned by Mr. Stephens in his travels in Yucatan. He is deservedly included in the *Manual de Biografia Yucateca* of Don Francisco de P. Sosa (Merida, 1866). His article on the subject of the text appeared in the *Registro Yucateco*, tomo iv. p. 103.

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these sources I have gathered what I here present, arranging and studying the facts they give, with the aid of several dictionaries of the tongue in my possession.

These Mayas, as the natives called themselves, were converted at the epoch of the conquest (about 1550) to Christianity in that summary way which the Spaniards delighted in. If they would not be baptized they were hanged or drowned; and, once baptized, they were flogged if they did not attend mass, and burned if they slid back to idol-worship. They were kept in the densest ignorance, for fear they should learn enough to doubt. Their alleged Christianity was therefore their ancient heathenism under a new name, and brought neither spiritual enlightenment nor intellectual progress. As a recent and able historian of Yucatan has said, "the only difference was that the natives were changed from pagan idolaters to Christian idolaters." *

To this day the belief in sorcerers, witchcraft, and magic is as strong as it ever was, and in various instances the very same rites are observed as those which we know from early authors obtained before the conquest.

The diviner is called *h'men*, a male personal form of the verb *men*, to understand, to do. He is the one who knows, and who accomplishes. His main instrument is the *zaztun*, "the clear stone" (*zaz*, clear, transparent; *tun*, stone). This is a quartz crystal or other translucent stone, which has been duly sanctified by burning before it gum copal as an incense, and by the solemn recital of certain magic formulas in an archaic dialect passed down from the wise ancients. It is thus endowed with the power of reflecting the past and future, and the soothsayer gazes into its clear depths and sees where lost articles may be recovered, learns what is happening to the absent, and by whose witchery sickness and disaster have come upon those who call in his skill. There is scarcely a village in Yucatan without one of these wondrous stones.

These wise men have also great influence over the growing crops,

* "De idolatras paganos que eran, solo se ha conseguido que se conviertan en idolatras cristianos."—Apolinar Garcia y Garcia, *Historia de la Guerra de Castas en Yucatan*, Prologo, p. xxiv. (Merida, 1865).

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and in this direction their chiefest power is exercised. By a strange mixture of Christian and pagan superstition they are called in to celebrate the *misa milpera*, the "field mass" (*misa*, Spanish, "mass"; *milpera*, a word of Aztec derivation, from *milpa*, "cornfield"). In the native tongue this is called the *tich*, which means the offering or sacrifice. It is a distinct survival of a rite mentioned by Diego de Landa, one of the earliest bishops of the diocese of Yucatan.*

The ceremony is as follows: On a sort of altar constructed of sticks of equal length the native priest places a fowl, and, having thrown on its beak some of the fermented liquor of the country, the *pitarrilla*, he kills it, and his assistants cook and serve it with certain maize cakes of large size and special preparation. When the feast is ready, the priest approaches the table, dips a branch of green leaves into a jar of *pitarrilla*, and asperges the four cardinal points, at the same time calling on the three persons of the Christian Trinity, and the sacred four of his own ancient religion, the *Pah ah tun*. These mysterious beings were before the conquest and to this day remain in the native belief the gods of rain, and hence of fertility. They are identical with the winds, and the four cardinal points from which they blow. To each is sacred a particular colour, and in modern times each has been identified with a saint in the Catholic calendar. Thus Father Baeza tells us that the red Pahahtun is placed at the East, and is known as Saint Dominic; to the North is the white one, who is Saint Gabriel; the black, toward the West, is Saint James; the yellow is toward the South, and is a female, called in the Maya tongue *X'Kanleox*, "the yellow goddess," and bears the Christian name of Mary Magdalen.

The name *Pahahtun* is of difficult derivation, but it probably means "stone, or pillar, set up or erected," and this tallies quite exactly with a long description of the ancient rites connected with the worship of these important divinities in the old times. There are some discrepancies in the colours assigned the different points of the compass, but this appears to have varied considerably among the Central American nations, though many of them united in having some such symbolism.

* Landa, *Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatán*, pp. 208 *et seq.* The work of Landa was first printed at Paris in 1864.

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A curious study of it has been made by the well-known archaeologist, the Count de Charencey.*

The invocation to these four points of the compass in its modern form was fortunately obtained and preserved in the original tongue by that indefatigable student, the late Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, while on a visit to the plantation of Xcanchakan, in the interior of Yucatan.† The translation of it runs as follows:—

"At the rising of the Sun, Lord of the East, my word goes forth to the four corners of the heaven, to the four corners of the earth, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"When the clouds rise in the east, when he comes who sets in order the thirteen forms of the clouds, the yellow lord of the hurricane, the hope of the lords to come, he who rules the preparation of the divine liquor, he who loves the guardian spirits of the fields, then I pray to him for his precious favour, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"I confide this virgin seed to the ground with my holy love, and I beg of thee to extend to me thy blessing with thy whole heart and thy pure love, and to insure me thy kindly favour; for I trust all in the hands of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

Such is an example of the strange mixture of heathen and Christian superstition which has been the outcome of three centuries of so-called Christian instruction!

There still continue to be relics of an ancient form of fire-worship which once prevailed commonly throughout the peninsula. The missionaries refer to it as "the festival of fire," ‡ but the exact rites performed were so carefully concealed that we have no description of them. That they are not yet out of date is apparent from a copy of a

* Charencey, *Des Couleurs considérées comme Symboles des Points de l'Horizon chez les Peuples du Nouveau-Monde*, in the *Actes de la Société Philologique*, tome vi. (Octobre, 1876).

† *Chrestomathie de Littérature Maya*, p. 101, in the second volume of the *Études sur le Système Graphique et la Langue des Mayas* (Paris, 1870).

‡ "La fiesta de fuego, que hasta ahora en esta provincia se hacia."—Fr. Diego Lopez Cogolludo, *Historia de Yucatan*, tomo i. p. 483 (3rd ed. Merida, 1867).

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native calendar for 1841-2, obtained by Mr. Stephens when in Yucatan. In it the days are marked as lucky or unlucky, and against certain ones such entries are made as "now the burner lights his fire," "the burner gives his fire scope," "the burner takes his fire," "the burner puts out his fire." This burner, *ah toc*, is the modern representative of the ancient priest of the fire, and we find a few obscure references to an important rite, the *tupp kak*, extinction of the fire, which was kept up long after the conquest, and probably is still celebrated in the remoter villages. The sacred fire in ancient Maya land is said to have been guarded by chosen virgins, and it appears in some way to have been identified with the force which gives life to the animal and vegetable world.

Another of the modern ceremonies which is imbued with the old notion, common to them as to all primitive people, of a soul with material wants, is that called "the feast of the food of the soul." Small cakes are made of the flesh of hens and pounded maize, and are baked in an underground oven. Of these as many are placed on the altar of the church as the person making the offering has deceased relatives for whose well-being he is solicitous. These cakes are called *hanal pixan*, "the food of the soul." Evidently they are intended to represent the nourishment destined for the soul on its journey through the shadowy lands of death.

Along with these there are many minor superstitions connected especially with the growth of crops and fruits. Thus it is widely believed that the fruit known as the white zapote (*Sapota achras*, in Maya, *choch*) will not ripen of itself. One must tap it lightly several times as it approaches maturity, repeating the formula:—

Hoken, cheché; ocen, takan:
Depart, greenness: enter, ripeness.

The owl is looked upon as an uncanny bird, presaging death or disease, if it alights on or even flies over a house. Another bird, the *cox*, a species of pheasant, is said to predict the approach of high northerly winds, when it calls loudly and frequently in the woods; though this, according to one writer, is not so much a superstition as an observation of nature, and is usually correct.

A singular ceremony is at times performed to prevent the death of

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those who are sick. The dread being who in mediæval symbolism was represented by a skeleton is known to the Mayas as *Yum Cimil*, Lord of Death. He is supposed to lurk around a house where a person is ill, ready to enter and carry off his life when opportunity offers. He is, however, willing to accept something in lieu thereof, and to bring about this result the natives perform the rite called *kex*, or "barter." They hang jars and nets containing food and drink on the trees around the house, repeating certain invocations, and they believe that often the Lord of Death will be satisfied with these, and thus allow the invalid to recover.

Those diviners to whom I have alluded are familiarly known as *Tat Ich*, Daddy Face, and *Tata Polin*, Daddy Head, a reference, I suspect, to a once familiar name of a chief divinity, *Kin ich*, the face (or eye) of the day, *i. e.* the Sun.

A power universally ascribed to these magicians is that of transforming themselves into beasts. Were it not for so many examples of delusions in enlightened lands it would be difficult to explain the unquestioning belief which prevails on this subject throughout Central America. Father Baeza relates that one of these old sorcerers declared in a dying confession that he had repeatedly changed himself into various wild beasts. The English priest, Thomas Gage, who had a cure in Guatemala about 1630, tells with all seriousness a number of such instances. And even in our own days the learned Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg is not entirely satisfied that animal magnetism, ventriloquism, and such trickery, can explain the mysteries of *nagualism*, as the Central American system of the black arts is termed. He is not certain that we ought to exclude the assistance of the invisible diabolic agencies! *

The sacred books of the Kiches, a tribe living in Guatemala related to the Mayas, ascribe this power to one of their most celebrated kings. As an illustration the passage is worth quoting:

"Truly this Gucumatz became a wonderful king. Every seven

* Thomas Gage, *A New Survey of the West Indies*, pp. 377 *et seq.* (London, 1699). The Abbé Brasseur is willing to consider these tales fictitious, "supposé qu'ils n'eussent eu, en realité, aucune communication avec les puissances du monde invisible," about which, however, he is evidently not altogether sure.—*Voyage sur l'Isthme de Tehuantepec*, p. 175 (Paris, 1862).

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days it ascended to the sky, and every seven days he followed the [illegible] every seven days he put on the nature [illegible] every seven days he put on the nature of a tiger, and he became truly a tiger, and again every seven days also he put on the nature of [illegible] and then he was nothing else but coagulated blood."*

It was women alone who could possess this magic power. This is evident from a curious little native story heard by Dr. Berendt in the [illegible] from a native woman, who told it to prove the value of salt as a counter charm to the machinations of these mysterious beings. The doctor wrote it down with scrupulous fidelity and added a literal translation. As it has never been published, and as it is at once an interesting bit of authentic folk-lore, and a valuable example of the Maya language, I give it here in the original tongue and with a literal interlinear translation:—

A MAYA WITCH STORY.

Hunin hxib tsoocubel yetel huntul xchup ; ma tu yoheltah uaix
A man married with a woman ; not did he know (her) as
nay. Hunpe kin tu yalahti: "Huche capel mut taab." Tu
a witch. One day he said to her: "Mix two measures (of) salt." She
huchah paibe, ca tu katah: "Baax tial tech?" Hunpel akab
mix'd (them) first, then she asked: "Why this (wishest) thou?" One night
pixaan hxibe ca tu yilah u hokol u yatan. Ca tu chaah u mazcabe
woke the man and he saw go out his wife. Then he took his axe
ca tu mucul thulbelah tu pach ti kax. Ca kuchioob ti chichan
and secretly followed behind (her) to the wood. When they arrived at a little
chakan, yan u zazil uh, ca tu uucuba hxib tu booy nohoch
meadow, there being a bright moon, then hid himself the man in the shade of a great
yaxche. Ca tu pucah u nok xchup tu pach, uaan xmabuc tu
ceiba tree. Then threw her garments the woman behind (her), standing naked in the
tan uh: ca tu sipah u yothel, ca culhi chembac. Ca
face of the moon: then she stripped off her skin, and remained mere bones. Then
naci ti caan. Ca emi tucaten, ca tu yalahi: "Zazaba
she rose to the sky. When she came down again, then she said to him: "Wouldst thou
xtac caan?" Uemac ma uchuc u nacal tucaten, tumen tu theotal
reach to the sky?" But not could she ascend again, because of the throwing
taab.
(of) salt.

* *Papeles Pert.*, t. [illegible] No. [illegible] de Yucatan, p. 513 (Paris, 1864).

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To the Maya, the woods, the air, and the darkness are filled with mysterious beings who are ever ready to do him injury or service, but generally injury, as the greater number of these creations of his fancy are malevolent sprites.

Of those which are well disposed the most familiar are the *Balams* (Maya, *Hbalamob*, masculine plural form of *balam*). This word is the common name of the American tiger, and as a title of distinction was applied to a class of priests and to kings. The modern notions of the Balams are revealed to us by the Licentiate Zetina of Tihosuco in his manuscripts to which I have previously referred.

He tells us that these beings are supposed to be certain very ancient men who take charge of and guard the towns. One stands north of the town, a second south, a third east, and the fourth to the west. They are usually not visible during the day, and if one does see them it is a sign of approaching illness, which suggests that it is the disordered vision of some impending tropical fever which may occasionally lead to the belief in their apparition.

At night the Balams are awake and vigilant, and prevent many an accident from befalling the village, such as violent rains, tornadoes, and pestilential diseases. They summon each other by a loud, shrill whistle; and, though without wings, they fly through the air with the swiftness of a bird. Occasionally they have desperate conflicts with the evil powers who would assail the town. The signs of these nocturnal struggles are seen the next day in trees broken down and uprooted, the ground torn up, and large stones split and thrown around.

Another of their duties is to protect the cornfields or *milpas*. It seems probable, from comparing the authorities before me, that the Balams in this capacity are identical with the *Pa ahtuns*, whom I have referred to above, and that both are lineal descendants of those agricultural deities of the ancient Mayas, the *Chac* or *Bacab*, which are described by Bishop Landa and others. No Indian on the peninsula neglects to propitiate the Balam with a suitable offering at the time of corn-planting. Were he so negligent as to forget it, the crop would wither for lack of rain or otherwise be ruined.

An instance of this is told by Señor Zetina. An Indian near Tiho-

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suco had paid no attention to the usual offering, perhaps being infected with evil modern sceptical views. His crop grew fairly; and as the ears were about ripening he visited his field to examine them. As he approached he saw with some dismay a tall man among the stalks with a large basket over his shoulders, in which he threw the ripening ears as fast as he could pluck them. The Indian saluted him hesitatingly. The stranger replied, "I am here gathering in that which I sent." Resting from his work, he drew from his pocket an immense cigar; and, taking out a flint and steel, began to strike a light. But the sparks he struck were flashes of lightning, and the sound of his blows was terrible thunderclaps which shook the very earth. The poor Indian fell to the ground unconscious with terror; and when he came to himself a hail-storm had destroyed his corn, and as soon as he reached home he himself was seized with a fever which nigh cost him his life.

The Balams are great smokers, and it is a general belief among the Indians that the shooting stars are nothing else than the stumps of the huge cigars thrown down the sky by these giant beings.

Sometimes they carry off children for purposes of their own. When Dr. Berendt was exploring the east coast of Yucatan he was told of such an occurrence on the Island of San Pedro, north of Belize. A little boy of four years wandered to some cacao bushes not more than fifty yards from the house, and there all trace of him was lost. There was no sign of wolf or tiger, no footprint of kidnapper. They sought him the whole day in vain, and then gave up the search, for they knew what had happened—the Balam had taken him!

The Balams have also the reputation of inculcating a respect for the proprieties of life. Zetina tells this story which he heard among his native friends: One day an Indian and his wife went to their corn-patch to gather ears. The man left the field to get some water, and his wife threw off the gown she wore lest it should be torn, and was naked. Suddenly she heard some one call to her in a loud voice, *Pixe avito, xnoh cizin*, which Zetina translates literally into Spanish, *Tapa ta culo, gran diablo!* At the same time she received two smart blows with a cane. She turned and beheld a tall man with a long beard, and a gown which reached to his feet. This was the Balam.

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He gave her two more smart blows on the part of the person to which he had referred, and then disappeared; but the marks of the four blows remained as long as she lived.

It is vain to attempt to persuade the Indian that such notions are false and cannot be facts. He will not try to reason with you. He contents himself with a patient gesture and the despairing exclamation, *Bix ma hahal:* "How can it be otherwise than true?" (*Bix*, how, *ma*, not, *hahal*, true.)

These Balams are in fact the gods of the cardinal points and of the winds and rains which proceed from them, and are thus a survival of some of the central figures of the ancient mythology. The wind still holds its pre-eminence as a supernatural occurrence in the native minds. One day Dr. Berendt was travelling with some natives through the forests when the sound of a tropical tornado was heard approaching with its formidable roar through the trees. In awe-struck accents one of his guides said, "*He cutal nohoch yikal nohoch tat:* Here comes the mighty wind of the Great Father." But it is only in an unguarded moment that in the presence of a white man the Indian betrays his beliefs, and no questioning could elicit further information. A hint is supplied by Señor Zetina. He mentions that the whistling of the wind is called, or attributed to *tat acmo*, words which mean Father Strong-bird. This suggests many analogies from the mythologies of other races; for the notion of the primeval bird, at once lord of the winds and father of the race, is found in numerous American tribes, and is distinctly contained in the metaphors of the first chapter of Genesis.

The *balam*, as I have said, is esteemed a kindly and protective being; he is affectionately referred to as *yum balam*, Father Balam. He is said to have a human form, that of an old man with a long beard and ample flowing robes. But there are other gigantic spectres of terrible aspect and truculent humour. One of these is so tall that a man cannot reach his knees. He stalks into the towns at midnight, and planting his feet like a huge Colossus, one on each side of the roadway, he seizes some incautious passer-by and breaks his legs with his teeth, or conquers him with a sudden faintness. The name of this terror of late walkers is Giant Grab, *Ua ua pach.*

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Another is the *Che Vinic*, the Man of the Woods, called by the Spanish population the Salonge. He is a huge fellow without bones or joints. For that reason if he lies down he cannot rise without extreme difficulty; hence he sleeps leaning against a tree. His feet are reversed, the heels in front, the toes behind. He is larger and stronger than a bull, and his colour is red. In his long arms he carries a stick the size of a tree-trunk. He is on the watch for those who stray through the woods, and, if he can, will seize and devour them. But a ready-witted man has always a means of escape. All he has to do is to pluck a green branch from a tree, and waving it before him begin a lively dance. This invariably throws the Wood Man into convulsions of mirth. He laughs and laughs until he falls to the ground, and once down, having no joints, he cannot rise, and the hunter can proceed leisurely on his journey. It is singular, Dr. Berendt, how widely distributed is the belief in this strange fancy. It recurs in precisely the same form in Yucatan, in Peten, in Tabasco, around Palenque, &c.

Another ugly customer is the *Culcalkin*. This word means "the priest without a neck," and the hobgoblin so named is described as a being with head cut off even with the shoulders, who wanders around the villages at night, frightening men and children.

In contrast to the giants are the dwarfs and imps which are ready in their malicious ways to sour the pleasures of life. The most common of these are the *h'lox*, or more full *h'loxkatob*, which means "the strong clay images."* They are, indeed, believed to be the actual idols and figures in clay which are found about the old temples and tombs, and hence an Indian breaks these in pieces whenever he finds them, to the great detriment of archæological research. They only appear after sunset, and then in the shape of a child of three or four years, or sometimes not over a span in height, naked except wearing a large hat. They are swift of foot, and can run backwards as fast as forwards.

* The derivation of this word is from *kat*, which in the *Diccionario Maya-Espanol del Convento de Motul*, MS. of about 1580, is defined as "la tierra y barro de las olleras," but which Perez in his modern Maya dictionary translates as "ollas ó figuras de barro"; *ob*, is the plural termination; *lox*, is strong, or the strength of anything; *h'* or *ah*, as it is often written, is the rough breathing which in Maya indicates the masculine gender.

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Among other pranks, they throw stones at the dogs and cause them to howl. Their touch produces sickness, especially chills and fever. It is best, therefore, not to attempt to catch them.

Of similar malevolent disposition is the *Chan Pal*, Little Boy, who lurks in the woods and is alleged to bring the small pox into the villages.

Others are merely teasing in character, and not positively harmful. Thus there is the *X bolon thoroch* who lives in the house with the family, and repeats at night the various sounds of domestic labour which have been made during the day. The word *thoroch* is applied to the sound caused by the native spindle revolving in its shaft; *bolon* is "nine," a number used to express the superlative degree in certain phrases; while the initial *X* shows that the imp is of the feminine gender. The name therefore signifies "the female imp who magnifies the sound of the spindle." Other such household imps are the *Bokol h'otoch*, Stir-the-House, who creeps under the floors and makes a noise like beating a cake to scare the inmates; the *Yancopek*, Pitcher-Imp, who crawls into jars and jugs; and the *Way cot*, Witch-bird, who lurks on or behind walls and drops stones on passers by.

The female sex is further represented in the Maya folk-lore by a personage who has a curious similarity to legendary ladies of the old world, sirens, mermaids, the Lorelei, and others. She is called *X tabai*, the (female) Deceiver. Her home is under shady bowers in the forests, and there the ardent hunter suddenly espies her, clothed, and combing with a large comb (*X ache*) her long and beautiful hair. As he approaches she turns and flees, but not with discouraging haste, rather in such a manner and with such backward glances as to invite pursuit. He soon overtakes her, but just as he clasps her beauteous form in his strong embrace, her body changes into a thorny bush, and her feet become claws like those of a wild fowl. Torn and bleeding he turns sadly homeward, and soon succumbs to an attack of fever with delirium.

Another very similar creature is *X Thoh Chaltun*, Miss Pound-the-Stones. She slily waits around the villages, and when she sees some attractive youth she awakes his attention by tapping on the stones, or in default of these on an empty jar which she carries for the purpose. Does the foolish youth respond to the seductive invitation she coyly

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moves to the woods, where the amorous pursuer meets like disappointment and a similar sad fate as the victim of the *X tabai*.

As may be supposed, many superstitions cling around the animal world. Each species of brute has its king, who rules and protects it Even the timid native hare may thus assert its rights. An Indian told Dr. Berendt that once upon a time a hunter with two dogs followed a hare into a cave. There he found a large hole leading under the earth. He descended, and came to the town of the hares. They seized him and his dogs and brought him before their king, and it was no easy matter for him to get off by dint of protests and promises.

There are also tales of the Straw Bird or Phantom Bird. The hunter unexpectedly sees a handsome bird on a branch before him. He fires and misses. He repeats his shot in vain. After a while it falls of itself, and proves to be nothing but a coloured feather. Then he knows that he has been fooled by the *Zohol chich*.

An object of much dread is the Black Tail, *Ekoneil*, an imaginary snake with a black, broad, and forked tail. He glides into houses at night where a nursing mother is asleep ; and, covering her nostrils with his tail, sucks the milk from her breasts.

These are probably but a small portion of the superstitions of the modern Mayas. They are too reticent to speak of these subjects other than by accident to the white man. He is quite certain either to ridicule or to reprove such confidences. But what is above collected is a moderately complete, and certainly, as far as it goes, an accurate notion of their folk-lore.

AN IRISH FOLK-TALE.

THE following folk-tale I took down from the mouth of an old Irish woman about twelve years ago. She had heard it, she told me, from an old schoolmaster when she was a girl [*i. e.* about 1810—1820], but her memory was evidently at fault here and there. I give it as nearly as possible in her own words.

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"When St. Joseph, and the Blessed Virgin, and the Infant Lord were flying into Egypt, they came to a place where four roads met. At one roadside there was sitting a tinker, at another a cobbler, at another a *dhear*, and at the fourth a clock or blackbeetle—I forget what a *dhear* is—a worm or something that way. Well, St. Joseph was in a great doubt which road to take for fear they might tell his pursuers. But he didn't mind the tinker and cobbler so much, because they were busy over their work, and not heeding the passers-by. So he went on, the Virgin in a pannier on one side the ass, and the Child in the other; and by-and-by up comes the Jews, and axes the cobbler and them all—and they said it in Irish—if they had seen such and such people passing that way. And when they went on to ax when or how long ago—"*Ne, ne*," said the *dhear*—that is "yesterday" —for he was loath to tell them the whole truth. But the clock took him up, and said "*Nu, nu*," that is "to-day." For this treachery of the clock and the *dhear*, St. Joseph laid the punishment on them, that each should always go with his head bent down to the ground, and never be able to right himself when turned over on his back. And as for the others, the tinker and the cobbler, they were condemned to go wandering about continually."

The word pronounced *dhear* perhaps stands for the Irish *dairbh*, a worm. *Ne* is the Irish *né* or *nae*, yesterday; and *nu* is the Irish *'niugh* or *'niumh*, to-day. A very similar legend from the south of Ireland, wherein the blackbeetle turns informer under the same circumstances, but is punished by having his original vest of crimson changed into its present satanic black, is given in *Philological Soc. Trans.* for 1859, p. 94. Compare its Somerset name, *Devil's-cow*, and North-West Lincolnshire, *little devil*, a small blackbeetle. The same story, with variations, is found in North Scotland and the Azores; see *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1876, p. 510.

A. Smythe Palmer.

The Laurels, Chelmsford Road,
Woodford.

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FOLK-LORE IN RELATION TO PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION.

OF all the proverbs on the earth, "Train up a child in the way he should go" is the one which would seem to admit of the least doubt as to its meaning. We all of us know the way—we have trodden it ourselves; we all of us know the child—our neighbour's, if not our own. Yet seldom has there been a more complete transformation than that which the interpretation of this proverb has undergone in the last decade of years. The educators of Tom Tulliver and Tom Brown knew of only one subject of instruction, and only one method of teaching it. Their type of a scholar was Mr. Casaubon; beyond the Greek and Latin classics they knew of no education, and attempted none. But educators are now beginning to see that their duty is not to merely impart instruction in some one subject, valuable though that subject may be, but to call forth the varied capacities of the young minds; not to mould all children in one and the same branch of study, but to train the faculties for the performance of the various functions that the members of a highly-developed society are required to discharge. The ideal of the new educator is Mr. Phœbus, the Aryan.

But this progress to a higher interpretation of the 'way' brings with it a revelation of our ignorance of the 'child.' We begin to see how little we really know of a child's mind, its capacity, its direction, and rate of growth, the lines of least resistance into it for each element of instruction. Yet a knowledge of all these things is an indispensable pre-requisite for a competent educator, and therefore it is little wonder that a systematic investigation is being made into the problem, What is a child? The inquiries that have to be made travel into regions already occupied by various groups of researchers,

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philologists, physiologists, psychologists, and, not least, folk-lorists, with whose relation to educationists I now proceed to deal.

I.—Folk-lorists will readily understand that one of the principal means of imparting instruction to young children is stories and games, and that, therefore, Prof. Stanley Hall, who has taken the lead in America in inquiries into the psychology of children, is now making preparation for "an extensive and systematic collection of children's stories, based on *their* preferences, by a method not yet clear to me, but which should give their preference free scope:

"A collection of their games as *actually played*, from *actual study*, including the formulas (often in rhyme) of the *Mother Goose* order:

"A good *graded* collection of proverbs, in rhythm or otherwise, and also of maxims, as one element of moral training."*

It will be seen at once that folk-lorists can give great help to educationists in this work, because the collections asked for are just those which the Folk-Lore Society is now making. The tabulation of folk-tales will, when it has approached some degree of completion, afford precisely what Prof. Hall wants. The tales which appear in the great collections of folk-lore are tales, as I take it, that have survived from age to age because they have delighted generation after generation, not only of men and women, but of children. Thus the frequency, the approach to universality, of a folk-tale, shows very fairly the extent to which it has met with general approbation; and when we find the same outline and the same plot repeated with endless variations we may fairly conclude that that plot will please again if the details are once more changed. And not only will the folk-tale classification give us a very good indication of the kind of tale that pleases most, and a series of model plots which we can adapt to our own uses, it will also give us valuable hints in the construction of our stories. Nothing is more remarkable in folk-tales than the dramatic skill with which the materials are handled. Nothing is lacking; nothing is superfluous. Each incident arises in its proper place, the plot develops itself without dragging, and yet without hurrying, up to the dénouement. No art is more necessary to the story-teller than

* Extract from a letter from Professor Hall to me.

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that of grouping the incidents properly round the centre of interest, and no training is more likely to give skill in it than a careful study of the anatomy of standard folk-stories, as they will appear in our Society's tabulation.

With respect to proverbs, it is equally obvious that much has been done by folk-lorists in the direction of classifying proverbial sayings. But we want proverbs classified, not merely according to their connection with each other, but also in their relation to the different periods and orders of society, so that we may light at once on the group best suited to the various points of morality that we desire to instil. And this is important, because, from the research I have myself been able to make, I think that if a classification by subjects and periods, similar to that suggested by Mr. Long, were carried out, we should find that proverbs will fall of themselves into social groups, and that, as one period of society gives way to another, new proverbs come up without always driving out the earlier ones. We thus get contradictory proverbs, and it is very necessary to the educator who deals in proverbs to know which form contains the highest social morality.

Even more important than either the story or the proverb alone is the combination of the two into the moral story. It is not easy to construct a good story, but a moral story is almost always a failure. Either the story is undramatic or the moral dubious; and not infrequently a bad moral is tagged on to a worse story. I lately read a choice specimen which was printed in a German educational periodical as a model for kindergarten teachers. It narrated the fortunes of two spiders, one of whom was an *uralte spinnenmadam*,* to whom another and younger spider paid a morning call. This apparently polite attention irritated the elder lady to such an extent that she fought the younger one, and after a prolonged struggle slew her and sucked her blood, afterwards returning thanks in the historical German manner that she knew how to help herself in time of need. The proceedings had been watched with intense interest by a cheerful sparrow (*ein*

* "Unter umständen," says the narrator, "können die spinnenmadamen alt, ja, uralt werden." Possibly!

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munteres spätzchen) on a neighbouring twig, who, after remarking that a fat spider with the essence of another one inside it was precisely what he desiderated for a morning meal, hopped down and partook of the same. "This," says the moralist, "is the way of the world, and thus does each of us serve the other in the economy of nature."*

After this glorification of "the good old rule, the simple plan," under the mask of Cosmic Service, I will ask the reader to turn to the foot of the page and read the old folk-story which impresses the threefold rule of keeping the high road, holding one's tongue, and thinking twice before acting once.† I do not hold up this practical worldly-mindedness as the highest morality that might be inculcated; but I venture to think that for both literary and ethical excellence the folk-story far exceeds the Weltdienst of modern Teutonic sentimentality. Yet the publication of this extraordinary spider story as a model shows how very far teachers are from understanding the conditions under which a moral story can be successful, and how very much they can learn from a study of those ethical folk-stories which it is one object of our Society to preserve.

II.—But, if folk-lore thus affords a valuable training to educators and moralists, the results of educational and psychological inquiries are no less valuable to folk-lore. For, in the last resort, the interpretation of folk-lore involves important questions of psychology. We have two schools of interpretation of the traditions of early man: the one holding that they should be taken literally, the other that they should be taken metaphorically. For instance,

* *Erziehung der Gegenwart*, April, 1883, p. 8.

† The story, as given in Gonzenbach's *Siciliänische Märchen* (No. 81)—the only version I have at hand—is that of a youth, who leaves his widowed mother, and takes service abroad with a Cardinal. At the end of his service, he pays back all his wages to his master for the three pieces of advice mentioned above. By keeping the high road he escapes the clutches of a band of highwaymen who infest the byways and short cuts. By holding his tongue he escapes being murdered by an eccentric host, who amuses himself by shortening the career of over-curious guests. By thinking twice before acting once he himself escapes the guilt of murder; for as he comes home he sees a strange man standing on the mother's doorstep where he ought not. The son's first thought is to slay the intruder, but, happily deferring the deed till the morning, it is discovered that the two are brothers.

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inkosi in Zulu means *a king*, and *zulu* the *sky*; but when the words are conjoined—*inkosi pezulu*—do they mean the *king in the sky*, or the *Lord in Heaven?* Lexical considerations fail us entirely. To sum up the times that *inkosi* by itself means *king* and *zulu* by itself *sky*, in order to infer by numerical majority the probable meaning of the words in conjunction, begs the question, which is precisely whether by being conjoined they may not have developed a new meaning. To take a parallel instance from a modern language: *herr im himmel* cannot be rendered *the gentleman in the sky*, although the ordinary meaning of *herr* is certainly gentleman, and of *himmel* sky. The question, in short, is not one of vocabularies and roots, but of our notion of what is reasonable or unreasonable in savage thought, of the extent to which savages are likely to use metaphorical language, the capacity they have attained for abstract thought: in one word, of our theory of the psychology of early man.*

The difficulties in the way of constructing such a theory, which would be simply a science of comparative psychology, are obvious. Competent inquirers are few and far between, their opportunities are comparatively restricted, and the gulf between them and their catechumens must always be a great one. And, when these difficulties have been more or less surmounted, the results have to be interpreted by stay-at-home students who are debarred from the remotest acquaintance with the environment of savage life, and whose difficulties are consequently increased ten-fold.

It is just at this point that aid is forthcoming in the form of investigations into the psychology of modern children. Not only have we

* It is curious that this point is entirely overlooked by those Sanskritists who accuse anthropologists of neglecting the study of the Vedas. Yet every page of the translations of the Vedas shows that Sanskritists are not at one with themselves as to the mental characteristics of the poets they are translating. Prof. Max Müller states the difficulty very fairly in his note on R.V. i. 64, ii. (*R.V. translated*, vol. i. p. 93), where he decides to translate "the boys of Dyu: the bulls of Dyu." But, as Prof. Ludwig translates without personification, we may conclude that he does not accept the eminent Oxford scholar's reasoning. Both translations are equally grammatical, so that the question is a purely psychological one; and until Sanskritists settle it, and declare which translation they will abide by, it is impossible for non-Sanskritists to attempt to use the Vedas.

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considerable scientific support for the conjecture that the children of to-day reflect in their mental growth the stages of the mental growth of their race, but we have the direct testimony of competent observers to the childlike character of many of the lower races, so that we may reasonably expect to have some light thrown upon the psychological state of the lower races by an examination of the psychology of our own children.* The conditions too under which the inquiry is made are of the most favourable character. There is no lack, nor is likely to be, of children; and capable observers can be trained in any number. Moreover, both observers and observed live in the same social environment and speak the same tongue, so that the facilities for intercourse are as complete as they can well be, and, if the experiments are made on a sufficient scale, the probability of error in the results will be very small. We shall, of course, use the results with discretion, and not look on them as an infallible standard of early man's development, though to do that would be better than to take the standard from our own developed intellect.

Now it happens that considerable progress has already been made in the collection of psychological facts about children, and Professor Stanley Hall permits me to quote some from a forthcoming paper of his in the *Princeton Review*, giving the results of an inquiry into the ideas of some school-children at Boston, U.S.A. I shall quote them without comment. Every anthropologist will see that they bear a remarkable analogy to various reported beliefs of the lower races, and will form his own conclusions as to the bearing the former have on the interpretation of the latter. As regards the sun:

"Some thought the sun went down at night into the ground or just behind certain houses, and went across on or under the ground to go up out of or off the water in the morning, but forty-eight per cent. of all thought that at night it *goes* or *rolls* or *flies*, is *blown* or *walks*, or God *pulls it up* higher out of sight. He *takes it into heaven*, and perhaps *puts it to bed*, and even *takes off its clothes*, and puts them on in the morning, or again it *lies under the trees*, where the angels

* E. Ray Lankester, *Degeneration*, p. 20 *et seqq.*; Spencer, *Principles of Sociology*, vol. i. pp. 102, 103, where the parallel is worked out in detail.

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mind it, or goes through and *shines on the upper side of the sky*, or goes *into* or *behind the moon* as the moon is behind it in the day. . . ." *

Lightning—

" is God *putting out his finger*, or *opening a door*, or *turning a gas quick*, or (very common) striking many matches *at once*, throwing *stones and iron for sparks*, *setting paper afire*, or it is light going outside and inside the sky, and stars falling. God keeps rain in heaven in a *big sink*, *rows of buckets*, *a big tub* or *barrels*, and they *run over*, or he *lets it down* with a *water-hose* through a *sieve*, *a dipper with holes*, or *sprinkles* or *tips* it down or *turns a faucet*."

As for babies,—

God " *lets them down* or *drops them*, and the women or doctors *catch* them, or he leaves them on the side-walk, or *brings them down a wooden ladder backwards and pulls it up again*, ... or they *fly down and lose off their wings in some place or other and forget it*. They were also often said to be found in flour-barrels, and the *flour sticks ever so long*, *you know*, or they *grow in cabbages*, or God *puts them in water*. . . ."

Quotations like these could be multiplied to any length, but those I have given will be enough to show the kind of evidence which psychology will place at the service of folk-lorists, and of the value of that evidence there can hardly be a doubt.

III.—But out of this reciprocal aid grows a third consideration of the good which may be effected if the students of folk-lore, of psychology, and of education, will go together through the world, like the famous six in the *märchen*. In studying the origin of folk-tales we are very apt to look upon folk-lore as something quite dead and ancient, a relic to be preserved, and not a custom to be maintained. And yet, if we think of it, nothing is more certain than that every folk-story was once alive in the sense that for the people who told it it had a real present meaning, and was told among them, not because it referred to the heavenly bodies, or had been handed down from ancient times, but because it reflected the daily life of the villagers, their ideas of right and wrong, their hopes and fears, the means to ward off harm from their cattle, and to make the crops bear rich fruit.

There are two great collections of folk-tales which have been formed

* Italics represent the children's own words.

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by reason of this capacity of the living folk-tale to reflect the daily life of man. I refer to the Buddhist Jātakas and the *Gesta Romanorum*. Different as they are in many respects, these two great gatherings are alike in the fact that they are composed of floating tales which lent themselves readily to allegorization by the preachers of a new creed. The Buddhist birth-tales are just the popular stories of the East without any alteration save the addition of the tag that the hero is Buddha in some former life, and that, for doing thus and thus, such and such things afterwards happened to him in another birth. In the *Gesta*, stories of the most Rabelaisian sort are retold with a calm disregard of propriety, and then moralised with "Carissimi, this signifies the" soul, or the heart, or whatsoever else may have seemed good to the holy fathers. In each case, it is the faithfulness with which the stories reflected oriental or mediæval life that rendered them so suitable for theological allegorization.

But, though these great collections give us an idea of the value of a folk-tale as one factor of social life, we shall perhaps gain a clearer view of the folk-tale as the natural expression of village opinion by analysing a single sample. I will take No. 258 of Wolf's *Hessische Sagen:*

There were once too many storks in Griesheim, and the moot accordingly directed the village servant to drive them away with a stick wherever they showed themselves. But the villagers soon complained that their crops of corn, rape, and hemp were being destroyed, and the moot met again to consider how the storks might be driven away without the servant's treading down the fields to get at them. They deliberated long, till one cried at last, "I have it." He had a ladder brought, and stood the servant on it, while twelve men carried the ladder whither he would. Thus the servant trod down no more corn. But, while he was driving away the storks in front, one came and sat on the ladder behind as if to scorn him. Whereupon the bailiff, who held it his bounden duty to care for the welfare of the villagers, got himself mounted on another ladder carried by a second dozen of men. In this way they drove away the storks, and, though the fields were entirely trodden down by the people, they had the satisfaction of showing the storks that villagers are not to be treated with contempt.

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The joke is palpable to the most untechnical reader: but to a student of the village community every line of the story reflects village life. The village servant, the *gemeindediener* represents the common-herder, field-grieve, or by whatever name the officer was called who had charge of the cultivated meadows. The villagers' lots are scattered all over the village land, so that the servant in scaring the birds would trample down everybody's crops; and in the bailiff's following him to see that all is right we have again a reflection of communal life; for it frequently happened that one villager's plot was wholly surrounded by those of others, so that no path led to it, and consequently access could only be had by recourse to the bailiff, "who, if necessary, treads down a path to the specified farthing dole."* In the same way the trampling of the two dozen men is legalised by the presence of the bailiff.

There are many more stories which show, like this one, that the folk-tale is the natural accompaniment of folk-life, reflecting all its phases from day to day. Nor has the folk-tale ceased entirely out of the land. It lives on in the satirical picture-stories of *Punch*, it has its full development in the ethical novel of writers like George Eliot. And any one who has ears to hear can learn that the spirit of folk-lore is still vigorous among the folk. All that is wanted is a little guidance to call that spirit into renewed activity. Shall that guidance be lacking? Philosophy after philosophy rises and passes away, leaving no mark behind it; our moralists are discussing—and seem likely to go on discussing—whether or not we ought to be moral; but no one marks that the ancient tales which kept the morals of the folk sweet and pure are passing away, and that new ones are not filling up their place. *Non oportet, fratres mei, haec ita fieri.*

JOHN FENTON.

* Gomme, *Vill. Comm. in Municipal Institutions, Archaeologia*, vol. xlvi. p. 413. For the keeper of the crops in England cf. Gomme, *Index of Municipal Offices*, p. 31; in India, Campbell, *Modern India*, p. 84; Tupper, *Punjab Customary Law*, vol. iii. p. 145. The spreading of a villager's share over the sections of the village land is a familiar feature of communal economy. On the entire question of the relation of folk-tales to popular morality I may refer to my *Strife between Light &c.* p. 81, *et seqq.*

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Scotch Riddle.—This has not, so far as I know, been yet recorded. It is from the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire. The answer is a cow being milked.

"Pink! Pank!
Yn anëth the bank,
Ten upo' four."

J. W. CROMBIE.

Children's Rhyme, "The Devil's dead."—(See p. 196.) I find that this was known to Charles Lamb. In his "Letters," vol. i. p. 167 (1837), he says of "Shakespeare's Muse," "I thought she had been dead, and buried in Stratford Church, with the young man *that kept her company:*—

'But it seems like the devil,
Buried in Cole Harbour,
Some say she's risen again,
Gone 'prentice to a barber.'"

JAMES BRITTEN.

S. Swithin and Rainmakers.—The article on this subject in last month's issue contains no allusion to S. Médard, who holds this function over Belgium, and the greater part of France. All the departments under the influence of the *mistral* suffer terribly from want of rain. I have been at many places in the Ardèche, Gard, Drôme, Rhîne, Bouches du Rhône, Var, where the people have declared that it had not rained *comme il faut* for 20 years, nevertheless they have a quaint version of our "Red sky in the morning," &c.

"Quand le ciel est rouge le matin,
C'est signe qu'il va mouiller son prochain."

In the departments bordering the Swiss Alps, the variableness of the climate is testified by the proverb:

"Quand il fait beau, prends ton manteau,
Quand il pleut prends ce que tu veux."

S. Médard is the 9th June, and when he rains the idea also obtains that S. Barnabas (11th June) can keep him in check, an idea which

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has some analogy with the old English saying that "Barnaby bright" betokens a run of fine weather.

Expressing anxiety at a gathering of clouds once at starting on an excursion in Tuscany, the driver quoted a queer saying to reassure us:—

"Quando passeggian' Corpi Santi,
Sempre avemo belle giornate."

Which I took to be an allusion to some relics he might have carried, but found on enquiry that his "Corpi Santi" denoted our own persons.

R. H. Busk.

Addenda to Branwen (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v.)—Mr. Karl Pearson has pointed out to me the following passage in the *Pfaffe Amis*, a thirteenth-century South German poem, composed by Der Stricker. The hero, a prototype of Eulenspiegel, who goes through the world gulling and tricking his contemporaries, persuades the good people of a certain town to entrust their money to him by telling them that he has in his possession a very precious relic, which he will show them, the head of St. Brandan, which has commanded him to build a cathedral (Lambl's edition, Leipzig, 1872, p. 32). Mr. Pearson believes that this incident has, like most of the remainder of the poem, gone into one of the many versions of Eulenspiegel, but cannot give the exact reference. It seems permissible to speculate whether there may not be some connection between this head of St. Brandan, which is preserved as a relic and speaks with its owner, and the head of Bran the Blessed, which remains uncorrupted, and which is as pleasant company as ever in the flesh. It is at any rate worth enquiring whether there be any early legend connected with St. Brandan's head. None such appears in the earliest redactions of St. Brandan's Voyage as printed by Schröder, Erlangen, 1871. It may be noted in the same connection that in what is presumably the earliest redaction of R. de Borron's *Quête du Saint Graal*, printed by Hucher, Le Mans, 1875, the conversion of Britain to Christianity is finally carried out by Brons. Is this a variant of the Welsh tradition which ascribes the conversion to Bran? It is curious that the introductory machinery of one of the two forms (the German one) in which the Brandan-Voyage exists is very similar to that of Walter Mapes's *Quest of the*

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Grail. These facts seem to warrant the hypothesis of a lost Brandan legend. The Irish MSS. may possibly contain something to throw light on the subject. ALFRED NUTT.

Nursery Rimes (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 154. *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i. p. 92.)—Strange to say the man it is who is called Dob in the version given by Halliwell of the tolerably well-known tongue-tripping lines communicated by Mr. Layton. The dog appears as Cob, and I have certainly heard of him as Bob elsewhere; would that anybody could explain the secret significance of this shuffling of names! In my family, where there was a judicious mixture of boys and girls, the rime was held to be specially appropriate to the latter, for it ran:—

"If you be a fair maid,
As I suppose you be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile
While I tickle you on your knee."

When the tickling test was tried on a boy, the first line was altered for the nonce, for we did not know, in our nursery, that "the literal meaning of *maid* is one grown up, an adult," and that "it is often applied to males as well as females" (Dr. Morris's *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, p. 84); and I believe we were all of opinion that, however much a boy might enjoy the tickling and the attempt at self-control, the laughing or not laughing in his case proved nothing. Halliwell, No. DCLIV. has:

"A good child, a good child,
As I suppose you be,
Never laughed nor smiled
At the tickling of your knee."

E. G.

Curious Custom in Cheshire.—A case illustrating the remarkable survival of an old Cheshire custom was heard before the Norton magistrates the other day. The prosecutor, William Pullen, charged Thomas Lawton with being in his house for an unlawful purpose. Defendant entered Mr. Pullen's house, and said he had come to lift his wife, and two men followed defendant to the garden-gate. Prosecutor told defendant to get out, or he would kick him out. He would not allow any one to take such liberties. Defendant thereupon became

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very abusive. It was stated that defendant was endeavouring to carry out an old Cheshire custom. The men lifted women on Easter Monday, and women lifted men on Easter Tuesday. The magistrates informed defendant he must apologise and pay the costs.—*Yorkshire Gazette, April 7th*, 1883.

QUERIES.

Can any Member of the Folk-Lore Society tell me if any graves of the Vikings have been found in New England, and, if so, when ?

X.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Die Njalssage insbesondere in ihren juristichen Bestandtheilen. Ein kritischer Beitrag zur alt-nordischen Rechts- und Literatur-geschichte, von K. Lehmann und H. Schnorr von Carolsfeld. Berlin and London : D. Nutt. 1883.

The above-named work is a most important contribution to the study of old Northern law as well as to the settlement of the vexed question of the date and composition of the Njalssaga. It is well known that the tendency of modern criticism has been to date this, in common with the majority of the Icelandic sagas, from a much later period than that to which it had been ascribed by earlier writers. But it is evident that if the date (latter half of the thirteenth century) which now commends itself to the most competent scholars be the correct one, the evidence afforded by the saga as to the principle of jurisprudence, and the forms of procedure in the Icelandic republican period, is seriously diminished in value. The authors resolved to test the saga exclusively from the legal standpoint. It is well known that the whole action of the story passes, as one may say, in the Courts ; that the motives of the different personages are dealt chiefly in their legal aspect, and that the saga is full of legal learning and technical details.

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The author's task has been to compare the mass of legal facts with the old Northern codes, and as the result of a most searching and laborious comparison the saga-writer is shown to be in the highest degree inaccurate and fanciful in his statement. He evidently lived at a time when the procedure he describes with such minuteness was no longer in use, and when the meaning of many of the legal terms which he employs with such profusion had been lost or altered. The results of other scholars as to his late date are thus confirmed, and the saga as a whole is proved to be no trustworthy guide to the jurisprudence and the procedure of republican Iceland, but merely an ingenious reconstruction of forms of law which had for some time ceased to be in force. The authors present their case with true German minuteness and conscientiousness, and all interested in the law and literature of mediæval Scandinavia should buy their work.

Dr. M. Gaster, of Bucharest, is employed on a collection of Roumanian folk-riddles. He has collected about five hundred of them. They are to be given with all their variants in Roumanian and arranged in the alphabetical order of their solutions without any translation, and without comparison with the riddles of other peoples. The book is thus similar to that on Spanish riddles published by Demofils. The author hopes to be able to issue it during this year. It will prove an interesting addition to folk-lore.

Sir Arthur Gordon, says the *Athenæum*, has brought back from Fiji a quantity of materials regarding the habits, folk-lore, &c., of the islanders. A valuable book will probably be the result.

It is not unlikely a Folk-Lore Society may be started in America, for the purpose of collecting the myths and customs of the American Indians. We sincerely trust this may come about.

Mr. Black's book, *Folk-Medicine*, has been issued to the members of the Society. Any member not having received his copy is requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretary.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, July 5th, at the residence of the President, 13, Belgrave Square, at 3·30 p.m. The Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp, F.S.A., President, took the chair. The Hon. Secretary read the fifth Report of

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the Council, which stated (1) that the publication of the *Folk-Lore Journal* in monthly parts had been favourably accepted by the members, and would serve, it was hoped, to make the Society more widely known. (2) The Folk-Tale Committee have met with a considerable amount of support. They would be glad to receive the names of members who would undertake tabulations of folk-tales. Forms can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary. The Council also recommend that an additional Honorary Secretary be appointed to take charge of the financial and non-literary portions of the labours now performed by Mr. Gomme. The volume for the present year (together with the *Folk-Lore Journal*), *Folk Medicine*, by W. G. Black, was ready for issue to the members.—Mr. Fenton moved, "That considering the results of folk-lore research in education and in investigations into the psychology of children, the Council be requested to instruct the Folk-Tale and Proverbs Committees to put themselves in communication with the Froebel Society with a view to bringing about a co-operation between students of folk-lore, education, and psychology." This was seconded by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and approved. A cordial vote of thanks to the President for his services to the Society, terminated the proceedings.

The following tabulations of folk-tales have been received:—"Lu li Raccunta," "Lu cuntu di li Raccunta," "Lu Pappagaddu chi cunta tri cunti," "Lu Pappagaddu chi cunta tri cunti" (the Parrot's first tale), "Lu Pappagaddu chi cunta tri cunti" (the Parrot's second tale), "Lu Pappagaddu chi cunta tri cunti" (the Parrot's third tale), "Il Fratello e la Sorella," "Li Figghi di lu Re di Spagna," "Poirrabedda," "La Grasta di lu basilico," "Catarina la Sapienti," "Bella e Sapiente," "Bianca-comu-nivi-russa-comu-focu," "Lu Re di Spagna," "Mandruni and Mandruna," "Li tri figghi obbidienti," "Marvèzia," "Lu Re d'Amuri" (the King of Love), "Lu Scavu" (the Slave), from Pitré's *Fiabe Novelle e Racconti popolari Siciliani*, by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland. "The Singing Sack," "A girl who wanted three husbands," "The Knights of the Fish," "Fair Flower," "The Bird of Truth," "The Blue Lily," "John the Conqueror," "The Knavish Little Bird," "The Three Wishes," "The Fox and the Goose," "The little Ant," "The Hunchback," "Fairy Friar," from Caballero's *Bird of Truth, and other Fairy Tales*, by Mr. J. W. Crombie.

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Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date*, and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Forms for the Tabulation of Folk-Tales may now be obtained.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

Members of the Society may advertise in these columns at a cost to cover only expenses.

Bibliography of Folk-Lore.—Mr. Gomme will be glad to be informed of any out-of-the-way titles.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. G. L. Gomme, 2, Park Villas, Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S.W.

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 243.)

INDÉSOKA, CHILD OF ITRÌMOBÉ.

ONCE upon a time, it is said, Indésoka, child of Itrìmobé, and Ifâra, was called by her fellow-servants to draw water. So Indésoka called from the house, "Just wait a bit for me, for I want to eat a little rice first." However, her companions did not wait for her, but went off. So when Indésoka's rice was eaten she took a water-pot (but it was Itrìmobé's silver vessel she took) and went after her companions. And when she came there her companions looked at her water-pot, and it was a silver one. So they said, "Oh dear, Indésoka! do you see these broken pots of ours? we've broken, lass, everyone of our water-pots" (but that was a lie, for they had hidden them in the water-channels). Then Indésoka looked at the pieces of broken pot, and supposed that they were really their water-pots. So they spoke to her again, and said, "Do you break up yours, too." Then Indésoka tried hard to break her's and struck it smartly; but it would not break, for it was silver and therefore hard. So Indésoka said again, "Let that do, friends, lest I be killed by Itrìmobé for breaking his silver vessel." But all of them called out at once, "Ours are broken and gone all to pieces, and you alone are going to carry water-pot and water home to the village!" So Indésoka tried hard again to break her's, but still it would not break; but at last she hammered it with a stone, and then at length the vessel was broken. And as soon as Indésoka's vessel was broken, they all hastened and took their water-pots out of the ditch, and shouted out with glee, "Ha, here are our pots! here are our pots!" And upon that Indésoka stood confused and troubled, but after a little

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she went a little way into a cave in the rock, but did not enter, for the cave was blocked with stones; so she knocked but could not open it. Then she spoke thus, "If I am consecrated from father and mother, let this open!" So the cave opened and she entered in. And having come in, she spoke again, "If I am noble by father and noble by mother, then let this shut up, that Itrìmobé may not pass!" So the stone door closed of itself, and Indésoka hid there.

And when the servant-girls who had been with Indésoka came up to the village they accused her to Itrìmobé of having broken his silver vessel. And when Itrìmobé heard that he was angry and said, "I'll eat her!" (Ifàra, however, was not there, but only the girls who made the accusation.) And when Ifàra came into the house Itrìmobé said, "O Ifàra! here is my daughter Indésoka's portion of rice and drumstick of fowl; take it, and call her home, for I won't eat her." (But he hid his purpose from Ifàra lest she should tell Indésoka; for Ifàra was her mother.) So Ifàra went away to where Indésoka was, and came to the cave. And arriving there she called out, singing thus:—

"Randesoka oh! Randesoka!
Hidden in the rock.
Randesoka oh!
In the rock not speaking.
Randesoka oh!
Friend deceiving,
Randesoka oh!
And killing unto death.
Randesoka oh!
Your little meal of rice,
Randesoka oh!
Your little share of fowl,
Randesoka oh?"

Then Indésoka also replied thus:

"Mother, oh my mother!
Hidden in the rock.
My mother oh!
In the rock not speaking.
My mother oh!
Friend deceiving.
My mother oh!
And killing unto death,
My mother oh!"

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And when they had thus answered each other by singing, Indésoka spoke again thus: "If I be noble by father, if I be noble by mother; let this stone door open." Then the door opened. So Ifàra handed to her the rice and the fowl's leg, and Indésoka took and ate them. And when Ifàra had gone, Indésoka spoke again: "If I be noble by father, if I be noble by mother, let this door be shut." Then the door shut to.

And when Ifàra had come into the house Itrìmobé asked her, "Did you see Indésoka?" So Ifàra replied, "I did not see her." Then said Itrìmobé, "Where did she go, and where is the rice and the fowl's leg?" Ifàra said again, "I ate the things."

And upon the morrow again when the rice was cooked, Itrìmobé said again, "Where, Rafara, is my child's rice, for me to take and seek her?" So Rafara handed it to him. Then Itrìmobé went and came to the cave; so he called with an evil (feigned) voice and said,

"Randesoka oh, Randesoka!"

(and repeating the same words already used by Rafara as above.)

Then Indésoka did not reply, for she knew Itrìmobé's voice. So then Itrìmobé went and consulted the divination through Ràvakombé. So Ràvakombé worked the divination, and the oracle replied, "Do thou, Itrìmobé, drink a raw egg, for then your voice will change a little." So Itrìmobé drank it, and his voice became like that of Rafara. Then he returned to the cave, and called with pleasant song, thus:

"Randesoka oh, Randesoka!"

(repeating the words of Rafara exactly as before.)

Then Indésoka replied thus:

"Mother, O my mother!
Hidden in the rock.
My mother, oh!
In the rock not speaking," &c.

(as before she had replied to Rafara.)

Then Itrìmobé said in his heart, "I'll devour her on the spot." So Indésoka spoke and said, "If I be noble by father, if I be noble by mother, then let this open." Then the door opened, and Itrìmobé entered, and Itrìmobé struck and killed her, because she had broken his silver vessel. And the rice and fowl's leg he had brought he took home again, after killing Indésoka. And when he had come into his

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house he spoke to Rafara his wife, and said, "O mother! I have got some lamb's flesh here, but I did not see Indésoka; but here is the rice and the fowl's leg, and here also is your lamb's flesh." But no sooner had Rafara looked at it than she was astonished, and said, "O dear, this is my child!" Then Itrimobé asked her, "What is that you say?" Then Rafara recovered herself and said, "No, not at all, for I was speaking of your mutton." So Itrimobé sent her, saying, "Hang up the mutton." Then Rafara spoke softly, "My child's flesh, and he says, 'Hang it up.'" So Itrimobé said again, "What's that you are muttering about?" Rafara replied, "Yes, for I'll hang it up" (but she was afraid about his eating it, for Itrimobé was brutal). Then she cooked it. And when Indésoka's flesh was cooked, Itrimobé sent Rafara, telling her, "Do you go and invite those south and those north, invite those east and those west." Then Ifâra murmured, and muttered again, saying, "I am dead; my child!" So Itrimobé said again, "What is that you keep on muttering to yourself?" Then said Rafara, "Not at all was I saying anything; for I say, 'Come along and invite the folks.'" Then Ifâra called out:

"Invited, invited, oh,
Ye here to the south!
And the bones of my child throw not away.
Invited, invited, oh,
Ye here to the north!
And the bones of my child throw not away.
Invited, invited, oh,
Ye here to the west!
And the bones of my child throw not away.
Invited, invited, oh,
Ye here to the east!
And the bones of my child throw not away."

So the people bidden all came and ate; but no one ate the bones.

And when the people had eaten, Rafara collected her child's bones and dried them in the sun; and when they were dry she pounded them and put them in a clean vessel. Then she placed them in seven baskets one within the other, and after a little they joined together and the head appeared; then they gradually increased and the body came together, and after a little while more the hands and feet were formed; and at last the body was completely restored, and there was no difference in its appearance from the first. So when

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Itrìmobé saw it he was startled, and said, "O dear, Rafara! Is this Indésoka, or some other child?" Then Rafara replied, "You have eaten Indésoka, for this is my sister's child."

And after some time Itrìmobé said, "O Rafara! come here and dress my hair."* So Rafara replied, "Come here, then, if you want it done." Then she dressed his hair, doing it near the middle roof post of the house.† So Rafara worked away diligently, for Itrìmobé had very long hair. And when his hair was completely plaited, Rafara took each large lock and tied it firmly to the roof-post. Then Itrìmobé spoke, for it hurt his head, and said, "Don't plait it too tightly." Rafara replied, "Bear it a little longer, for your hair is just finished." (But at the same time she fastened it more tightly still.) And when the whole had been firmly tied, Rafara spoke and said, "You fellow, Itrìmobé, you have killed my daughter, so I will not let you go until your life is gone." Then Itrìmobé struggled hard to escape, but was unable, so Rafara took the knife with which Itrìmobé had cut up Indésoka and plunged it into Itrìmobé, so that he died. Then Rafara also cleared his bones of the flesh, and pounded it, and added salt, and sent some to all Itrìmobé's relatives, and, as they knew nothing about it, they ate it. Then Rafara said, "You have eaten the bones of Itrìmobé, who was your relative, for they were flavoured with salt, and became savoury, and therefore you swallowed them." And when his relatives heard that, they mourned and wept; but some of them would not believe that of Itrìmobé, for they said, "Itrìmobé cannot be killed by man;" but they knew not that Rafara had fastened him to the roof-post, and had thus killed him.

And after Itrìmobé was dead Rafara and Indésoka inherited all his possessions, both in the land and in the town; for is not that the custom? (And thus, so goes the story, Itrìmobé met his death. We children who live did not know him, so that if there is any fiction in the story it was the people of old time who told lies.)

* Except the military class among the Hova Malagasy, all the different peoples of the island, men as well as women, have their hair arranged in a great number of little plaits, so that hair dressing is an operation requiring a considerable expenditure of time.

† Malagasy houses in the central provinces have their roofs supported chiefly by three tall posts reaching to the ridge, one at each end of the house, and the third in the centre.

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THE LITTLE BIRD AND HE WHO ATE IT.

Once upon a time there was a young bird of the species called *antsàly*, and it was stoned by a certain man; so the bird cried out thus:

"Throws stones indeed, does this man, O,
Throws stones at the little antsaly, O!
Throws stones O!"

So the man still went on throwing; and, the bird's foot being struck, it fell to the ground and was caught by the man. And when he had got it, it began to sing thus:

"Obtained indeed has this man, O,
Obtained the little antsaly, O!
Obtained O!"

Then the man took the bird home. And when he had come to his wife, the bird spake again thus:

"Obtained indeed has this man, O,
Obtained the little antsaly, O!
Obtained O!"

So the man's wife was astonished, and said, "Dear me, why this bird speaks! Whatever you may think, it's an unlucky business; for I never in all my life saw such a thing as this." But the man said, "If you won't eat it, I'll eat it by myself." So he killed the bird and cut it up, and said to his child, "Take hold, child, for it bothers me." But the mother interposed, saying, "If you're my child don't you take hold of it, for it's unlucky." So the child would not take hold, for it was afraid of its mother. Then the bird called out again:

"Will cut up indeed, will this man,
Will cut up the little antsaly!
Will cut up!"

Then the wife said again, "Dear me, are you really bold enough to do that? A bird speaking! and you dare cook it?" But the man did not answer and went on by himself; and presently really began to cut. So the bird called out again:

"Is cooking indeed, is this man,
Is cooking the little antsaly!
Is cooking!"

And after a little while the bird was cooked and the man ate; but the people in the house would not eat, for they were afraid. Then the bird called out again:

"Is eating indeed, is this man,
Is eating the little antsaly!
Is eating!"

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And after the man had eaten he sat down north of the hearth,* and his wife sat south of it, and the children east of it. And after a little time the man's stomach began to swell, and the bird also called out again in his stomach thus :

" Is full indeed, is this man,
Is full of the little antsaly !
Is full !"

Then his wife spoke again to him, " Now you see what you've got ! for you were admonished and wouldn't take warning." But the man could not answer, but wept, and his tears flowed apace. And then, wonderful to relate, the bird's parents out in the field called out :

" Gone where is the little antsaly ?
Gone where is the little antsaly ?
Gone where ?"

And their child there in the man's stomach answered thus :

" Here indeed I am, father,
Here indeed I am, mother,
Here !"

So the parent birds heard it and came near ; and coming west of the compound called out thus :

" Gone where is the little antsaly ?
Gone where is the little antsaly ?
Gone where ?"

So the bird answered again :

" Here indeed I am, father,
Here indeed I am, mother,
Here !"

And when the pair heard that they came into the house and also said, " Was it you (pl.) who ate our child ?" Then the children in the house answered, " It was daddy who ate it." So the birds spoke again, " Why was it that thou atest our child ?" But the man answered nothing, but wept profusely. Then the birds tore up the man's belly with their claws and got their child ; and then the three went home into the woods, but the man who would not be warned by wife and children died.

* Hova houses are always built north and south, and north of the hearth, which is an open fire-place of earth and stones, is the place of honour in the house.

(To be continued.)

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ANANCI STORIES.

IN the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. Part i., two Ananci Stories are given, as related by a Mulatto woman, born in Antigua, who said that Ananci was the spider. Probably many negro stories of a similar character are to be met with in the works of travellers and others. I have heard them spoken of by a lady who was born in Jamaica as *Nancy** Stories, and such would seem to have been the name generally given to them by Europeans. Mr. Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known as "Monk" Lewis, thus refers to them in his *Journal of a West India Proprietor*. The term "Ananci" is, however, the proper one; as appears from the following passage taken from William Bosman's *Description of the Coast of Guinea*, which also enables us to understand why the spider should be credited with the stories in question. Bosman, after mentioning an enormous spider which is found on the Gold Coast, says, "the Negroes call this spider Ananse, and believe that the first men were made by this creature; and, notwithstanding some of them by conversation with Europeans are better informed, there are yet a great number that remain of that opinion, out of which folly they are not to be reasoned."

The following is from the Journal (p. 253) of Lewis, who says:—"The negroes are also very fond of what they call Nancy stories, part of which is related, and part sung. The heroine of one of them is an old woman named Mammy Luna, who having left a pot boiling in her hut, found it robbed on her return. Her suspicions were divided between two children whom she found at play near her door and some Negroes who had passed that way to market. The children denied the theft positively. It was necessary for the negroes, in order to reach their own estate, to wade through a river at that time almost dry; and on their return Mammy Luna (who, it would seem, was not without some skill in witchcraft) warned them to take care in venturing across the stream, for that the water would infallibly

* This is really "ananci" with the initial vowel dropped.

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rise and carry away the person who had stolen the contents of her pot; but if the thief would but confess the offence she engaged that no harm should happen, as she only wanted to exculpate the innocent, and not punish the guilty. One and all denied the charge, and several crossed the river without fear or danger; but upon the approach of a *belly-woman* to the bank she was observed to hesitate. 'My neger, my neger,' said Mammy Luna, 'why you stop? me tink you savee well who thief me?' This accusation spirited up the woman, who instantly marched into the river, singing as she went (and the woman's part is always chanted, frequently in chorus, which the negroes call, 'taking up the sing'),

'If da me eat Mammy Luna's pease—O,
Drowny me, water, drowny, drowny!'

'My neger, my neger,' cried the old woman, 'me sure now you the thief! me see the water wet you feet. Come back, my neger, come back.' Still on went the woman, and still continued her song of 'If da me eat Mammy Luna's perse,' &c.

'My neger, my neger,' repeated Mammy Luna, 'me no want punish you; my pot smell good, and you belly-woman. Come back, my neger, come back; me see now water above your knee!' But the woman was obstinate; she continued to sing and to advance, till she reached the middle of the river's bed, when down came a tremendous flood, swept her away, and she never was heard of more; while Mammy Luna warned the other negroes never to take the property of another; always to tell the truth; and, at least, if they should be betrayed into telling a lie, not to persist in it, otherwise they must expect to perish like their companion."

Lewis adds that "a moral is always an indispensable part of a Nancy story," and he then relates the following one:—"Two sisters had always lived together on the best terms; but on the death of one of them the other treated very harshly a little niece who had been left to her care, and made her a common drudge to herself and her daughter. One day the child having broken a water-jug, was turned out of the house, and ordered not to return till she could bring back as good a one. As she was going along, weeping, she came to a large cotton-tree, under which was sitting an old woman without a head. I suppose this unexpected sight made her gaze rather too earnestly, for the old woman immediately inquired, 'Well, my piccaniny, what you see?'

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'Oh! mammy,' answered the girl, 'me no see nothing.' 'Good child,' said again the old woman, 'and good will come to you.' Not far distant was a cocoa-tree, and here was another old woman without any more head than the former one. The same question was asked her, and she failed not to give the same answer which had already met with so good a reception. Still she travelled forward, and began to feel faint through want of food, when, under a mahogany-tree, she not only saw a third old woman but one who, to her great satisfaction, had got a head between her shoulders. She stopped, and made her best courtesy. 'How day, grannie.' 'How day, my piccaniny, what matter, you no look well?' 'Grannie, me lilly hungry.' 'My piccaniny, you see that hut, there's rice in the pot, take it, and yam-yamme; but if you see one black puss, mind you give him him share.' The child hastened to profit by the permission; the 'one black puss' failed not to make its appearance, and was served first to its portion of rice, after which it departed, and the child had but just finished the meal when the mistress of the hut entered, and told her that she might help herself to three eggs out of the fowl-house, but that she must not take any of the *talking* ones: perhaps, too, she might find the black puss there also, but if she did, she was to take no notice of her. Unluckily all the eggs seemed to be as fond of talking as if they had been so many old maids, and the moment that the child entered the fowl-house, there was a cry of 'Take *me!* Take *me!*' from all quarters. However, she was punctual in her obedience; and although the conversible eggs were remarkably fine and large, she searched about till at length she had collected three little dirty-looking eggs that had not a word to say for themselves. The old woman now dismissed her guest, bidding her to return home without fear, but not to forget to break one of the eggs under each of the three trees near which she had seen an old woman that morning. The first egg produced a water-jug exactly similar to that which she had broken; out of the second came a whole large sugar estate; and out of the third a splendid equipage, in which she returned to her aunt, delivered up the jug, related that an old woman in a red docker (*i.e.* petticoat) had made her a great lady, and then departed in triumph to her sugar estate. Stung by envy, the aunt lost no time in sending her own daughter to search for the same good fortune which had befallen her cousin. She found the cotton-tree and the headless old woman, and had the same question addressed to her; but instead of returning the same

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answer—'What me see,' said she, 'me see one old woman without him head.' Now this reply was doubly offensive; it was rude, because it reminded the old lady of what might certainly be considered as a personal defect, and it was dangerous, as, if such a circumstance were to come to the ears of the buckras, it might bring her into trouble, women being seldom known to walk and talk without their heads, indeed, if ever, except by the assistance of Obeah. 'Bad child,' cried the old woman, 'bad child! and bad will come to you!' Matters were no better managed near the cocoa-tree, and even when she reached the mahogany, although she saw that the old woman had not only got her head on, but had a red docker besides, she could not prevail on herself to say more than a short 'How day?' without calling her 'grannie.' However she received the permission to eat rice at the cottage, coupled with the injunction of giving a share to the black puss, an injunction, however, which she totally disregarded, although she scrupled not to assure her hostess that she had suffered puss to eat till she could eat no more. The old lady in the red petticoat seemed to swallow the lie very glibly, and despatched the girl to the fowl-house for three eggs, as she had before done her cousin; but having been cautioned against taking the talking eggs she conceived that these must needs be the most valuable; and, therefore, made a point of selecting those three which seemed to be the greatest gossips of the whole poultry yard. Then, lest their chattering should betray her disobedience, she thought it best not to return into the hut, and, accordingly, set forward on her return home; but she had not yet reached the mahogany-tree when curiosity induced her to break one of the eggs. To her infinite disappointment it proved to be empty, and she soon found cause to wish that the second had been empty too, for, on dashing it against the ground, out came an enormous yellow snake, which flew at her with dreadful hissings. Away ran the girl; a fallen bamboo lay in her path, she stumbled over, and fell. In her fall the third egg was broken, and the old woman without the head immediately popping out of it told her that if she had treated her as civilly, and had adhered as closely to the truth, as her cousin had done, she would have obtained the same good fortune; but that as she had shown her nothing but rudeness, and told her nothing but lies, she must be contented to carry nothing home but the empty egg-shells. The old woman then jumped upon the yellow snake, galloped away with

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incredible speed, and never showed her red docker in that part of the island any more."

At page 301 of his *Journal*, Mr. Lewis gives what he calls an *African Nancy story*. It runs as follows:—"The head man (*i.e.* the king) of a large district in Africa, in one of his tours visited a young nobleman, to whom he lost a considerable sum at play. On his departure he loaded his host with caresses, and insisted on his coming in person to receive payment at court; but his pretended kindness had not deceived the nurse of the young man. She told him that the headman was certainly incensed against him for having conquered him at play, and meant to do him some injury; that having been so positively ordered to come to court he could not avoid obeying; but she advised him to take the river-road, where, at a particular hour, he would find the king's youngest and favourite daughter bathing; and she instructed him how to behave. The youth reached the river, and concealed himself till he saw the princess enter the stream alone; but when she thought fit to regain the bank, she found herself extremely embarrassed. 'Ho-day! what is become of my clothes? Ho-day! who has stolen my clothes? Ho-day! if any one will bring me back my clothes, I promise that no harm shall happen to him this day. O!' This was the cue for which the youth had been instructed to wait. 'Here are your clothes, missy!' said he, stepping from his concealment; 'a rogue had stolen them while you were bathing, but I took them from him and have brought them back.' 'Well, young man, I will keep my promise to you. You are going to court, I know; and I know also that the headman will chop off your head unless at first sight you can tell him which of his three daughters is the youngest. Now I am she; and in order that you may not mistake, I will take care to make a sign, and then do not you fail to pitch upon me.' The young man assured her that having once seen her he never could possibly mistake her for any other, and then set forwards with a lightened heart. The headman received him very graciously, feasted him with magnificence, and told him that he would present him to his three daughters, only there was a slight rule respecting them to which he must conform. Whoever could not point out which was the youngest, must immediately lose his head. The young man kissed the ground in obedience, the door opened, and in walked three little black dogs. Now then, the necessity of the pre-

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caution taken by the princess was evident; the youth looked at the dogs earnestly; something induced the headman to turn away his eyes for a moment, and in that moment one of the dogs lifted up its fore-paw. 'This,' cried the youth, 'this is your youngest daughter!' And instantly the dogs vanished and three young women appeared in their stead. The headman was equally surprised and incensed, but, concealing his rage, he professed the more pleasure at that discovery; because, in consequence, the law of that country obliged him to give his youngest daughter in marriage to the person who should recognise her; and he charged his future son-in-law to return in a week, when he should receive his bride. But his feigned caresses could no longer deceive the young man. As it was evident that the headman practised Obeah, he did not dare disobey him, and knew that to escape by flight would be unavailing. It was, therefore, with melancholy forbodings that he set out for court on the appointed day, and (according to the advice of his old nurse) he failed not to take the road which led by the river. The princess came again to bathe; her clothes again vanished; she had again recourse to her 'Ho-day! what is become of my clothes?' and on hearing the same promise of protection the youth again made his appearance. 'Here are your clothes, missy,' said he, 'the wind had blown them away to a great distance; I found them hanging upon the bushes, and have brought them back to you.' Probably the princess thought it rather singular that whenever her petticoats were missing the same person should always happen to be in the way to find them; however, as she was remarkably handsome, she kept her thoughts to herself, swallowed the story like so much butter, and assured him of her protection. 'My father,' said she, 'will again ask you which is the youngest daughter; and, as he suspects me of having assisted you before, he threatens to chop off my head instead of yours, should I disobey him a second time. He will, therefore, watch me too closely to allow of my making any sign to you, but still I will contrive something to distinguish me from my sisters; and do you examine us narrowly till you find it.' As she had foretold, the headman no sooner saw his destined son-in-law enter than he told him that he should immediately receive his bride, but that if he did not immediately point her out the laws of the kingdom sentenced him to lose his head. Upon which the door opened and in walked three large black cats, so exactly similar in every respect that it was utterly impossible to distinguish one from the other. The youth was at length on

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the point of giving up the attempt in despair, when it struck him that each of the cats had a slight thread passed round its neck, and that while the threads of two were scarlet, that of the third was blue. '*This* is your youngest daughter,' cried he, snatching up the cat with the blue thread. The headman was utterly at a loss to conceive by what means he had made the discovery, but could not deny the fact, for there stood the princesses in their own shape. He therefore affected to be greatly pleased, gave him his bride, and made a great feast, which was followed by a ball; but in the midst of it the princess whispered her lover to follow her silently into the garden. Here she told him that an old Obeah woman, who had been her father's nurse, had warned him that if his youngest daughter should live to see the day after her wedding he would lose his power and his life together; that she, therefore, was sure of his intending to destroy both herself and her bridegroom that night in their sleep, but that being aware of all these circumstances she had watched him so narrowly as to get possession of some of his magical secrets, which might possibly enable her to counteract his cruel designs. She then gathered a rose, picked up a pebble, filled a small phial with water from a rivulet; and thus provided, she and her lover betook themselves to flight upon a couple of the swiftest steeds in her father's stables. It was midnight before the headman missed them; his rage was excessive, and, immediately mounting his great horse Dandy, he set forward in pursuit of the lovers. Now Dandy galloped at the rate of ten miles a minute. The princess was soon aware of her pursuer: without loss of time she pulled the rose to pieces, scattered the leaves behind her, and had the satisfaction of seeing them instantly grow up into a wood of briars, so strong and so thickly planted that Dandy vainly attempted to force his way through them. But, alas! this fence was but of a very perishable nature. In the time that it would have taken to wither its parent rose-leaves, the briars withered away, and Dandy was soon able to trample them down, while he continued his pursuit. Now then the pebble was thrown in his passage, it burst into forty pieces, and every piece in a minute became a rock as lofty as the Andes. But the Andes themselves would have offered no insurmountable obstacle to Dandy, who bounded from precipice to precipice, and the lovers and the headman could once more distinguish each other by the first beams of the rising sun. The headman roared, and threatened, and brandished a monstrous sabre; Dandy tore up the ground as he ran,

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neighed louder than thunder, and gained upon the fugitives every moment. Despair left the princess no choice, and she violently dashed her phial upon the ground. Instantly the water which it contained swelled itself into a tremendous torrent, which carried away every thing before it—rocks, trees, and houses; and the horse and his rider were carried away among the rest. There was an end of the headman and Dandy! The princess then returned to court, where she raised a strong party for herself, seized her two sisters, who were no better than their father and had assisted him in his witchcraft; and, having put them all and their partizans to death by a summary mode of proceeding, she established herself and her husband on the throne as headman and headwoman. It was from this time that all the kings of Africa have been uniformly mild and benevolent sovereigns. Till then they were all tyrants, and tyrants they would all still have continued if this virtuous princess had not changed the face of things by drowning her father, strangling her two sisters, and chopping off the heads of two or three dozen of her nearest and dearest relations."

Lewis says an indispensable requisite for a Nancy-story is that it should contain a witch, or a duppy, or some other marvellous personage. Elsewhere (p. 290) he says: "I have not been able to ascertain exactly the negro notions concerning the *Duppy;* indeed I believe that his character and qualities vary in different parts of the country. At first I thought that the term Duppy meant neither more nor less than a ghost; but sometimes he is spoken of as "the Duppy," as if there were but one, and then he seems to answer to the devil. Sometimes he is a kind of malicious spirit who haunts burying-grounds (like the Arabian ghouls), and delights in playing tricks on those who may pass that way. On other occasions he seems to be a supernatural attendant on the practitioners of Obeah, in the shape of some animal, as familiar imps are supposed to belong to our English witches." In illustration of the last-named characteristic Lewis gives the following Nancy-story:—

"Sarah Winyan was scarcely ten years old when her mother died and bequeathed to her considerable property. Her father was already dead, and the guardianship of the child devolved upon his sister, who had always resided in the same house, and who was her only surviving relation. Her mother indeed had left two sons by a former husband, but they lived at some distance in the wood, and seldom came to see

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their mother, chiefly from a rooted aversion to their aunt, who, although from interested motives she stooped to flatter her sister-in-law, was haughty, ill-natured, and even suspected of Obeahism, from the occasional visits of an enormous black dog whom she called Tiger, and whom she never failed to feed and caress with marked distinction. In case of Sarah's death, the aunt, in right of her brother, was the heiress of his property. She was determined to remove this obstacle to her wishes; and after treating her for some time with harshness and even cruelty, she one night took occasion to quarrel with her for some trifling fault, and fairly turned her out of doors. The poor girl seated herself on a stone near the house and endeavoured to beguile the time by singing,

"Ho-day, poor me O!
Poor me, Sarah Winyan O!
They call me neger, neger!
They call me Sarah Winyan O!"

But her song was soon interrupted by a loud rushing among the bushes, and the growling which accompanied it announced the approach of the dreaded Tiger. She endeavoured to secure herself against his attacks by climbing a tree; but it seems that Tiger had not been suspected of Obeahism without reason; for he immediately growled out an assurance to the girl that come down she must and should. Her aunt, he said, had made her over to him by contract, and had turned her out of doors that night for the express purpose of giving him an opportunity of carrying her away. If she would descend from the tree and follow him willingly to his own den to wait upon him he engaged to do her no harm; but if she refused to do this, he threatened to gnaw down the tree without loss of time, and tear her into a thousand pieces. His long sharp teeth, which he gnashed occasionally during the above speech, appeared perfectly adequate to the execution of his menaces, and Sarah judged it most prudent to obey his commands. But as she followed Tiger into the wood she took care to resume her song of

"Ho-day, poor me O!"

in hopes that some one passing near them might hear her name and come to her rescue. Tiger however was aware of this, and positively forbad her singing. However she contrived every now and then to loiter behind, and when she thought him out of hearing her

"Ho-day! poor me O!"

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began again, although she was compelled to sing in so low a voice through fear of her four-footed master that she had but faint hopes of it reaching any ear but her own. Such was indeed the event, and Tiger conveyed her to his den without molestation. In the meanwhile her two half-brothers had heard of their mother's death, and soon arrived at the house to inquire what was become of Sarah. The aunt received them with every appearance of welcome, told them that grief for the loss of her only surviving parent had already carried her niece to the grave, which she showed them in her garden, and acted her part so well that the youths departed perfectly satisfied of the decease of their sister, but while passing through the wood on their return they heard some one singing, but in so low a tone that it was impossible to distinguish the words. As this part of the wood was the most unfrequented, they were surprised to find any one concealed there. Curiosity induced them to draw nearer, and they could soon make out the

"Ho-day! poor me O!
Poor me, Sarah Winyan O!"

There needed no more to induce them to hasten onwards; and, upon advancing deeper into the thicket, they found themselves at the mouth of a large cavern in a rock. A fire was burning within it, and by its light they perceived their sister seated on a heap of stones and weeping, while she chanted her melancholy ditty in a low voice and supported on her lap the head of the formidable Tiger. This was a precaution which he always took when inclined to sleep lest she should escape, and she had taken advantage of his slumbers to resume her song in as low a tone as her fears of waking him would allow. She saw her brothers at the mouth of the cave; the youngest fortunately had a gun with him, and he made signs that Sarah should disengage herself from Tiger if possible. It was long before she could summon up courage enough to make the attempt; but at length with fear and trembling and moving with the utmost caution she managed to slip a log of wood between her knees and the frightful head, and at length draw herself away without waking him. She then crept softly out of the cavern, while the younger brother crept as softly into it. The monster's head still reposed upon the block of wood; in a moment it was blown into a thousand pieces; and the brothers, afterwards cutting the body into four parts, laid one in each quarter of the wood." Lewis adds, "from that time only were dogs brought into subjection to men; and the inhabitants of Jamaica would never have been able to

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subdue those ferocious animals if Tiger had not been killed and quartered by Sarah Winyan's brothers. As to the aunt, she received the punishment she merited."

To these Ananci stories given by Lewis may be added the following extract from Dr. Thomas Winterbottom's *Account of the native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone*, published in 1803. The author says (vol. i. p. 120): "The natives round Sierra Leone are fond of inventing little histories or fables, in relating which they often spend a great part of the night; in these animals are usually the *dramatis personæ;* the stratagems of the leopard and alligator are occasionally introduced, and form as brilliant a part as those of the fox in the fables of Æsop. The two following stories may serve as specimens of their mode of relating them: an elephant and a goat had once a dispute which could eat most; and, in order to decide it, they went into a meadow as big as from here to white man's country. After having eaten some time the goat lay down upon a rock to chew the cud. 'What are you doing?' said the elephant to him. 'I am eating this rock,' replied the goat; 'and when I have done I will eat you.' The elephant, terrified at this unexpected threat, betook himself to flight, *and since that time has never dared to enter a town in which there is a goat.*"

Again—"A man and his wife were travelling through a thick wood, and carried with them their spoiled and froward child. Seeing a gourd lying near the path, the child cried for it, and the father took it up, and pursued his journey. Soon afterwards one of those spirits called Min, to whom the gourd belonged, awaking from his sleep, and being thirsty, seeks for his gourd bottle. Not finding it, he sings a couplet, which he repeats once or twice in a plaintive tone of voice, 'Where are you, my gourd? Why have you gone away, and left me thus alone?' In answer to this, the gourd instantly replies in the same tone, 'I have not run away from you, oh Min, but have been carried off against my will.' The man, alarmed at this strange occurrence, throws down the gourd, and, with his wife and child, endeavours to escape by flight. Min, pursuing the direction of the sound, arrives at the spot, and takes up his gourd. Provoked at the theft, he resolves to find the culprit, and sings as before—'Where is the wretch who stole my gourd? I'll wreak my vengeance on his guilty head.' The child then accuses itself, and is dropped by the father and mother, who pursue their flight in the most agonizing state

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of distress. Min soon reaches the place, and destroys the child, but persists in his intention of knowing the offender: hereupon the woman accuses herself, and is stabbed by the man in a fit of despair. Min, whose revenge is not yet glutted, on finding the body, repeats his demand, and the man is obliged to confess himself guilty. He attempts, however, to elude the search of his dreadful adversary, by concealing himself in the bushes, but is soon discovered, and sacrificed to the resentment of Min. The moral which they draw from this story is, that children ought not to have everything given to them which they cry for, as it may not only cause their own destruction, but that also of those most intimately connected with them. These questions and answers being formed into stanzas and sung, contribute much to relieve the tediousness of the narration."

In conclusion I will give one other extract from Lewis's *Journal* bearing on the subject of this communication. He says (p. 307), "the creole slaves are very fond of another species of tale, which they call, 'Neger-tricks,' and which bear the same relation to a Nancy-story which a farce does to a tragedy." The following is a specimen: "A man who had two wives divided his provision-grounds into two parts, and proposed that each of the women should cultivate one-half. They were ready to do their proper share, but insisted that the husband should at least take his third of the work. However, when they were to set out, the man was taken so ill, that he found it impossible to move; he quite roared with pain, and complained bitterly of a large lump which had formed itself on his cheek during the night. The wives did what they could to relieve him, but in vain; they boiled a negro-pot for him, but he was too ill to swallow a morsel: and at length they were obliged to leave him, and go to take care of the provision grounds. As soon as they were gone, the husband became perfectly well, emptied the contents of the pot with great appetite, and enjoyed himself in ease and indolence till evening, when he saw his wives returning; and immediately he became worse than ever. One of the women was quite shocked to see the size to which the lump had increased during her absence; she begged to examine it; but although she barely touched it with the tip of her finger as gingerly as possible, it was so tender that the fellow screamed with agony. Unluckily, the other woman's manners were by no means so delicate; seizing him forcibly by the head to examine it, she undesignedly happened to hit him a great knock on the jaw, and, lo and behold!

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out flew a large lime, which he had crammed into it. Upon which both his wives fell upon him like two furies; beat him out of the house; and whenever afterwards he begged them to go to the provision grounds they told him that he had got no lime in his mouth *then*, and obliged him from that time forward to do the whole work himself."

C. Staniland Wake.

KELPIE STORIES FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.*

Kelpie as useful.

A MAN in carting home his peats for winter fuel was in the habit of seeing a big black horse grazing on the banks of the Ugie, at Inverugie Castle, near Peterhead, each morning as he passed to the "moss." He told some of his neighbours. They suspected what the horse was, and advised the man to get a "waith-horse" bridle, approach the animal with all care and caution, and cast the bridle over his head. The man now knew the nature of the creature, and followed the advice. Kelpie was secured, and did good work in carrying stones to build the bridge over the Ugie at Inverugie. When his services were no longer needed he was set at liberty. As he left he said:—

"Sehr back an sehr behns
Cairryt a' the Brig o' Innerugie's stehns."

The old man, who handed down this story to his children, from one of whom I have now got it, used to say to any of them that complained of being tired after a hard day's work: "Oh, aye, ye're like the kelpie that cairryt the stehns to big the brig o' Innerugie, 'sehr back an sehr behns.'"

* See Dalyell's *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 543. *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 272. *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, pp. 66, 67.

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Kelpie as hurtful.

A miller was annoyed by a kelpie entering his mill during night and playing havoc among the grain and meal. One night he shut up in the mill his boar, for a miller generally kept a good many pigs and a breeding sow or two. As usual kelpie entered the mill. The boar stood on his defence, and fought the kelpie. Next night the creature appeared at the miller's window, and called to him, "Is there a chattie i' the mill the nicht?" "Aye, there is a chattie i' the mill, an will be for ever mair," was the answer. Kelpie returned no more to the mill.

"A lad and a lass" were taking a journey together. They came to a stream, which they had to cross by a ford. Seeing a white horse grazing on the bank they thought it would be easier to cross on horseback, if they could but catch the animal, than by wading. They found no difficulty in getting hold of the horse. They mounted, and entered the ford. Everything seemed to be going well, till they reached the middle of the ford. Then the animal started off at full gallop down the stream. He rushed along with loud haw-hawing, and kept shouting now and again:

"Sit sicker, Jenny Milne; ride fest Davie,
Till we win t' the pots o' Balrehvie."

Kelpie is commonly spoken of as a black horse.

There is a deep pool in the Burn of Strichen, near the farm of Braco, Aberdeenshire. It was the home of a kelpie. One evening, a man, on his journey home, had to cross the stream. It was in flood, and the man was brought to a standstill. He saw a horse grazing on the bank. He conceived the idea of mounting him, and thus crossing the flooded waters. He went up to the animal, that submitted quite gently, and mounted. No sooner was he seated than off the creature ran, plunging along to the deepest part of the pool, and dragging his victim with him below the water.

Kelpie in Human Form.

Kelpie sometimes takes the form of a grey wrinkled old man.

A man was crossing the Burn of Strichen, at the same place, the

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farm of Braco. On approaching a dyke he had to pass over, he heard, as he thought, some one speaking. He walked quietly towards the spot from which the sound of words came, and peeped over the dyke. He saw an old man mending his trowsers, and, as he was mending, he kept saying, "That clout 'ill dee here; and this ane 'ill dee there." The man looked, and listened for a little. At last he inflicted a blow on the old man's head, saying, "An this clout 'ill dee there." In a moment the kelpie was in his true form, and off with loud neighing to his deep pool.

Kelpie seeking Human Companionship.

A young woman was on a journey. Night came down, and she lost her way. After wandering a little, she came to a place which seemed likely to give her shelter for the night. She entered, and composed herself to such rest as she could draw out of her resting-place. By-and-bye a little dog came, and lay down by her side. Shortly after kelpie made his appearance, and said to her, "Mack bed, bonnie lass, a'll lie wi' you the nicht." She was at a loss what to say or do to keep kelpie away. The doggie came to her help, and told her to say she had no blankets wherewith to make a bed. She said, "I hive nithing t' mack a bed wi'." Kelpie disappeared, but returned after a little, and threw into the place, where the woman and the dog were, a quantity of bedding, and repeated his former words: "Mack bed, bonnie lass, for a'll lie wi' you the nicht." What was now to be done? The doggie again came to the rescue. "Tell him y're thirsty, an bid him fess a drink in sieve an rivven dish," said the cunning animal. She did so, and kelpie set off to fetch the water. He soon came back with the complaint: "They winna haud in." "Then stop them wi' fog." Away went kelpie to gather fog (mosses), and to stop up the meshes of the riddle, and the crack in "te rivven dish." Hard did kelpie toil, but still the water escaped. By the time he came back, day had dawned, and the maiden was free.

Walter Gregor.

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SOME SPANISH SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Spain there are many plant and animal superstitions of a religious character, to doubt which would be considered by the peasantry nothing short of heresy. They are frequently embodied in those characteristic popular songs which are so seldom off the lips of a Spanish peasant, and many of which are of considerable poetical merit.

Thus Christ's death is mourned by four linnets and a nightingale:

> "Alla arriba, en el monte Calvario,
> Matita de oliva, matita de olor,
> Arrullaban la muerte de Cristo
> Cuatro jilgueritos y un ruisenor."

The aspen trembles because the cross was made from its wood. The willow is a tree of ill-omen because Judas hanged himself on it. The rosemary is held in special veneration. It used to be, the legend has it, but a poor, humble plant, till one day the Virgin Mary was washing and hung up the clothes of the Infant Jesus upon it to dry. Since then it became evergreen and fragrant, all the instruments of the Passion can be seen in its flower, and it puts forth fresh blossoms every Friday, "as if to embalm His holy body." If a house be fumigated with it the night of the Nativity no harm will come to that house the whole year through. Perhaps the veneration of rosemary is intensified from a confusion of its name, *romero* (rosmarinus), with the word for pilgrim, which is spelt and pronounced the same way.

According to the Spanish tradition it was the swallow that pulled out a spine from the crown of thorns. The peasants believe in a mysterious herb called *pito-real*, which is invisible to men, and known to the swallows only. It has the power of restoring the eyesight, and is applied by them to their young if their eyes have been plucked out. *Pito-real* also possesses the property of breaking iron when it comes in contact with it; and, if the vine-dresser should find his pruning-hook suddenly break in his hands without any tangible cause, he at once ascribes the accident to its having come in contact with this

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mysterious plant. In a medical book entitled *Simples incognitos en la Medicina*, written by Friar Esteban de Villa, and published in Burgos in 1654, we are told that the swallow teaches us the use of "el colirio en la celidonia, con que da vista á sus pollos y nombre á esta planta, que se dijo *hirundinaria*, por su inventor la golondrina." It would appear from this that the mysterious *pito-real* is nothing more than celidonia — the chelidonium majus, or swallow-wort. The English name seems also to indicate some connexion with the swallows. Grimm accounts for this connexion differently: "Das *chelidonium* heisst daher, weil es mit Ankunft der Schwalben spriesst, und bei ihrem Abzug verdorrt."* Pliny however gives the same account of the use of this plant as Esteban de Villa: "Chelidoniam visui saluberrimam hirundines monstravere, vexatis pullorum oculis illa medentes." †

There is a belief prevalent in some parts of Spain that snakes never die. When they feel death approaching they loosen their skin and draw themselves out of it. Then they grow to be serpents; and, finally, developing scales and wings, become dragons, and fly away to the wilderness. They regard the lizard as a staunch friend of men, but a bitter enemy of women. Another curious superstition is that cocks, when they grow old, lay an egg from which a basilisk is hatched. This basilisk kills with its look the first person it sees; but if the person sees it first it is killed itself. Analogies to the first part of this superstition are found in England, Scotland, Germany, and the north of France.‡ Pliny gives the same account of the basilisk's magic power of killing by a glance,§ while Sir Thomas Browne even attempts an explanation of the phenomenon.‖

J. W. Crombie.

* *Deutsche Mythologie*, xxiv. s. 636.

† *Plinius*, viii. 27.

‡ *Notes and Queries*, 6th S., vol. vi. pp. 278-477. Cf. also Gregor's *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 140. Is it not this which is alluded to in Isaiah, chapter lix. verse 5?

§ *Plinius*, xxix. 4.

‖ *Vulgar Errors*, iii. 7. The superstition is alluded to by Quevedo (*El Parnaso Espanol*, musa vi. rom. xxiii.), and is the subject of a popular riddle (Marin, *Cant. Pop. Espan.* p. 397).

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

May Chafer.—I have to thank Dr. Karl Blind for his very interesting additions to the history of May-chafer, and to the collection of May-songs. Since writing my article I have come across some further record of early May-customs in this country. Giulio Cesare Croce, the famous ballad-singer of Bologna (born 1550), wrote a "Canzonetta vaga in lode del bel mese di maggio et delle regine o contesse che si fanno quel giorno in Bologna," and in 1622, a small book was published at Bologna, entitled: "Ragionamenti piacevoli intorno alle contesse di maggio; piantar il maggio; nozze che si fanno in maggio." The author, Vincenzo Giacchiroli, observes: "These countesses, according to what I have read, the Florentines call Dukes of May—perhaps because there they have real dukes." The first of May, he continues, the young girls select one from among them and set her on a high seat or throne in some public street, adorned and surrounded with greenery, and with such flowers as the season affords. To this maiden, in semblance like the goddess Flora, they compel every passer-by to give something, either by catching him by his clothes, or by holding a cord across the street to intercept him, singing at the same time, "Alla contessa, alla contessa!" They who pass, therefore, throw into a plate or receptacle prepared for the purpose, money, or flowers, or what not, for the new countess. In some places it was the custom to kiss the countess; "neither," adds the author, "is this to be condemned, since so were wont to do the ancients as a sign of honour."

Regarding a similar usage at Mantua, Merlinus Coccaius (Folengo) wrote:—

> "Accidit una dies qua Mantua tota bagordat
> Prima dies mensis Maii quo quisque piantat
> Per stradas ramos frondosos nomine mazzos. &c."

Exactly the same practice lingers in Spain. In the town of Almeria, improvised temples are raised at the street corners and gateways, where, on an altar covered with damask or other rich stuff, a girl

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decked with flowers is seated, whilst around her in a circle stand other girls, also crowned with flowers, who hold hands, and intone, like a Greek chorus,—

"Un cuartito para la Maya,
Que no tiene manto ni saya."

"A penny for the May who has neither mantle nor petticoat."

An account of this is to be found in *La Encyclopedia* of Seville (año V. numero 17).

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

Salo, Lago di Garda.

Riding the Stang at Welburn.—At the Malton Sessions on July 14th, before Mr. E. C. Taylor, Sir W. Worsley, and Mr. Kinnear, five young men of Welburn were charged with obstructing the highway by carrying out an almost obsolete practice known as "riding the stang" thereon, on the 21st of June. It seems that one of the villagers had become notorious as a wife-beater, and the young men took this method of showing their ideas of his conduct. They had dressed up an effigy, and, mounting it in a cart, they yoked a lot of juveniles to the shafts, and paraded the village singing an old doggerel rhyme and beating the effigy, which was ultimately taken into the fields and burnt. P.C. Smith, stationed at Welburn, said that on the 21st June, about 8 p.m., he was on duty in the village and he saw the defendants drawing a cart containing an effigy. One man (Bielby) was drawing the cart and the others were inside. They repeated some sort of a speech, stopping at different places, and the road was obstructed—about 200 persons gathering together. Langdale was the man who repeated the speech, but witness could not tell what he said. It was an ordinary farmer's cart that the effigy and the men were in. They went down into a field and burnt the effigy, which was dressed as a man and stood 5ft. 6in. in height, and to the best of witness's belief the effigy had a mask on. Previous to going in the field they called at the man's house for whom they were supposed to be "riding the stang," and they asked him if he was not going to pay for it. The Chairman said: "After considerable hesitation we have this decision to make—that under the circumstances detailed to us this morning we have decided to dismiss the

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case; at the same time I have to state we had considerable hesitation in so doing, because we think your clients have steered very near the law in what they did. No doubt it is a silly old custom, which ought to be put a stop to. The law says that any one playing at football or other games (and there is a note which says that "making a hunt" with fancy dresses and setting up anything like a stang, or scarecrow, constitutes a game) on the highway commits an offence. In consideration that they thought they were not creating an obstruction, the bench are inclined to give the men the benefit of the doubt, and dismiss the case." I think this ought to be recorded in the *Folk-Lore Journal.*

ISAAC TAYLOR.

Settrington Rectory.

Illustrations of current Folk-lore from Works of Fiction.—Many illustrations of belief in superstitious practices will be found in novels. Dickens has preserved several interesting pieces of folk-lore, and has given them by his genius fresh vitality. Sir Walter Scott's pages teem with notes on demonology. It would be useful were the readers of our current literature to note for the benefit of students of folk-lore such passages as illustrate, or profess to illustrate, local beliefs. I undernote a few items from *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë, as example is better than precept.

(1.) *Witchcraft.*—"I . . . . . stepped towards the aged rascal with an intention of kicking him out of the door. Mrs. Heathcliff however checked me by her answer. 'You scandalous old hypocrite!' she replied. 'Are you not afraid of being carried away bodily whenever you mention the devil's name. I warn you to refrain from provoking me, or I'll ask your abduction as a special favour. Stop! Look here, Joseph,' she continued, taking a long, dark book from a shelf; 'I'll show you how far I've progressed in the Black Art: I shall soon be competent to make a clear house of it. The red cow didn't die by chance; and your rheumatism can hardly be reckoned among providential visitations!'

'Oh, wicked, wicked!' gasped the elder; 'may the Lord deliver us from evil!'

'No, reprobate! you are a castaway—be off, or I'll hurt you seriously! I'll have you all modelled in wax and clay; and the first

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who passes the limits I fix shall—I'll not say what he shall be done to—but you'll see! Go, I'm looking at you!'"—*Wuthering Heights*, ed. 1881, pp. 11-12.

(2.) *Pigeons' Feathers.*—"'That's a turkey's,' she murmured to herself, 'and this is a wild duck's, and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put *pigeons' feathers* in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor when I lie down.'"—*Ibid.* p. 102.

(3.) *Elf-shots.*—(*a.*) "'I see in you, Nelly,' she continued dreamily, 'an aged woman; you have grey hair and bent shoulders. This bed is the fairy cave under Peniston Crag, and you are gathering *elf-bolts* to hurt our heifers, pretending, while I am near, that they are only locks of wool. That's what you'll come to fifty years hence; I know you are not so now.'"—*Ibid.*

(*b.*) "Confused as Catherine was, her wits were alert at applying our conversation. 'Ah! Nelly has played traitor,' she exclaimed passionately. 'Nelly is my hidden enemy. You witch! So you do seek *elf-bolts* to hurt us! Let me go, and I'll make her rue! I'll make her howl a recantation!'"—*Ibid.* p. 107.

I do not think that those citations call for comment here. The superstitions referred to are found commonly enough in collections of folk-lore. I am not however familiar with passages similar to the above in standard literature; and as at once testimonies to the careful observation of Emily Brontë, and illustrations of the familiar use of scraps of folk-lore in everyday life, I have brought them together for ready reference in the pages of the *Folk-Lore Journal.*

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

1, Alfred Terrace, Glasgow.

[Mr. Black's suggestion is a good one. But we think an index of these items would suffice.—EDITOR.]

Sorcery and Witchcraft in South Italy.—A paper was read on this subject before the Society of Anthropology of Paris, on 4th January, 1883, by M. de Maricourt, member of the Archaeological Committee of Senlis (Oise). The author referred to the superstitions connected with the evil eye and with the employment of sorcerers; to the methods of counteracting witchcraft, and to some customs which look like a reminiscence of anthropophagy; to religious singularities,

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funeral rites, and other usages, with a view to the ethnographical survivances indicated by them. He illustrated his subject by several anecdotes drawn from his personal observation. He knew a Calabrian servant who martyrised a waxen effigy of a neighbour whom she suspected of having bewitched her husband. He saw two Sicilians tear with their teeth the heart of a Neapolitan just killed. In a terrible storm which occurred between Syracuse and Catania he saw a tame crow belonging to an old woman who was one of the passengers cruelly beaten and thrown into the sea. When he was a schoolboy, the others always left to him or an English comrade the honour of robbing the fig-trees or cherry-trees, because as they were strangers the Madonna or the saint of the place (who in this respect would represent the Pomona or Vertumnus of older superstitions) would not know them. He saw a Sicilian soldier cut a lock of hair from a Neapolitan whom he had killed, in order to burn it and appease the spirit of the deceased.

May Customs in Provence.—Dr. Béringer-Féraud, a medical officer of distinction in the French navy, contributes an article on this subject to the quarterly *Revue d'Anthropologie*, published on the 15th July, 1883. Provence retains its old reputation for the joyous observance of the return of spring by the election of a young girl of not more than 15 years of age, beautiful, modest, and angelic in appearance, to represent the Virgin Mary, Our Lady of May, placing her on a seat adorned with verdure, covering her with a long white veil, and raining over her roses and other flowers while she sits like a charming statue. The custom is indeed older far than Christianity, for the feast of Maia is said to have been celebrated with great pomp from the very time of the founding of the city of Marseilles, which tradition carries back to 600 years before Christ, if not even earlier. The May-day of our own times is therefore a purely mythological reminiscence of the worship of the goddess Maia. The circumstance that Maia was the mother of Mercury by Jupiter, and that the May-day festivities are in honour of innocence and chastity, does not appear to the author to be in contradiction of his view. He hopes that observances which have lasted for so long a time and through danger so great may continue to exist even in the pre-occupations of the present sombre and feverish times.

E. W. Brabrook.

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Bugbears for frightening Children (*ante*, p. 197).—I know nothing of an "exhaustive collection"; but a short list of "Names of Terror" is to be found under that heading in Dr. Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*.

E. G.

QUERIES.

Foundation Sacrifice.—How ancient is the custom of embedding contemporary coins in a foundation stone? Does Mr. Gomme scent any mild savour of a foundation sacrifice in this entombment in effigy of the reigning monarch? E. G.

Riding the Stang.—What are the words of the doggerel rhyme, and of the speech, referred to *ante*, p. 298? EDITOR.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Folk-lore Relics of early Village Life. By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. London (E. Stock). 1883. 8vo. pp. ix. 246.

Mr. Gomme's title hardly indicates the full value and interest of his new work. Briefly stated, his object is to recover for us the earliest organised social life of our forefathers, and his method is that of placing in juxtaposition the folk-beliefs and customs which still linger on in these islands with those of primitive antiquity as found in early history and in the mythologies, and with those of modern uncivilised races as found in the accounts of travellers. Step by step he traces the development of the village community from its first germ in the few rude huts, the dwellers in which held and did everything strictly in common. The only worship was that of the great natural objects, and its chief act, their propitiation by the sacrifice of one or more members of the community whenever a fresh dwelling was erected. Family life could hardly be said to exist at all. Towards it and towards an individualistic instead of a purely communistic society the foundation-sacrifice, strange as it may seem, was the first step. It originated a house-and-hearth cult which gradually superseded or transformed the older naturalistic worship, and which, by assigning to

each member of the household definite duties and observances, organised distinct family life. Mr. Gomme's most interesting chapters are those in which he traces many of our folk-customs to the ritual which in the early household hallowed hearth and threshold, roof-tree and wall. Indeed it is this second stage in the development of the village community which is chiefly illustrated from English beliefs and customs, and Mr. Gomme contents himself with tracing it thus far.

In anticipation of a second edition I would suggest the advisability of keeping to one plan in dealing with the facts. At times (*e.g.* in Ch. v.) the author groups at the outset the fragments of English folk-belief, and then illustrates them from savage and primitive practice; at other times (*e.g.* in Ch. III. and VI.) he reverses this method. Uniformity would tend to greater clearness. I must own too that I am not convinced by Mr. Gomme's attempt (in Ch. III.) to refer the many stories in which supernatural manifestations compel builders to choose a fresh site, to a foundation-sacrifice root. According to him the majority of these stories in their present shape have lost an important feature, viz. the omission of the preliminary sacrifice and the consequent anger of the earth-spirit. The theory is ingenious and taking, but it does not seem warranted by the evidence. Nor can I agree with him that English marriage-customs show any traces of endogamy and community of women as opposed to exogamy and marriage by capture. I make these remarks in the hope that he will deal more fully with both of these subjects.

Space will not allow my saying more of this brilliant and interesting work, nor need I assure members of the Society that it is marked by Mr. Gomme's usual width of knowledge and ingenuity of treatment. It only requires revision to become the standard work on the matter.

ALFRED NUTT.

Folk-tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. London, 1883 (Macmillan). 8vo. pp. xii. 284.

The story-list of this volume of Bengal tales is—Life's Secret, Phakir Chand, The Indigent Brahman, The Story of the Rakshasas, The Story of Swet-Basanta, The Evil Eye of Sani, The Boy whom seven Mothers suckled, The story of Prince Sobur, The Origin of

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Opium, Strike but Hear, The Adventures of two Thieves and their Sons, 2 parts, The Ghost Brahman, The Man who wished to be Perfect, A Ghostly Wife, The Story of a Brahmadaitya, The Story of a Hiramen, The Origin of Rubies, The match-making Jackal, The Boy with the Moon on his Forehead, The Ghost who was afraid of being bagged, The Field of Bones, The Bald Wife. It is a most welcome addition to our folk-tale literature, and a debt is due to Captain R. C. Temple, a member of our Society, for having suggested its compilation. We are not quite sure, however, whether the stories have not received too much literary help. Reading them through one perceives the evident polishing of the literary man, and when a note is affixed to one of the stories thus, "This story is not my own : it was recited to me by a story-teller of the other sex," we are tempted to ask what does Mr. Lal Behari Day mean by the stories being his own? Of course there is plenty of evidence in the parallel stories in other collections to show that this collection has really been got together from the people—an old Brahman told two stories, an old barber three, an old servant two, and a Bengali Christian woman the greater part, says Mr. Day in his preface. We cannot go through the story-list and pick out the variants or those that please the most, but our members will do well to possess themselves of this useful addition to their folk-lore libraries.

Mr. Lach-Szyrma has reprinted from the Transactions of the Penzance Natural History Society a paper on "Cornish Proverbs."

The last number of the *Journal of Philology*, vol. xii. No. 23, pp. 112-126, contains an article on "Indian Folk-lore Notes from the Pali Játakas" by C. H. Tawney.

Captain Temple's Punjab Legends have all been collected at first hand, and contain many stories on new subjects.

The following tabulations of folk-tales have been received : "The King's Power," "If Heaven will it," "Unpalatable Advice," "The Cock and the Goose," "The Fairy Hen," from Caballero's *Bird of Truth and other Fairy Tales*, by Mr. J. W. Crombie ; and "La vecchia di l'ortu," "Lu Spunsalizui di 'na Reggina e' un latru," "Il mago Tartagua," from Pitré's *Fiabe novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani*, by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland.

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NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date,* and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Forms for the Tabulation of Folk-Tales may now be obtained.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

Members of the Society may advertise in these columns at a cost to cover only expenses.

Bibliography of Folk-Lore.—Mr. Gomme will be glad to be informed of any out-of-the-way titles.

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(Continued from page 279.)

IFÀRAVÀVIMANOMBÀNA TAKEN FOR A WIFE.

ONCE upon a time a girl named Rafàravàvimànombàna was taken for a wife, but she was unwilling; and people continually endeavoured to obtain her for a wife, but she still refused. And after some time, there came a man named Rafàtidràmbìby to seek her in marriage, and on his arrival he asked for her in the customary manner in such cases. But still the girl utterly refused, shaking her head and saying evil words. And so Rafàtidràmbìby having endeavoured without success to obtain a wife, went and sought the animals with which he had made a blood covenant, and made an appointment to meet two fierce animals. And when he came near their abode he called out in the form of a song thus:—

"Come up, come up, say I,
O you *fòsa* * and *antàmba* * here!
Come up, come up, say I;
For there is, for there is a proud one,
Who makes light of your relation."

And when these fierce creatures heard that, they came to meet Rafàtindràmbìby. As soon as they approached, he said, "This, comrades, is the reason of my coming here to you, for ye are relatives and one with me, and have agreed to share the difficult and the bitter with me. There is a certain person holds me in great contempt, and bears herself very haughtily, as if she were far above me; and that is not to be endured, comrades, for she tosses her head as if I was not good enough for her. So, friends, give me your opinion and advice as to how I may kill this wicked woman. For look, friends, I have

* The *fòsa* is a small but ferocious animal belonging to the civets (*Viverridæ*); it is difficult to say whether the *antámba* is a mythical creature, or has any real existence; perhaps it may be the *Cryptoprocta ferox*.

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not treated you as the mass of the stars, but as the 'Three-make-a-fathom' [the native name for Orion's belt], and so I tell you about it. So I beseech you do what will render her lifeless; for if you two can kill, then my heart will be glad towards you." And when the two animals heard that, they agreed and gave him encouragement, saying, "Be of good cheer, for we will kill her, for this is just the opportunity for us to bear together the difficult and the bitter; so do you go on first, and we will follow afterwards."

But Rafara, it is said, had had a vision in sleep that some mischief was befalling her; besides which her father was a skilful diviner, and her mother was frequently inspired [to know things]. And so when she slept that night her mother was inspired; and early in the morning she spoke to her husband and daughter thus: "Alas, O father and daughter! I cannot understand clearly the dream I had in the night about this lass." "What was that?" said the old man. So the wife replied, "I was inspired [lit. "pressed by something"] in the night; this lass had two big beasts set upon her by some one, and she will be killed if she does not change her home and fly." And the father was startled and said, "Where is the basket with my divining appliances?* that I may at one stroke work some counter-charm." So his wife handed him the basket with the divining appliances, which he took and worked. And when the result had been obtained, he was amazed, for [it showed] the two fierce animals fallen by the way; so he was astonished, for the divination also showed what his wife had seen in vision. Then he worked the oracle again, in order to know what road his daughter should take—north or south, west or east. And the north was given by the divination as favourable. So the girl was bidden by her father and mother to go. And hardly had she gone when the two fierce and big creatures came; but they missed Rafara, who had got clear away. So the beasts were astonished that they had not overtaken her, and turned northwards to scent the way which Rafara had taken; they got the scent and the two made haste to follow after her. But Rafara on her part made all speed; and as she passed the cattle-herds she sang—

"O cattle-herds yonder, O!
O cattle-herds yonder, O!
Help, help, say I,
Rafaravavimanombana,
For pursued by savage beasts!"

* Usually beans or stones together with sand.

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Then the cattle-herds answered, "We ourselves even must fly, and what can we do to help you?" Hardly had they saw this than, lo and behold, up came the savage creatures and attacked the cattle-herds, and the oxen they were tending, so that few escaped, the majority being killed; but they did not reach Rafara, for she had gone.

And after a while again, Rafara passed by the rice-weeders, and sang to them—

"I say, O rice-weeders yonder!
I say, O rice-weeders yonder!
Help, help, say I,
Rafaravavimanombana,
For pursued by savage beasts!"

Then answered the rice-weeders, "We ourselves are but women, and how can we help such a lass as you? for if that's the case we also must fly." Hardly had they said this when, behold! up came the *fosa* and the *antamba*, and attacked the women, and devoured many of them, and only a few escaped, but again they missed Rafara, who had gone some way further. Then she passed by the reapers, and sang out to them—

"I say, O reapers yonder!
I say, O reapers yonder!
Help, help, say I,
Ifaravavimanombana,
For pursued by savage beasts!"

Then answered the reapers, "We ourselves, ma'am, must fly if that is the case, and how can we help you?" Then up come the *fosa* and *antamba* and attacked the reapers, and many were destroyed, and few escaped; but again Rafara was far away. Then she passed by the people dragging stones [for making a tomb] and called out—

"I say, O people dragging stones!
I say, O people dragging stones!
Help, help, say I,
Ifaravavimanombana,
For pursued by savage beasts!"

So the stone-draggers replied "Nonsense, ma'am, how can we save you from these beasts?" Then up came the savage creatures and attacked the people, and few were able to escape; but again Rafara had gone, and they did not overtake her. And after Rafara had gone

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a little further she came to that great stream where are the quick canoes of Andriambahoaka of the north. And as she spied him there, at the crossing-place, she sang out—

"I say, good man yonder O!
I say, good gentleman yonder O!
Help, help, say I,
Ifaravavimanombana,
For pursued by savage beasts!"

And when Andriambahoaka heard her he sent his retainers and swift rowers, and his servants, saying, "Get quickly into the swift canoe, Rafara, and don't delay, lest you be devoured by those savage beasts." So the messengers went at the top of their speed, and quickly brought the swift canoes. And immediately they arrived they put Rafara with all haste into the canoe, and rowed hard. And hardly had they got away when up came the two savage creatures, and wondered to see Rafara and the rowers already yonder, halfway across. So the *fosa* said to the *antamba*, "Be strong, old fellow, for we have come to our home," meaning the water. The *antamba* replied, "That's it, old fellow, we will have them this minute." So they both plunged into the water, and pursued Rafara and those who had met her, but did not at all overtake her, for Rafara and her companions got clear across while the beasts were still in the middle of the stream. Then was Andriambahoaka glad that Rafara was not killed. And he went to a skilful angler, and said, "Contrive your best, my man, for yonder come those frightful beasts; but if you can manage to kill them I will give you a fine fat ox every year." So the skilful angler replied, "Trust me for that, my lord, for we won't suffer any one to be killed, for that is why you dwell with your people."

And upon that the *fosa* and *antamba* got across, and were about to go up to the town, for they sought Rafara to devour first. So the skilful angler watched by the gateway, and just as the beast was about to enter he cast his hook, and the *fosa* was caught, and then, as the *antambo* came after, he cast again, and so both were killed. And all the people of the town rejoiced, together with Andriambahoaka, at the death of the creatures, and they all thanked the skilful angler, and let the dead bodies be carried away down the stream. And Andriambahoaka performed his promise to the skilful angler, who returned his thanks.

Then said Andriambahoaka to Rafara, "Why was it you were

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pursued by those beasts?" So she answered, "I was desired by a man for his wife, sir, but I would not consent; for he was a bad man, and also because he was a blood relation with beasts. And so, as I would not consent, he bade the beasts with whom he had a covenant to pursue me. And I was able to flee here, because father is a diviner and mother has visions; and what father does not discover by divination mother has revealed to her by inspiration. And I fled here, because both father and mother knew that I should find refuge here."

And when Andriambahoaka heard that he was astonished and amazed, while he pitied her also, saying, "Come, then, let us go to your father and mother and your relatives, and to your native country. For your father and mother will now be troubled about you, and thinking that perhaps you are devoured by those evil beasts."

So Rafara was glad when she heard that, and thanked Andriambahoaka. So they went, and came to Rafara's father's; and glad and rejoiced were her parents, for they thought their child had been dead, especially as they had not seen her either by divination or in vision; but now that she had come, they rejoiced and thanked Andriambahoaka and his followers; and they made great rejoicings. For they killed five oxen, and many other things in addition.

And when Andriambahoaka was about to return home with his followers, he asked for Rafara as a wife, and added many words in addition to his request. So Rafara's parents and family answered him: "To persons not to be compared with you, sir, would we give her, therefore much more to you; so we give her, sir, for there is not a foot will kick, nor a hand will snatch away, for already you have saved her from death."

And as for that man, Rafatidrambiby, who got the beasts to kill Rafara, the one half of him turned into a beetle and the other half into a dog-locust.*

So Andriambahoaka of the north and Rafaravavimanombana prospered, and had many children to inherit their kingdom; and Rafara's father and mother rejoiced, and all the people.

Remember: "Retribution there is none, but the past returns."

* A brilliantly-colonred but offensively-smelling insect.

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THE LOST SON OF GOD (A NATURE-MYTH).

(This piece was obtained from Fisàkana.)

The following is a fable related by the people of old times when they met together and talked:

The son of God, they say, came down here upon earth, and Rakòriàho and Ravào were his nurses. And this son of God, 'tis said, was lost, and neither he or his nurses could be found. And all things of whatever kind sought for him; whether the stones which were below the earth, or the trees which covered the earth, or the people which dwelt upon the earth, or the water, or the beasts. So that everything, whether living creatures or things without life, sought him diligently, for the son of God was lost. Still, among them all not one found him. And so they sent to enquire of God. And when the messengers arrived, God said, "Let everything stay in the place where it went." So the stones went seeking below the earth; and as for the trees, the half part stuck fast in the ground, and so became fixed there by the word of God, "Stand still"; and that, they say, caused some stones to be below the earth; and the trees to have their roots in the ground, and their branches standing above; so that if the roots and the branches separate, they die. And the people also spread abroad, seeking northward and westward and southward, and lastly eastwards. (That, they say, is why prayer is made towards the east.*) And that is why people are spread abroad in various countries.

And God said also, "Let not your mouths cease to utter the word, 'Rakoriaho'" (and that is said to be the origin of the salutation of strangers, "Akory hianao?"); and its meaning is as if one said, "Is Rakoriaho there?" And the dog is the protector of Ravao; then said God, "Let not Ravao be absent from your mouth." And that is why the dogs say "Vovo,"† and the meaning of that is as if they said, "Is Ravao there?"

And the son of God was said to have been lost in the water. So God said to the waters, "Ye are not allowed to rest day or night, until Rakoriaho and Ravao are found." And that, they say, is what keeps the waters moving day and night, for they are still seeking Rakoriaho and Ravao, who were the nurses of the son of God.

* The sacred portion of a Hova house is the north-east corner, the *zòro-firaràzana*, or "corner of invocation" (from the root *ràry*, a chant).

† An onomatopoetic word in the Hova language for barking.

THE CAUSE OF THE SEPARATION OF THE FIVE FINGERS.*

Each of the fingers, it is said, had their own thoughts, and after this fashion:—

The little finger said, "I am so hungry."

The next to it answered, "If you're hungry go and steal, that you may be satisfied."

Then said the next also, "Bring plenty, for we shall want some."

And said the forefinger (in Malagasy "the pointer" *fanòndro*), "These fellows turn their back on (or give bad advice) to the little one; if one steals won't he be punished?"

But the thumb said, "I do not understand these fellows' talk, so I'll separate, for I'm big, since you are plotting mischief."

And that, they say, was the reason of the fingers separating into five, and the thumb opposing the rest. And the two middle fingers have no special name,† because they had bad thoughts, and they have no particular business to do, and no work they are skilful to perform.

THE EARTH PROPOSING TO FIGHT WITH THE SKIES.

The people in former days, it is said, when they wanted to pass away the time told a story as follows:—"Once upon a time the earth rose up and mounted aloft in order to fight the sky. So all parts of the earth agreed to set off at the same time, and the rocks, they say, were to be the cannon balls to fire at the sky. And early morning was the time fixed to go up. But it is said that the plains and the valleys crept slowly and sluggishly, and it was full day before they ate their breakfast, and so they lagged behind; and that is the reason of the inequality of the valleys and the plains and the mountains, for they did not all keep step together. And so the heavens and the earth did not mingle, because all the earth did not mount up at the same time.

THE BIRDS AGREEING TO MAKE A KING.

Once upon a time all the birds on the earth agreed together to choose one who should be their king and leader, but the owl did not

* The second and third fingers have no name in Malagasy, while the thumb, forefinger, and little finger have each a name of their own.

† Literally, the five "branches"; the fingers, including the thumb, being called *ràntsan-tànana*, "branches of the hand."

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come, because it happened that his mate was sitting just then. So all the birds agreed that whoever saw the owl and did not beat him should also be an outcast and be treated as an enemy.

For this reason the owl does not go about by day, but goes by night; for if any birds see him they all strive together to beat him.

And the big hawk also sought to be king, and appointed himself, but the others did not agree to it, so he went away from them all at enmity with them. And whatever bird this hawk sees he swoops down upon, because he is their enemy; and the rest chose one who should be their king. So they chose the *railòvy* (a shrike, *Dicrurus forficatus*), because of his good position, and long top-knot, and variety of note.

And that is said to be why people consider the *railòvy* to be king of the birds.

THE WILD-CAT AND THE RAT.

It once happened, 'tis said, that the wild-cat and the rat played together; the rat was housekeeper, and the wild-cat was the hunter. So the cat went hunting, and the rat dug a hole without the cat knowing what his intentions were, and these two took counsel together and decided to go and steal an ox.

So they went off to rob, and got a fattened ox; and the rat was overreached by the cat, for the latter ate the flesh and gave the rat only the bones. And when the pair had eaten, there was still a great deal left, so the rat begged some flesh, but the cat would not give it, but gave him the skin. Then the cat made *kitòza* (dried meat cut up in long strips) of the flesh and sewed it up in a basket, and after hanging it up from the ridge of the house went away to hunt.

After the cat had gone away hunting, the rat made a hole in the basket and ate up all the dried meat. As soon as the cat came home from hunting he said, "Come, let us get some *kitòza* to serve as a relish for our rice, my friend." But lo and behold, when he looked he found nothing. So the cat was extremely angry, and chased the rat; but he got into his hole and so was not taken. Then the cat invoked a curse, saying, "Whoever are my descendants indeed, they must kill these rats." And that, they say, is why the cat eats rats.

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THE WOMAN AND THE CROCODILE.

Once upon a time there was a certain old woman who was crossing a stream, and was carried away by a crocodile. The beast had its hole by the river-side, and there he carried the old lady; and placing her there he watched her well lest she should be still living, and then went away; but returning again gave her a bite, while she did not stir, but pretended to be dead.

So the crocodile went off to seek more prey, leaving his prize to become corrupt before eating (for that, they say, is its custom), and went to fetch its companions to share in the spoil. But towards evening, there happened to be some bulls fighting just above the hole; and the earth covering it gave way, so that the foot of one of the animals came through into the crocodile's den. So the old lady grasped it fast and kept hold while the bull drew it out, and so came safely into daylight. And upon that she laid a curse upon all her descendants never to eat beef from henceforth. And there certainly were people to the eastward (among the Bézànozàno) who abstained from beef; and it is said there are still those who do so up to the present day.*

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE RAT.

Once upon a time they say that the hedgehog and the rat chanced to be amusing themselves at the foot of a rock; and the rat, it is said, gave advice to the hedgehog thus: "I perceive, Mr. Hedgehog, that you are mother's brother's son, so I don't deceive you, but tell you the truth. There up in the tree are some good things to eat." The hedgehog answered, "I knew that long ago, but that belongs to the birds, and I'm afraid of them." The rat answered again, "When the birds come, then jump down." But the hedgehog declined, and would not consent.

And another day these two chanced to meet; so the rat led the hedgehog climbing up a very high rock; but he was exhausted through the heat of the sun; so the hedgehog died there, and was devoured by the rat. Then the rat, they say, wept, but made a jest of him, saying: "A hedgehog climbing a rock and can't get half-way."

* On the semi-sacred character of the ox, see my *The Great African Island*, p. 271; and *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 23.

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THE GUINEA-FOWL.

The guinea-fowl, it is said, went to visit his relations beyond the forest; but when he came to the thick of the woods he turned giddy and fell, and broke his wing. Then he lamented thus: "I would go on, go on, but cannot; yet if I go back, I long for my relations."

So that, they say, is the origin of the proverbial saying, "Guinea-fowl in the midst of the forest: go forward, he can't; go back, wing broken; stay there, longs for his relatives."

THE SÌTRY AND THE ÀNTSIÀNTSY.

(These are two small species of Lizard.)

These creatures are both small animals, yet many people pay them honour. They say that when a certain person called Rasòavòlovolòina had a child born, the *sìtry* went off to visit her, but was stoned and killed.

Then came the *àntsiàntsy*, and was also stoned by Rasòa and killed.

And when Rasòa went out to feel the sun's warmth, then came also the *tàkatrà** (the tufted umber) and the *sìtry* and the *àntsiàntsy* went to the door of Rasòa's house.

And when evening came on, then the whole of the animals came and mourned at the door and devoured the child of Rasòa, and every one of them, it is said, lamented. And on account of that, Rasòavòlovolòina took an oath (or invoked a curse), saying: "If any of my descendants should kill a *sìtry* or an *àntsiàntsy* they must wrap up its corpse in silk."†

There are still many people who believe this story, and dare not kill either of these lizards; and should they accidentally kill them they wrap the corpse in a silk cloth. "Those who kill them," say some folks, "will die young."

THE HAWK AND THE HEN.

A hawk, they say, had a son born to her, and a hen came to nurse her. And after the hawk had been nursed a week she went to take exercise, and gave her son to the hen to nurse. But when it was broad day and the hawk did not come, the hen grew angry and killed the young one.

So when the hawk came home and saw its young one dead it was

* See p. 102. † See p. 77.

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enraged and beat the hen, but the hen held its ground, for they were equal in strength.

After some time, not seeing what to do, the hawk invoked a curse, saying: "Whoever would be my true offspring must kill the young of this hen, because she killed my young one."

And that is said to be the reason why the hawk eats chickens, but not hens.

THE VAZÌMBA.

The Vazimba, it is said, lived in this part of the island [that is, in Imérina, the central province of Madagascar] in former times; and as to their appearance they are said to have been small people with little heads; and it is reported that they still exist on the western coast.

One day a Vazimba went to play by the water and took the animal called "the seven-headed *fanàny*" (see p. 170); and when the snake called *tòmpondràno* (a word meaning "lord of the water") passed by, the Vazimba sent him with this message, "Go," said he, "speak thus to father and mother, 'This is the word of thy son, Ravazimba: I have gone under the water and send you my farewells; therefore offer the blood of some living creature, and its feet, and hair or feathers, and the fat, for if you do thus you shall be blessed.'" So the snake went, they say.

This is the reason some give for calling certain snakes *tòmpondràno*. They believe that the Vazimba gave them power, and hardly any one will kill these creatures; and should any one dare kill one they will wrap it up in silk."*

And some time after that the Vazimba sent the kingfisher to his father and mother with this message, "Salutation to father and mother, and say to them: 'Thus saith Ravazimba, send me fowls and sheep.'" And when the kingfisher had thus spoken he returned to the Vazimba again, who said to him, "Because you were diligent and wise I will give you honour; I will put a crown on your head, and clothe you with purple by day and night; when you lay eggs I will nurse you; and if any one kills you, them will I kill while young." And that is why the kingfisher is so beautiful, and makes its hole for a nest by the water. Therefore up to the present time many people

* Following the same custom as when people are buried, corpses being wrapped in red silk *lambas*.

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dare not kill or eat the kingfisher. Many believe this, and honour the little bird so called.

Here in Imérina many people used to supplicate of the Vazimba thus: "If thou wilt prosper me," or, "If I recover from this disease," or "If my child, or my wife, bears a child," etc., etc., "then I will anoint thee [meaning the ancient graves called Vazimba graves] with fat and will reverence thee, and then I will sacrifice sheep and fowls in thine honour."

THE CHAMELEON AND THE LIZARD.

These two creatures, it is said, are children of sisters born of one mother,* and one day they happened to be sitting together at the foot of a tree. The lizard began the conversation thus: "A pleasant thing it is to live, good friend." The chameleon replied, "Living is pleasant enough, but life is full of danger." The lizard was astonished to hear that, and said, "You, fellow, think so because you're so thin and with bulging eyes." The chameleon replied, "And you, fellow, imagine so because you're ugly and dirty-brown coloured, that's why."

And thus the two abused one another until Raòlobélona (Mr. Human-being) came up, and they were each startled. The lizard slunk into his hole, and the chameleon climbed up the tree, and it is said they were never friends afterwards.

(*To be continued.*)

IRISH FOLK-TALES.

By James Britten, F.L.S.

THE following story was taken down by John Hannen, aged 12, at the dictation of his father, John Hannen, a native of Kildorrery, co. Cork.

V.—The Story of Grey Norris from Warland.

Now there once was a king's son named John, and this John was very fond of playing ball in the ball-alley. One day he was playing

* Sisters' children are considered by the Malagasy as almost the same as children of the same mother; they could no more intermarry than can brothers and sisters, while the marriage of brothers' children is quite common.

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as usual when an old man with a long grey beard on him challenged the king's son to play a game. John was quite willing, but he says to the old man, "What shall we play for?" "Oh," says the old man, "if you win you can ask whatever you like of me, and if I win I can ask anything I like of you." "Agreed," says John; and away they pecked at it hard and fast. Well, the first day, John, the king's son, won; so he asked that as soon as the sun rose in the morning every room in his father's palace would be filled with gold. In the morning every one in the palace, from the king to the pageboy, were near smothered in their bed with bright shining gold. "Ah, John, my boy," the old king said, "some day or other you'll be sorry for the ball-alley." "Never you mind, father, I'll take care of myself," said the lad. The next day John won again; so he asked that all his father's lawns and meadows might be filled with the finest cattle: and in the morning the great big estate of the king was covered with the finest head of cattle that was ever seen. But the old king still said that John would be sorry for the ball-alley: John told him however to put his fears in his pocket, and think no more about them as that he was all right. Now on the third day the old man won, and says he to John, "I'm old Grey Norris from Warland, and what I want you to do is by no means an easy job, for I want you to find out the place where I live, by the end of the year." So saying, the old man jogged off. Now after this John didn't give much way to sorrow, for even in the days of old Grey Norris there was a whiskey bottle, and John gave many a good hard pull at the mouth of that same; but, as the time drew nearer, John was at his wit's end for how to find out Grey Norris, and he was pining away day by day, for the old man said that he was going to put him to death if he couldn't find out. It so happened that in the service of the king there was a very old cook; this cook also had noticed the pining away of Prince John, so she says to him one day, "What is the matter, master John, that you have been so down in the mouth for the last month or so?" "Nothing, nothing at all," says John. "Ah, but I know that there is something," says she. Well, by degrees the whole story came out. "Pooh," said she, "if that is all, sir, I'll soon doctor your complaint." Now this old cook a hundred years ago had had a child and she had kept

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the breast-milk of this child up to the time that she was speaking with John the king's son. So she took John into the kitchen and made a cake with meal and this breast-milk. "Now," said she, giving him the cake and a *dreoght** reel of cotton, "take this reel and cast it out before you on the road, when it will lead you to my brother the giant's dominions; and mind when you see him to fling the third part of this cake into his mouth or he will eat you, and when he tastes my breast-milk he will welcome you and help you to find out this *dhalheen*† Grey Norris."

So John started off, hopping and skipping behind his reel of cotton with a light heart. After a while he arrived at the palace of the giant, and when he got to the gates the sentinel told him to be very careful as his master was a very fierce man; but John told him never to fear.

Out came the old giant snorting and snuffing, puffing and blowing; and with his breath he nearly sucked him down his belly. But John was too quick for him, and he threw the piece of cake in his mouth; and as soon as he tasted his sister's breast-milk he said, "Welcome, John, the king's son; what do you want of me?" So John told him all about Grey Norris, and the giant told him be comforted, as he'd do the business for him.

Well that night was spent in rejoicing and feasting; and in the morning the giant looked over all his books, but he could not find the whereabouts of old Grey Norris. "Well," said he, after he had looked over a book about twelve feet by four feet in size, "Well, John, I am sorry, but I can't find him out; so if you want to find him out very badly, as you say, you had better go to my brother, but be very careful, for he is a hundred years older than me, and horrid fierce." John thanked the giant for his advice, and off he went hopping and skipping away behind his reel of cotton. When he came to the giant's house he went inside. The old giant came out snorting so that it made the earth shake; and with his breath he drew John right up to him, and would have sucked him down his stomach had he not, like common men, been forced to breathe outside, which made John go flying back to the farthest end of the palace. When he

* Magic. † Blackguard.

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breathed inside (drew his breath in) again, he was dragging John to him again, when John threw the third part of the cake into his mouth. As soon as he tasted his sister's breast-milk he welcomed him more warmly than even his brother had done, and promised to do everything that lay in his power to find out Grey Norris.

That night was spent in rejoicing and drinking, and in the morning he looked at his books but couldn't find out the old wizard. "Now," says he unto the king's son, "go to my brother and I am sure he will find out what you're looking for, but be very careful as he is a hundred years older than me." So John set off hopping and skipping behind his reel, and after a while got to the house of the giant. After some parley with the guards at the gates he got inside, and his pluckiness almost failed him when he was sucked by the breath of the giant fair into his mouth. But he was soon spit out again, and as the giant was grabbing hold of him he managed to throw what was left of the cake into his mouth. As soon as the giant tasted his sister's breast-milk he made a great fuss with John, and said he was bound to find Grey Norris out. They drank and feasted all that night and in the morning the giant looked over his books. When he told his guest that he could not find Grey Norris out, he was very downcast. "Never mind, come out into the valley with me," said the giant. John went out with him, and the giant sounded his trumpet fiercely. He then told John to look and see if anything was coming; which he did, and answered "No." The giant then sounded his trumpet again, so that it made the trees and plants for miles around to shake. John again answered "No" to the question if anything was coming. The third time the trumpet was sounded it made the earth quiver, and John said he saw something black in the sky about as big as a man's hand, and that it was getting bigger by degrees. Presently up came a big, big eagle with its feathers all rumpled. "Where were you when I blew my trumpet the first time?" asked the giant sternly. "I was freeing myself from the chains with which I was chained by old Grey Norris," said the eagle. "And where were you the second time?" "I was making my way across the burning mountains; see! my feathers are all scorched," said the eagle. "And the third time?" said the giant. "I was flying with all speed towards you," replied

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the eagle. "Very well," said the giant: "now what I want you to do is to take this young man right into Grey Norris's kingdom." "Right you are," the eagle replied. Then the giant killed a large bullock and put it on the eagle's back, and John atop of it, with a big carving-knife in his hand. "Whenever the eagle turns his head back to you, cut a piece of meat and ram it down his throat, or else he'll eat you," said the giant.

Off the eagle flew, and every now and then turned his head back to John, who did as the giant had told him to do. But as the eagle was landing in Grey Norris's dominions, he turned his head back again, and John to his sorrow found that there not a scrap of meat left, but remembering that the eagle would eat him if he didn't look sharp, he whipped a piece of flesh from his own side with the carving-knife. And here, poor fellow, he was at last with a grievous slash on his side in Grey Norris's dominions. "Now, as you've done something for me, I'll do something for you," says the eagle, "and I'll give you this bit of advice. You see that bit of a lake overright us: well, presently three women will come down to bathe as swans; then take the youngest one's clothes, for she is Grey Norris's daughter. Of course she will be ashamed to come out of the water in her right form; keep her clothes until she promises to do you a good turn when you are in want of one, then throw down the clothes and go behind those trees up into the palace." And before John could thank him he was gone. Every thing happened just as the eagle said, and John followed his instructions to the letter. When, however, he got inside the palace Grey Norris received him coolly, showed him a place to sleep in for the night, and did not seem at all pleased.

In the morning he called John and said, "I am going to give you a few tasks, which if you can't do I will put you to death. You must first go and find the fine needle that is in the litter of the stable yonder." He then took him to a place where there were all kinds of beautiful forks; but says the princess to the king's son, "Don't you take any of the beautiful forks he'll show you, John; but take the rusty old one that stands in the corner by itself, or else we'll never do the job." So when Grey Norris showed John the splendid forks John refused all of them. "So," says Grey Norris, "you won't

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take these fine forks, John, you'll never do it with that one." "Oh," says John, "I'm used to this sort of work." He went to the stable and found that there was just enough room for him to stand, for the stable was chock full of litter. John set to work, but found that for every forkful he threw out nine came in; and he was very soon nigh smothered in dung. So the poor fellow sat down and cried over his hard lot. At dinner-time the princess came with his dinner and said, "Ah, John! you're there, are you? but eat your dinner, and I'll help you." So she took the fork from him while he was eating and threw out one forkful; and with that all the rest went out and left the needle in the middle of the stable. "Take that needle to my father." He took the needle to Grey Norris who was very surprised and said, "Now, come and get a gun and shoot some birds, and with their feathers build me a bridge over that stream of running water." After he said this he took him to a lot of fine guns; but the princess told John to take none of the new ones, but the old one. So John took the old one in spite of all Grey Norris's coaxings. When he came to the river he lifted up his gun and shot a bird, and threw the feathers of it into the river, but as soon as they touched the water they were whipped away by the tide. When John saw this he begun to cry and wail. "The princess can't do this," he said, "and I will be put to death by to-night." He went on like this till dinner-time came. When the princess brought his dinner, "Puzzled again, John," she said, "but eat your dinner, I'll do it for you." She took the gun and shot a bird, and as she threw three feathers into the water a beautiful bridge rose right over the stream.

When the old man came down at night-time he was greatly surprised to see a bridge of feathers. "Now," said he, "come and get an axe and before night you must have all that forest made into cups and dishes or I'll put you to death." John followed the princess's advice, and took the old axe; but when he came to chop one of the trees three trees grew up and wedged him in so that he could not move. So he said, "Well, it's a certain thing the princess can't help me this time." But when the princess came at twelve o'clock she laughed to see him helpless; and said she would do the work for him. And at the first chop she made at the tree John was free and all the big

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forest in plates and dishes. Grey Norris was ever so astonished at this; but at last he said, "Get a halter and bring to me the bull that is in yonder field." John as usual took the oldest halter and went to where the bull was; but as soon as the bull saw him he began bucking at him and John had to climb on to the wall which was round the field. The bull then began bucking the wall down, and poor John had to cut like mad round the top of it, the bull bucking down all the way.

When the princess came with his dinner, John was in a sad fix; but as before the princess said she would help him; and as she spoke she drew a whistle from her pocket and whistled, and as soon as the bull heard it he came running toward them, and put his head into the halter. "There, take him to my father." The old schemer seemed surprised, and for a time looked a bit down in the mouth; then his face brightened up, and he said: "Now, John, you must tell me a long tale, and at the same time you must be telling a tale to the top of my head, my nose, my ears, my mouth, and all my different parts."

John didn't know what to do now, but the princess whispered "Get a little bit of cowdung and put a little at the top of his head, and other parts of his body." This he did, and then she took him on one side and said, "Now is the time, John, for you and me to run away; go and bridle and saddle two of the quickest horses in my father's stable."

John did what he was told, and they rode away quickly. After John put the cowdung to Grey Norris it began telling tales to his different parts, and the last tale that was telling to the soles of his feet was, "Long ago last night they went away: long ago last night they went away." Old Grey Norris jumped up and sent an old big bitch after them. Now when the princess and John started they took the old bitch's three pups: so when she came up they threw her one of them, which she took home in her mouth. Grey Norris sent her out again after them; and they threw her the second pup: again she was sent after them, and returned with the third pup in her mouth; but when she was told to go out again she would not for fear she would lose her pups. So Grey Norris and his wife set out after them. After a while the princess said to John, "Look back and see if any-

body is coming." "Well," he said, "I can see two specks as if it was a long way off." "Very well then, throw a few drops out of this bottle." John did so, and a great sea was made behind them. When old Grey Norris came up to it he said to his wife, "Go and fetch the cup that is at home. Have you been?" "Yes, and come back again," she said, "here is the cup." He took the cup, and in a moment the sea was dry. The princess and John rode on together for some time, and then the princess asked if any one was coming; he said he saw two specks again coming along. "Then throw this needle over your shoulder," she said. Immediately a forest of iron sprung up behind them. When Grey Norris came up he said to his wife, "Go home and fetch the axe. Have you been?" "Yes," said she, and come back again." Grey Norris took the axe, and very soon the forest was cut down. The princess again told John to look behind, but he could not see anything: so very soon they reached John's father's house. "Now," said the princess at parting "don't let anybody kiss you, or you'll forget all about me." "All right," said he. So when they all wanted to kiss him he would not let them, but his favourite little lapdog jumped up and kissed him; so he forgot all about her. The poor princess stood outside waiting; and at last she said, "He must have let somebody kiss him," and then she climbed up a tree over a well. After a while out came a weaver's daughter with an earthern vessel in her hands to get water. When she looked down into the well she saw the face of the princess reflected. She said, "Well now, isn't it a great shame that I, such a beautiful girl, should be living with an old weaver!" and with that she dashed down the pitcher and walked away. By-and-by the weaver's wife wondered why the daughter did not come in; so she went out with another vessel. When she looked into the well she wondered how it could be that such a beautiful woman as her should be the wife of a weaver, and down she dashed her vessel and went off. The old weaver all this time was wondering why his wife and daughter did not return; and he took a tin can and went to the well. When he saw the face in the well he looked up in the tree, and— "Hullo! my lady, it's you is it, that made me lose my wife and daughter: will you housekeep for me instead?" "Yes," she said. So the beautiful princess house-

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keeped for the old weaver. In about twelve months' time the prince was courting and about to marry one of the ladies of the king's court. On the wedding-day the princess went into the court, and before the marriage asked if the company would like a little play. They said "Yes;" and the princess then put up a tight-rope and danced on it beautifully. The bride said she could dance as good as that, and up she got on the tight-rope, and fell down and broke her leg, so the wedding had to be put off for another year.

When the time came round again the princess went to the court and asked if they would like a little game. They said "Yes," but they'd have no tight-rope. So she pulled out a cock and hen and put them on the table; then she threw a grain of wheat to the hen, and the cock gave the hen a peck and ate the wheat himself. The princess then said, "Ah, my little cock! it wasn't thus I did for you when I cleaned out the stable and found the needle for you." She then kept throwing grains to the hen, and the cock took it from her, and at every throw she said something she had done for John. At last Prince John remembered the princess, and jumped over the table and caught hold of her as his true wife. Then they were married, and live still, if they are not dead, in the parish of Warland.

FOLK-LORE FROM PESHAWUR.

THE Peshawur Valley is a fertile plain through which flows the Kabul river, and which extends from the River Indus on the east to the Khyber Pass and the Afridi Hills on the west. It is bounded on the north by the mountains of the independent territory of Swát, and on the south by the Kattak Hills. The bulk of the inhabitants are Pathán Mussulmans, a brave, sturdy, but bigoted race, the descendants of one Yusuf, who is said to have come originally from Kandahar. There was a time, how-

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ever, when this valley, and not only this valley but all the neighbouring territory as far west as Kabul, was part of the empire of Hindostan, and when the inhabitants were not Mohammadans but followers of Buddha, whose viharas and temples covered the land. This fact should perhaps be borne in mind in treating of the singular customs and superstitions, and the abundance of traditional folk-lore which richly survive, in spite of philosophical Mohammadanism, throughout this most interesting district.

It has been a source of considerable pleasure to me, during the six years of my residence in the Peshawur Valley, to note down from time to time some of the most curious superstitions to which the people are still attached, and I now propose to record my impressions in a series of short papers.

I.—Customs in Times of Drought.

One of the greatest wants, and, therefore, one of the most valued blessings of this part of the world, is rain. Droughts are of frequent occurrence, especially in the dry hot months of summer, when the rays of the sun are so intensely severe that both men and cattle frequently perish from the effects of the heat alone. In vain sighs the farmer for the coveted rain, which is to save his barley or his wheat, or to nourish his growing crops of Indian corn. And it is not surprising to find that his simple mind, penetrated as it is with a belief sturdy and strong in the existence of malign supernatural influences for ever thwarting and marring the beneficent arrangements of Providence, should address its appeals to the God of all Good, or to spirits of evil, by means of many a quaint mysterious ceremony, in order to compass relief from present prevailing distress. Various are the strange traditional expedients resorted to by the poor country hinds to coax down the blessing of refreshing showers, however scanty, on their parched-up fields. Sometimes the assembled women of the village, arming themselves with their churning-sticks, set out stealthily to surprise and capture the cattle-boy of some neighbouring community. If they succeed in their endeavour, they conduct the lad to their homes, and there load him with small presents of grain, contributed by every household. Then they bring forth a gay lunghi or

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turban, and, with womanly deftness of hand, wrap it gracefully round his head, after which they send him away. It must not, however, be supposed that the herdsboy in any single instance submits himself a willing recipient of the unsought honours so lavishly conferred upon him. If he can escape before capture, escape he will, and in that case, leaving his cattle in the wilds, he runs to his own village and summons out all the women thereof, who, arming themselves likewise with their churning-sticks, issue forth in a body, with loud cries and threatening gestures, to repel the invaders, when it often happens that a free fight ensues, and that hard blows are given and taken on either side.

Another most singular custom during these trying seasons is that the boys should collect cow-dung and other objectionable rubbish and concoct a vile liquid by mixing the ingredients in a large vessel with an ample supply of water from the cattle-pond. Observing the greatest possible care and moving in profound silence they now proceed to the hut of the village saint, some priest or synd or fakir, and creeping quietly behind him as he sits in the shade mumbling over his beads, they pour their diabolical compound over the good father's head, and then run for their lives. This ceremony, for some mysterious reason which I cannot divine, is considered an excellent means either of propitiating the favour of Heaven or of exciting the provident fears of the fakir.

There is another custom analogous to the foregoing, though far more simple and cleanly, which consists in sprinkling a fakir with water as he lies asleep so that he may dream of cool showers and that his dreams may come to pass.

Again the whole community may set to work with zeal begotten of self-interest and stimulated by the consciousness of loss to repair the dilapidated tombs of the saints, and bewailing their neglect, or the men of the village will solemnly retire to the fields, and kneeling in two rows after the customary manner when engaged in prayer implore the Almighty to gather the clouds from afar.

The prettiest custom of all perhaps is that in which the elders make up sweet sherbet or other refreshing draughts, and calling together the little innocent children from all sides distribute the agreeable

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beverage to them and to them alone, as though in propitiating the favour and goodwill of the young, the simple, and the sinless, they established a claim on the benevolence of God.

Lastly there is a custom almost universally followed in the Upper Punjah among both Hindus and Mohammadans, and it is so quaint and curious, and its origin evidently lies so deep in the historic or possibly pre-historic past, that a detailed description of it will becomingly close this paper.

It was in the burning summer of 1879 that some little girls with bare heads and shoeless feet were observed to leave the village of Haji Shah, close to Attock, and in mournful procession make their way to the top of a neighbouring hill. In their hands they carried dolls roughly made up out of old rags to represent both the sexes. Under the pitiless sun of midday these little ones took their stand in a circle, and sadly beating their breasts began, in a wailing chant of Gregorian cadence, to sing the following old-world ditty :

" Gudhi, gudhá, pittyá,
Vas mináh chittyá,
Utonh sardhá ser,
Thulláyouh sardhá payr,
Sun maindeh Alleyáh,
Vas mináh chittya,
Vas mináh chittyà."

" Our dolls and dollies we bemoan,
Come white Rain !
Above, burns our head,
Beneath, burn our feet,
Hear O our God !
Come white Rain—
Come white Rain !"

Having sung their simple dirge with all the gravity of a funeral party they dug holes, and, committing their mannikins to the earth, covered them in with the soil. These children were of course Mohammadans. If they had been Hindus, cremation would have been substituted for burial.

There are other stanzas—some five or six altogether, but in these parts only the one is sung unless a cloud should appear in the distant sky, when the following are added to the former :

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"Barh, barh, mináh,
Kálle shinah,
Hálli bhukkhiáh
Dand dharyáyá,
Vas mináh chittyá,
Vas mináh chittyá,
Máin gudhi gudhá pittyá."

"Rain, Rain, O Rain—
You black Tiger!
Ploughmen are hungry,
Bullocks are thirsty—
Come white Rain,
Come white Rain,
Our dolls and dollies we bemoan!"

II.

Some of the most extraordinary superstitions in the Peshawur Valley and in the Upper Panjab generally are connected with women. Women, say the people, are all witches. For various reasons they may choose not to exercise their powers, but the powers are inherent in them, and there is not one of them who could not work a spell or employ supernatural agency for ruin and mischief if the fancy seized her.

Among the Pathán, as among most oriental tribes, a childless woman is regarded with aversion, and in some sense as accursed. Barren women are notorious all over the country for the singular devices to which they resort in order to procure offspring, and in the present paper I purpose to describe a few of those devices which strike me as being the most extraordinary.

1. If a married woman happens to be barren, she proceeds, if she possesses the necessary gift, to entice a hyena to come to her, and, mounting it astride with her face to the tail, she rides it in a circle seven times round. Then she dismounts, and makes the animal seven salaams, after which she lays her chuddah, or cloth, on the ground, and setting upon it a vessel of bread and liquid butter, she feeds the creature with the morsels.

This ceremony always occurs at night, and the villager who described it to me related that in the village of Ghazi there lives a woman who is well known to be addicted to this practice for inducing conception, and that she performs it every Sunday evening. And so convinced is

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he of the truth of the matter that he promised to show me the whole ceremony if I would come to the village at the proper time.

2. Another custom having the same object is this. When a dead body has been burnt, *i.e.*, after the funeral rites of a Hindu, the barren woman visits the spot at night, and, undressing, she cooks her food over the dead man's smoldering ashes, and there eats it.

A villager told me that he once watched a woman engaged in such a weird ceremony. He said that he saw her one night visit the spot where a Hindu had been burnt, and, having undressed, she bathed herself. Then she put down four wooden pegs in the ground in the form of a square. To the first peg she tied some red thread, to the second some green thread, and to the third some white thread. She then took up her position at the fourth peg, and having kneaded a cake on a stone she cooked it and ate it, preserving a strict silence. When she had finished her meal she burnt the fragments of her food in the fire, together with the four pegs and all the thread, excepting the red thread. This she carefully tied round her waist, to remain there until a child was born.

The woman, said my informant, had been barren twenty-two years, notwithstanding which, by virtue of the charm, she afterwards conceived and bore her husband a son.

3. There is another equally curious custom, but it has reference to a body which has been buried, that is, to the body of a Mohammadan. In this case, the barren woman visits the graveyard at night, strips herself naked at some distance, then throws over her head a sheet, which she also throws off at the grave. She then, having previously bathed herself, digs up the fresh corpse, and cleans its teeth, the idea being that in return for this act of charity the dead will instil virtue into her so that she may have a child whose teeth she may also clean. Having finished her ghastly task, the woman lays the body in the earth once more, and sitting with her back to the grave she proceeds to cover it up by throwing in the soil backwards.

4. A commoner custom, however, among this unfortunate class is to procure written charms from some priest famous for such things, and, having dissolved them in water, to swallow them. In other cases the charms are tied round the waist and so worn.

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5. Perhaps the commonest custom of all is to make a pilgrimage to some shrine, which enjoys a reputation for virtue in such cases, and to implore the aid of the tutelary saint.

C. SWYNNERTON,
Bengal Chaplain.

NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Jottings from the South-West of Ireland.—At Castletown, upon telling the landlady's daughter I was leaving on the morrow, she laughingly threatened to put the cat under the pot to bring bad weather and force me to stay. She assured me it was a common practice among the sailors' wives. From John Shea, boatman, Killarney, I had a good version (the hero of which was a namesake of his) of the widely-spread story in which a mortal wins a mermaid to his bride by retaining a talisman—in this case the mermaid's cap. She escaped of course in the end, and would seem to have kept a grudge against her captor and all of his name. Every Shea who should venture out to sea, at the particular spot in Dingle Bay where his ancestor met the mermaid, would surely be drowned. My informant would not venture there "not for Dinish if it turned into gold; for," as he justly said, "life is shweeter than money."

ALFRED NUTT.

Riding Stang" is appropriat of wife-be the circun residence, refrain. render the tion for li mere surv which the originally

MALTON—RIDING THE STANG.—At the Malton Sessions on Saturday—before Mr E. C. Taylor, Sir W. Worsley, and Mr Kinnear—five young men, of Wetwang, named Langdale, Mansell, Bailey, Pierce, and Milner, were charged by Superintendent Peirs with obstructing the highway by carrying out an almost obsolete practice, known as "riding the stang," thereon, on the 21st June last. It seems that one of the villagers had become notorious as a wife-beater, and the young men took this method of showing their ideas of his conduct. They had dressed up an effigy, and, mounting it on a cart, they yoked a lot of juveniles to the shafts, and paraded the village, singing an old doggerel rhyme and beating the effigy, which was ultimately taken into a field and burnt. Mr Bell, solicitor, appeared for defendants, and called voluminous evidence to prove that there was no obstruction of the highway. He also argued that the young men thought they were acting within the law. After consultation the Chairman stated they would give the defendants the benefit of this doubt, and dismiss the case. At the same time they must understand the practice was an illegal one, and must not be renewed. The police had done quite right to take action in the matter

"Yorkshire Post" 16 July 1883.

and the custom prevails chiefly in the "bys" and "thorpes" of the dales. It would be interesting to know if the custom exists also in Denmark or Norway. *See p. 29 ante.*

ISAAC TAYLOR.

Charm for "Sty" on the Eye.—My nurse tells me of a remedy for a sty on the eye which she has tried frequently herself, and always found efficacious. Brush the sty well seven times with the tail of a black cat, and the sty will be gone by the next morning. It was recommended to her when a child by an old Bath inhabitant.

A. B. G.

Witchcraft in Normandy.—A woman named Adèle Mathieu had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the tribunal at Lisieux, for obtaining money from the peasants in that part of Normandy under the false pretence of being able to cure them and their animals of every kind of disease. Adèle Mathieu urged in her defence that she had the power to exorcising evil spirits, and she explained to the Court that these were of three kinds, one of which could only be got rid of by burning toads in a cauldron. Upon one occasion she was sent for by a farmer who had seventeen of his cattle ill, and she burnt 570 toads in the presence of the villagers, several of whom declared that they saw a dog jump out from the mouth of one of the beasts and run away. Adèle Mathieu also resorted to the well-known device of larding a sheep's or bullock's heart with pins and needles and burning it in a wood-fire, and some of the witnesses who were called to prove the case against her naively declared that, though she charged more than the doctor, she had done them more good. But in spite of this and of her energetic assertion that she was gifted with supernatural powers, the tribunal sent her to prison.—*Daily News*, Sept. 13, 1882.

Old Rhymes and Sayings (*ante*, p. 62).—One of the disjointed utterance of Catherine Ann Whitehead, be she sane or insane, is a variant of an old nursery favourite which in my time ran:

> "The man in the wilderness asked of me,
> How many strawberries grew in the sea.
> I answered him as I thought good,
> As many red herrings as grew in a wood."

Halliwell has a nearly corresponding version in his sadly imperfect collection *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, p. 78; he introduces it with

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the note: "The following occurs in a MS. of the 17th century in the Sloane collection, the reference to which I have mislaid." Not older than the 17th century considering the reference to tea, is likely to be, "Will you come to the wedding," in fact its vulgarity has quite a modern twang. The notion about the boots is obviously only partly true; what is so, is rather common sense than folk-lore, what is false in fact, may perhaps be a parable! I think there is nothing occult in the Topsyturvidom to which Catherine Ann offered to introduce her audience. It will be observed that her statement concerning it is in rhyme, and it is probably a fragment of some paradoxical jingle that has eluded Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. E. G.

Superstition in Dorsetshire.—On the 23rd December a dairyman left home for a market held in the neighbourhood of Bridport, his wife remaining in charge of the dairy. On returning home, he found his wife agitated, and apparently unwell. She simply complained of slight indisposition, which continued till the following Saturday (30th ult.) During the morning the dairyman went to his cashbox, which was kept in a bedroom, and at once missed between 3*l.* and 4*l.* The wife was at first reticent on the matter, but ultimately confessed, that a couple of women (strangers) had promised her, during his absence on the previous Saturday, that for a few shillings they would convert any amount of gold to treble its value by Easter Sunday next, provided they were allowed to trace the planets upon the coins, and then secrete them about the premises, but on no account were they to be touched before Easter Sunday, or the planets would be unpropitious, and visit the house with affliction. The dairyman, in spite of these protestations, forced from his wife the knowledge that the money was hanging in the chimney. He there found a semi-smoked heart, evidently that of a pig or a sheep. It was tightly encased in wrappings of scarlet and black material. A number of crosses and other emblems formed of projecting pins covered it completely on one side. On opening it, the cavity of the heart was found to contain several farthings, which had been brightened by some rough substance. It is believed the strangers were travelling gipsies, but, at any rate, they have absconded the richer by several pounds.—*The Suffolk and Essex Free Press*, Jan. 3, 1883.

New Year Custom in Orkney.—One of the most peculiar and ancient of the new year celebrations is that held in the Cathedral at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. The inhabitants, according to old Norse

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customs, divide into two sections and meet at the market cross to have a general game at football. All living above the cathedral play to get the ball to the country district, and those residing below the cathedral fighting to take it to the sea, the whole game being played through the principal streets of the town, and hundreds of players of all grades of society often take part in the game. On Monday the annual game took place as usual.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, Jan. 6, 1883.

The Old Year.—The custom of singing the old 100th Psalm on the tower of Basingstoke parish church, as the midnight hour announced the departure of the old year and the birth of the new, was again observed on Sunday last, and, notwithstanding a somewhat inclement night, a large number of persons assembled around the church to hear the psalm. It is said that a midnight service will in future supersede this custom, the origin of which is unknown.—*Hampshire Advertiser*, Jan. 6, 1883.

Bible Divination—An instance of the survival of an antiquated superstition came before the Ludlow magistrates last week. A woman was brought up on a charge of using abusive language towards another woman. It appeared that the defendant's daughter died, and that the complainant went to assist in laying out the body. A watch, which had been hanging at the head of the bed, disappeared, and the complainant was accused of stealing it by the defendant, who said that "she had turned the key on the bible ten times, and it turned to complainant's name." A key, according to the once popular superstition, was believed to turn at the mention of the guilty person's name, when placed inside the bible so as to be upon the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter of Ruth.—*Oswestry Advertiser*, Feb. 21, 1883.

Superstition in Devonshire.—An Exeter correspondent writes:—"A remarkable instance of the hold which witchcraft retains upon a by no means small portion of the population has occurred this week in Devonshire. A smack owner of Brixham recently put to sea. Soon afterwards one of the crew, a young man, began to suffer so much with his eyes that his employer put back to Brixham. A medical man there advised the young man that he was not in a fit condition to go to sea, and that, further, unless great caution were exercised he would probably lose his sight. This was told the master, who recommended the youth to go to Plymouth and consult a 'white witch.' He went, but this personage, after some mysterious performances, assured him that he could do nothing for him—'it was not he

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mann has found new matter enough to make his work welcome to every folk-lorist. Of especial interest are the historical traditions of the time when the Slavonic element was predominant, and later when it was struggling for supremacy with the Germanic tribes by which it was surrounded. The struggle of races was complicated, as is so often the case, by one of religions. The Wends were heathen, and it was not until a regular crusade had been preached against them that they submitted to German overship, and formally accepted Christianity. But the mythological beliefs of the district are to this day Slavonic rather than German, as may be seen in the author's account of the beliefs connected with the "Poldsche" and the "Schwerber," folk-personifications of the mid-day heat, and of the early-morning frosts which in the Mark are often felt up to the middle of summer. The work may be cordially recommended in spite of the Author's over-fondness for presenting the traditions he has collected in what he deems an attractive literary form.

In the *Calcutta Review* for July there was an article on "Folk-lore of the Headless Horseman in Northern India."

The Rev. Elias Owen has issued the prospectus of a book to be published by subscription on the Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd and neighbouring Parishes, with some account of the Ancient Manners and Customs and Legendary Lore connected with the Churches. The publisher is Mr. Quaritch.

The Folk-Tale Committee will meet during the first week in October, for the purpose of selecting some of the Tabulations of Folk-Tales for printing in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, and to commence their labours of sorting and examining. Members are earnestly invited to co-operate with the Committee in this work.

Captain Temple has issued two parts of his valuable *Legends of the Panjâb*. We shall notice them fully later on.

A curious and interesting article on Thumb-lore appears in the October number of the *Antiquary*.

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PANJAB NOTES AND QUERIES.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION OF AUTHENTIC NOTES REGARDING THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

CAPT. R. C. TEMPLE,

AMBALA, PANJAB.

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NOTICES TO MEMBERS.

Jan. 1. *The annual Subscription (one guinea) was due on this date*, and the monthly issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal* cannot be issued to Members who have not paid their subscriptions.

Members who would like to have a copy of the Annual Report for 1881, containing the Tabulated Folk-Tale Analysis, can do so by applying to the Hon. Secretary.

Forms for the Tabulation of Folk-Tales may now be obtained.

Members who wish for extra copies of the *Folk-Lore Journal* may purchase them at one shilling each, instead of the published price.

Members of the Society may advertise in these columns at a cost to cover only expenses.

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Vol. I. Part XI. NOVEMBER 1883.

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THE ORATORY, SONGS, LEGENDS, AND FOLK-TALES OF THE MALAGASY.

By the Rev. James Sibree, Junior.

(*Concluded from page* 316.)

THE SERPENT AND THE FROG.

ONCE upon a time the serpent called *mànditra* [a species of boa] swallowed a frog, and the frog began to revile the serpent thus: "What a speckled appearance, and a blunt head, and goggle eyes! What's become of your feet and hands?" So the serpent answered, "My feet are worn off in pursuing you frogs; and my eyes stand out because dim with looking after you; and my skin is speckled because I'm full of your precious father!"

So the frog was angry and cursed the serpent; and that is why it is hotly pursued by the serpents.

THE RICE AND THE SUGAR-CANE.

The sugar-cane, they say, came to the rice, to seek friendship with it, and spake thus to it: "I say, O Sir Rice, come, let us be relatives and friends together, and share together the difficult and the bitter, making no difference, for we have one origin, for each is the produce of the ground; besides that, alike are the things befalling and the things obtained; equal while living, similar in death. Why look, our names even are almost alike, there's but a slight difference between *vàry* (rice) and *fàry* (sugar-cane); so let us strike up a firm friendship."

The rice, however, it is said, answered thus: "Your words are true enough when you relate and particularize our origin, for we certainly are both the produce of the ground, equal while living, and similar in death. But still, here's something which prevents us agreeing, so it's no use, for it's a thing we can't agree about; so let there not be that friend-

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no longer are a substance in a lump any more, but become steam and distilled drops, and go out along a bamboo or a brass pipe, and emerging thence, you become *rum*, making wise men fools, and are no longer sugar-cane. So that we cannot be friends with you sugar-canes," said the rice.

IKÒTOFÉTSY AND IMÀHAKÀ.*

One day, it is said, Ikòtofétsy and Imàhakà displayed an idol, but it was only a piece of manioc-root which they had covered with scarlet cloth.† And the day was very cloudy, and just as if heavy rain was coming on; the wind also blew very hard. So they called the people together, and bade them assemble in an open space; and then they brought out the idol, but it did not move‡ (because it was only manioc-root). So Ikòtofétsy and Imàhakà said, "Since we brought out the god, and you did not bring tribute to him, he will not show you his glory, and is angry; therefore there will be heavy rains to-day, and the waters will be flooded." (At the same time they knew well that rain would fall plentifully, and the streams be all flooded.) Accordingly, the rain soon fell heavily on that day, and the waters were indeed all flooded; and the people were all exceedingly astonished, and feared greatly.

Then Ikòtofétsy and Imàhakà procured a serpent (called *màndidra*), and wrapped it up in scarlet cloth as they had done with the piece of manioc-root, and placed it in a basket. And the two fellows spoke thus to the people: "This is the word of our god: he was angry yesterday, but we besought him, and so the heavy rain ceased; so now look, for he will appear to-day, therefore let us all dance, and every one bring an offering." So they brought the serpent in the

* This is one of a number of short stories which are very popular with the Malagasy, giving the adventures and various tricks of two clever rogues. The most complete collection of these was published at Antanànarivo seven years ago by a native officer, Rabézàndrina, now governor of Tamatave, see p. 4. The meaning of Ikòtofétsy is the "cunning lad"; that of Imàhakà is not quite so clear; it perhaps means "the light-fingered one," or one able to carry off by theft.

† Malagasy idols were of no great size, and were usually covered with red cloth.

‡ It was believed that the idols had power to make their bearers move or stop, according to the will of the idol.

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maize, and set it down on the ground, and it struggled violently, because it was a living creature. So the people were all confounded and filled with fear, and every one uttered a loud cry. Then they said that a little money is an offering, and the two men, it is said, valued on that day money to the amount of ten thousand pieces. So they put back the servant into the basket again. And then they said to the people, "If this any of you be ill, come here to us, and bring money to the value of a halfpenny and twopence,* and a red cock, as an offering. Besides which, if you forget the god, you will die young."

And so it is said, numbers of people worshipped that manioc-root, and the two men became very rich. And after that also many of the people fetched [what they supposed to be] pieces of the idol, but it was only pieces of wood which Ikotofesy and Imahaka gave them.

RANGAHY AND RAFOTSIBE.†

In former times, it is said, people had no houses to live in, but dwelt in holes in the rocks. And Rafotsibe considered and plaited a thick mat and made a flat-roofed hut. Then came Rangahy crying outside the house, and called out, "O Rafotsibé, just let me live here and let us both together seek a living." But Rafotsibé, they say, did not consent, but said, "It is I who have a house to live in, and unless I am to have two-thirds of the property I will not consent." So Rangahy agreed to it. But some time afterwards Rafotsibé's house became torn, for it was only mat, so Rangahy made a mud hut, and then he divorced Rafotsibé. So it was her turn to entreat, and she said, "I beseech you, Rangahy, for I will not forsake you." But he would not agree except on condition that he should have two-thirds of the property; so Rafotsibé consented.

And that, they say, is why the man has two-thirds of the property, and the wife the third part of it.‡

* It must be remembered that in former times money was much more valuable than it is now.

† These words are terms of respect used for an elderly man (sometimes not very elderly) and an elderly woman; *fotsibé* means "much white," *i.e.*, white hair.

‡ This is the custom among the Hova Malagasy.

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RASÒALÀVAVÒLO.

Under water, it is said, is the home of Rasòalàvavòlo, and she is beautiful, and has very long hair, and that is why she is called Rasòalàvavòlo [*làva vòlo* is "long-haired"]. Some say she is a Vazimba,* but others say that she belongs to one of the conquered royal families. Both stories, however, are equally untrue, since the whole account is a fiction.

They say, nevertheless, that a woman named Rasòavòlovolòina went to visit her, and to ask for a child,† and offered two silver rings, and had given to her two round smooth stones, which, they say, became two male children. When the two brothers grew up they went to visit Rasòalàvavòlo under the water, and offered her a string of coral-beads, but she happened to be asleep when the brothers came, and so did not talk with them. And on the morrow again they went to visit her, and she took all the things they brought. And then she blessed them [lit. "blew water on them"], and they were the ancestors of all the people who have lived since that time here in Madagascar.

And there are still many who believe this fable, and who come to the story-tellers to beg for children, but it is only a piece of fiction.

THE WILD-HOG AND THE RAT.

(A tale from Itrémo, in Western Bétsiléo-land.)

Once upon a time, 'tis said, a wild-hog and a rat chanced to meet, and the rat saluted the other, saying, "How do you do, say I?" So the wild-hog replied, "Oh, I'm tolerably well; for how are you, young friend?" "Oh, I'm very well," said the rat, saying at the same time, "Come, my elder brother, let us have a game." The wild-hog replied, "Well, all right, young friend; but what sort of a game shall we have?" "Let us collect dry grass, and when we have got plenty let us cover ourselves with it, and set it on fire." Said the wild-hog, "Oh, that's a good idea; but, perhaps, you would not dare do it?" "Oh, I'll venture it; but if I should shirk it, I'll never eat food again; and

* One of the supposed aboriginal inhabitants of the central provinces of Madagascar, see p. 315.

† This is what native women very often do, visiting some of the numerous sacred stones and presenting small offerings in the hope that they may bear children.

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you also, if you daren't venture it, then you must not eat from this time forth," said the rat. "Agreed," replied the wild-hog. So they pledged each other to keep their word.

Then said the wild-hog, "Now you shall go in first, and I'll go afterwards." "Very well," said the rat, pushing himself into the midst of the fuel; but he burrowed rapidly into the ground, and hid himself in the hole. Presently the wild-hog called out, "Shall I light it now?" "Yes," said the rat. So the wild-hog set fire to the heap, but it did not hurt the rat, as he was safe in the hole. So as soon as it was all burnt up, out he came unhurt, and strutting about and looking very big, he shouted out, "What do you say to that? How's that?" adding, "Come, you must go too, Mr. Wild-hog."

Upon that the stupid fellow went in in his turn, but knowing nothing of the trick played by the rat, and plunged into the heap of dry grass, saying to the other, "If a little fellow like you dare do it, much more ought I." So the wild-hog went in; and as soon as he was fairly settled down the rat flattered him a little at first, lest he should back out all of a sudden as soon as the fire was lighted, and thus he sang:

(The latter part should be said more rapidly.)

"Entered, the wild-hog, ah!
Pushed in, the wild-hog, ah!
Is taken in, the wild-hog, ah!
Is snugly hid, the wild-hog, ah!
Is covered up, the wild-hog, ah!
Is choked, the wild-hog, ah!
Sleeps, the wild-hog, ah!
The wild-hog, ah!
Breathes hard, the wild-hog, ah!
Endures, the wild-hog, ah!"

So he set fire to the dry grass, and soon it was in a blaze; but alas for the poor wild-hog, who struggled and turned about, for his back was scorched; so he cried out, "Help me, Mr. Rat, I am burnt; help me, younger brother, for I'm scorching; help me, my friend, or I'm consumed; help me, you wretch, for I'm killed."

But the rat gave him no help for all that, for he was splitting with laughter, but he danced about, and shouted out thus:

"Burn away, fire!
Go along, fire!
Consume him, O fire!
Blaze away, fire!

Die, Mr. Worn-out!
Die, you old wretch!
Die, old Spade-mouth!
Die, old Fetch-what-you-see!
Die, old Short-loin-cloth!
Die, old Snout-grubber!
How do you like it?
How are you now?
Soon you are done for,
Soon you squeal out,
Soon you are shrivelled,
Soon you are doubled up,
Soon you won't move."

But after a little the wild-hog made a desperate effort and got out from among the fire, but his skin and his fore and hind feet were terribly burnt, although he was still alive. So the rat said, "It was all a joke of mine, but go and bathe in the water." So the wild-hog went and did so, but as soon as he had bathed he was dead.

RAPÉTO.

The stories which people relate of this Rapéto are exceedingly puzzling; still, we may safely say that they are fabulous.

The town where he lived, they say, is Ambòhidrapéto, west of Antanànarivo.*

And the fables related of him are these—

1. They say he was so tall as to touch the skies. And although it was at Ambòhidrapéto that he ate rice, the rice he cooked would be in the forest to the east [that is, twenty miles away].
2. They say he went to amuse himself at Ambòhitràrahàba,† and it was only one step from there to Ambòhidrapéto. [The places are about six miles apart.]
3. Those rocks, with hollows like human feet in them, on the roadside near Ambòhitràrahàba are, they say, the impressions of his legs and feet and knees, by which he showed his strength.‡
4. They say he fetched the moon as a plaything for his children; but he was struck by a meteorolite, and so was killed.

* Ambòhidrapéto, that is, "Town-of-Rapéto," is a small town on a low hill about three miles west of the capital.

† This is a large village about three miles north of the capital.

‡ There are certain rocks with some curious hollows in them in the place described. They have probably been produced by rain-water and the unequal hardness of portions of the surface.

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(*Continued from page* 84.)

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Contents: Legend of Kukkakâkani—The Razu and the Tiger—Childbirth—Worship of the Cobra—The Erikclawandlu—The Vaddevandlu.

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CONTENTS: Introduction to the Zulu nursery tales — Uhlakanyana — Usikulumi Kahlokohloko—Uzembeni; or Usikulumi's courtship—Untombinde—Amavukutu—Usitungusobenhle—Usitungusobenhle Namajubatente — Ulnhlazase — Ulangalasenhla Nolangalasenzantsi — Ubabuze — Umnntu Nenyoni (the man and the bird) — Ukcombekcantsini (the little birds) Inhlamvu (the honey bird)—Itshe Likantunjambili (the rock of two-holes, or the cannibals' cave)—Intombi Namazimn (the girl and the cannibals) —Umbadhlanyana and the cannibal—Amazimu (cannibals) — Ugungqu-Knbantwana—The Izingogo—Ukuvela Kwezimfene (the origin of baboons) — Izimu ela tolwa Umasendeni (the cannibal whom Umasendeni received into his house)—Umkxakaza—Wakogingqwayo—Izelamani (the two brothers) — Ubongopa-Kamagadhlela — Umdhlnbn Neselesele (Umdhlnbu and the frog) — Indaba Yenkosi Yentombi (the account of a girl king)— The heritage in polygamic households—Unthlangunthlangu—Superstitious abstinence from certain kinds of food—Ukuzwana Ngenkaba (sympathy by the navel)—Inyoka enkulu e nomlilo (the great fiery serpent) — Utingo Lwenkosikazi (the queen's bow)—Utshintsha Nomnyama (Utshintsha and the rainbow)—Umnyama (the rainbow)—Untombi-Yapansi — Umkatshana Indaba Kancama Ngamanzi-egudu (the tale of Uncama-ngamanzi-egudu) —Umamba — Unanana-Boselle — Umntwana wenkosi Ohlakanipileyo (the wise son of the king)—Ufudn Olnkulu (the great tortoise)—Isitwalangcengce—Indaba Kadhlokweni (the history of Udhlokweni)—Isitshakamana —Utikoloshe—The Abatwa—Abatwa Ukwesabeka kwabo. Imbila ya swela umsila ngokuyalezela (the hyrax went without a tail because he sent for it)— Impisi nenyanga (the hyena and the moon)—Izimfene nengwe (the baboons and the leopard)—Indaba yomuntu owa lahla isinkwa; wa pinda wa si funa, ka b'e sa si tola (the tale of a man who threw away some bread; he looked for it again, but never found it). Indaba Yekwababa (the tale of a crow) —Enye yekwababa fnti (another tale of a crow)—Indaba yenja eya kqamba igama (the tale of a dog which made a song). Riddles.

Callaway (Rev. Canon Henry). The religious system of the Amazulu, in their own words, with a translation into English and notes. London and Natal, 1868-1870. 8vo. pp. 1-408 [not completed, no title-page.]

CONTENTS:—Unkulnnkulu, or the tradition of creation as existing among the Amazulu and other tribes of South Africa—Amatongo or ancestor-worship as existing among the Amazuln—Izinyanga yoknbnln, or divination as existing among the Amazuln.

Callwell (J. M.) Legends of olden times; adapted from the old German. London, 1880 (?). 12mo. pp. vii. 254.

The story of Bearwelf, the Dragon Slayer—The story of Wolfderrick—The story of the Nibelung Hoard and the ruin that it wrought.

Calmet (Dom Augustin). Dissertations upon the apparitions of angels, demons, and ghosts, and concerning the Vampires of Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. Translated from the French. London, 1759. 8vo. pp. xiv. 14 pages of contents, 370.

Treats generally of the subject, and includes sections upon the following more important items belonging to the domain of Folk-Lore: xxi. Apparitions of spectres or demons and spirits. xxiv. Stories of houses supposed to be haunted by spectres. xxvii. Spectres or demons which raise storms. xxviii. St. Elm's or St. German's fire. xxxiii. Goblins or familiar spirits. xxxiv. Instances of spectres seen in Sweden, and of magicians which sell

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winds. xxxv. Of the lares, manes, and lemures of the Latins. xlv. Of spirits in the hollow of mountains and bottoms of mines. xlvii. Instances which seem to prove that the devil has the keeping of hid treasures. xlix. Of the Ignis Fatuus or Will-with-the-wisp. li. Of devils called incubi and succubi. liii. Of witches and their nocturnal assemblies. liv. What is meant by having the garter; instances of a supernatural speed in travelling. lv. Of enchanted serpents. lvi. Surprising effects of magic. lxi. Transformations of men into beasts. lxxx. Of goblins. SECTION II.: xxi. Spectres in England in the twelfth century. xxii. Spectres in Peru. xxiii. Spectres in Lapland. lxiii. Marks of vampirism in churchyards.

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Camden (William). Remaines concerning Britain: their languages, names, surnames, allusions, anagrammes, armouries, monies, empresses, apparell, artillarie, wise speeches, proverbs, poesies, epitaphs. The sixth impression with many rare antiquities never before imprinted. By the industry and care of John Philipot, Somerset Herald. London. Printed by Thomas Warren for Isabella Waterson, 1657. Small 4to. pp. 331, and Table

"Certaine Proverbs, Poems or Posies, Epigrams, Rythms, and Epitaphs of the English Nation in former times, and some of this present age," occupies pp. 288-335.

Campbell (J. F.) Popular tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a translation. Edinburgh, 1860. 12mo. 4 vols. pp. cxxxv. 353; 478.

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Carey (Rev. W., D.D.) An account of the funeral ceremonies of a Burman Priest. *Asiatic Researches*, 1816, vol. xii. pp. 186-191.

[Carleton (William.)] Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry. Dublin, 1830. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xii. 275; 304.

[Not related from tradition.] Titles of stories: Vol. I. Ned M'Keown—The three tasks, or the little horse under the hill—An Irish wedding—Larry M'Farland's wake—The battle of the factions. Vol. II. The funeral and party fight—The hedge school—The station.

——————— Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry. A new edition, with an autobiographical introduction, explanatory notes, and numerous illustrations. Dublin and London, 1843. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xxiv. 427; 430.

The same as above, with following additions (the two volumes of the first edition forming vol. i. of this edition): Vol. I. The Lough Derf pilgrim—The midnight mass—The Donagh, or the horse stealers—Phil Purcel the pig driver. Vol II. Geography of an Irish oath—The Lianhan Shee—Going to Maynooth—Phelim O'Toole's courtship—The poor scholar—Wildgoose Lodge—Tubber Derf, or the red well—Neal Malone.

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[Carleton (William)]. Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry. London, 1853. 12mo. pp. viii. 339.

CONTENTS: Ned M'Keown—The three tasks—Shane Fudh's wedding—Larry M'Farland's wake—Battle of the factions.

——————— Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry. Fifth edition. London, 1864. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xxiv. 427; 430.

[The same as the second edition, 1843.]

Carlisle (Nicholas). An historical account of the origin of the Commission appointed to enquire concerning Charities in England and Wales; and an illustration of several old customs and words which occur in the Reports. London, 1828. 8vo. pp. viii. 330.

The sections giving accounts of ancient customs are as follows:—Archery, bell-ringers, curfew bell, candle light, strewing of rushes in churches and great halls and preaching in the open air, Paul's Cross and preaching there, Care Sunday, whittle gate, cock pennies and hat Monday, Easter bread, Whitsun ales and church houses, dog whippers and sleepers in church, bull charity, cremitt money, head silver, ancient appellations, rose trees and dressing the graves with flowers.—pp. 227-327.

Carpenter (William). Old English and Hebrew proverbs explained and illustrated. London, 1826. 12mo. pp. vii. lxxxviii. xxii. three leaves index.

Catlin (George). Letters and notes on the manners, customs, and condition of the North American Indians. London, 1841. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. viii. 264; viii. 266.

——————— Illustrations of the manners, customs, and condition of the North American Indians, with letters and notes, written during eight years of travel and adventure among the wildest and most remarkable tribes now existing. London, 1876. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. viii. 264; viii. 266.

[Arranged under the names of the tribes and containing three hundred and sixty coloured engravings from the author's original paintings. The same as the first mentioned volume with a different title.]

Catnach. The Catnach Press: a collection of the books and woodcuts of James Catnach, late of Seven Dials, printer. London, n.d. 8vo. pp.

CONTENTS: The life of "Old Jemmy Catnach"—The last will and testament—The probate and administration act—The literature of the streets—Catnach's books:—The house that Jack built; Cock Robin; Jack and Jill; Tom Tucker; Jack Sprat; Jenny Wren; Dame Trot; Mother Muggins; Jumping Joan; Old woman of Stepney; Jack Jingle; Mother Goose; Punch and Judy; Simple Simon; Cinderella; Children of the Wood; Jack the Giant Killer; The Forty Thieves; Life of Dick Turpin; The Good Childs first book; Old Mother Hubbard; A collection of Catnach Woodcuts.

Catskin.—The wandering young gentlewoman, or Catskin. In five parts. Tewkesbury. Printed and sold by S. Haward; sold also

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at his shops in Gloucester and Cheltenham; where may be had all sorts of new and old songs, penny histories, &c. 12mo. pp. 8. [1790.]

[Not divided into verses.]

Catskin. The wandering young gentlewoman's garland. In five parts. Newcastle. Printed in this present year. 12mo. pp. 8. [1790.]

——— The same. G. Angus, Printer, Stile, Newcastle. 12mo. pp. 8. [1810.]

——— The same. Hull: Printed and sold in the Butchey. [1780]. 12mo. pp. 8.

——— The same. Printed for T. Norris at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge. 12mo. pp. 8. [1715.]

——— The wandering young gentlewoman, or Catskin. Printed and sold by W. Armstrong, Bannastre Street, Liverpool. 12mo. pp. 8. [1830.]

——— The same. Single sheet folio. [1810.]

——— The wandering young gentlewoman, or the Cat-skin's garland. In five parts. Glasgow. Printed for the booksellers. 12mo. pp. 8. [1820.]

Part i. Ye fathers and mothers and children also
[Eight verses.]
I'm fully resolv'd to range the world round.
Part ii. But now good people the cream of the jest
[Nine verses.]
And then she was called by the name of Cat-skin.
Part iii. This lady had a son comely and tall
[Nineteen verses.]
I'll tell them 'tis for thee I'm sick and like to die.
Part iv. Having thus consulted, this couple parted
[Twelve verses.]
And who lives so great as he and Cat-skin.
Part v. Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to shew
[Eight verses.]
And then altogether in love they did live.

——— The Catskin's garland. J. Kendrew, Printer, York. 12mo. pp. 8. [1800.]

[Not divided into verses.]

——— The Catskin's garland, or the wandering young gentlewoman. In five parts. Banbury: Printed and sold by T. Cheney. 12mo. pp. 8. [1800.]

[Not divided into verses.]

[Chambers (Robert.)] Popular rhymes, fireside stories, and amusements of Scotland. Collected by the author of "Traditions of

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Edinburgh." [Original work published in connection with the series entitled People's Editions.] Edinburgh, London, and Dublin, 1842. 8vo. pp. ii. 76.

CONTENTS: Rhymes on places—Characteristics of places and their inhabitants—Popular reproaches—Rhymes upon families of distinction—Family characteristics—Slogans—Rhymes connected with superstitions—Rhymes respecting weather—Rhymes upon natural objects—Rhymes of the nursery—Fireside nursery stories—Miscellaneous puerile rhymes—Rhymes connected with amusements—Rhymes connected with New Year observances—Miscellaneous rhymes—Supplement to the rhymes.

Chambers (Robert). Popular rhymes of Scotland. London and Edinburgh, 1870. 8vo. pp. vii. 402.

CONTENTS: Preface to the third edition—Rhymes of the nursery—Fireside nursery stories—Nursery riddles—Rhymes appropriate to children's amusements—Miscellaneous puerile rhymes—Rhymes connected with New Year observances—Rhymes upon natural objects—Rhymes on places—Characteristics of places and their inhabitants—Popular reproaches—Rhymes upon families of distinction—Family characteristics—Rhymes connected with superstitions—Slogans—Rhymes respecting weather—Miscellaneous rhymes—Note for the fourth edition, 1869.

——————. The book of days, a miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the calendar, including anecdote, biography, and history, curiosities of literature and oddities of human life and character. London, [1869]. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 831, 840.

Chambers' Selection of English and Scotch proverbs. Edinburgh, (no date). 12mo. pp. 32.

Cheales (Alan B.) Proverbial folklore. Second edition. Dorking and London [no date]. 8vo. pp. 173.

CONTENTS: Womankind—Weather-wisdom—Matrimonial maxims—The family—National—Historical—Professional—Speech—Friendship—Money maxims—The seven deadly sins—The cardinal virtues—Refugium proverbiale—Ambignous—Pernicious—Pious proverbs.

Cheap (John). The history of John Cheap, the chapman, containing above a hundred merry exploits done by him and his fellow traveller Drouthy Tom, a sticked shaver. Stirling. Printed and sold by M. Randall. 12mo. pp. 24.

Cheap (John), the Chapman's Library. The Scottish chap literature of last century classified, with life of Dougal Graham. Glasgow, 1877-1878. 8vo. 3 vols. [each tract paged separately.]

Vol. i. Comic and humorous: Life of Dougal Graham—Witty sayings and exploits of George Buchanan—Adventures of Bamfylde Moore Carew—Daniel O'Rourke's voyage to the moon—The comical tricks of Lothian Tom, &c.—Comical history of the king and the cobbler—John Cheap, the Chapman—Simple John and his twelve misfortunes—The wise men of Gotham—Manzie Waugh, tailor in Dalkeith—Jockie and Maggie's courtship—The coalman's courtship—History of Buckhaven: Wise Willy and Witty Eppy—The dominie deposed—Maggie Johnston's elegy—A groat's worth of

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fun for a penny—The comical sayings of Paddy from Cork—Fun upon fun, or Leper the tailor, &c.—John Falkirk's cariches—Grinning made easy—Funny Dick's jokes—The Scotch haggis, or choice bon-mots.

Vol. ii. Religious and scriptural: Life of John Knox—Life of John Welch—Life and prophecies of Alexander Peden—Life and prophecies of Donald Cargill—The battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge—The Laird of Lag's elegy—A wedding ring for the finger—The Pilgrim's Progress—Watt's divine songs—The plant of renown—Honey from the rock of Christ—Sins and sorrows before God—A token for mourners—Prayers for family and private persons—The new pictorial Bible—Lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—The history of Moses—History of Joseph and his brethren—Life and death of Judas Iscariot—The wife of Beith.

Vol. iii. Fairy tales, romances, and histories: Cinderella—The Babes in the Wood—Valentine and Orson—Jack the Gant Killer—Blue Beard—The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood—Prince Lupin, Yellow Dwarf, &c.—Ali Baba—Jack and the Bean Stalk—Whittington and his Cat—Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp—Beauty and the Beast—The Young Robber and Puss in Boots—The Little White Mouse—Tom Hickathrift—Kings and Queens of England—Fair Rosamond—Life of Sir William Wallace—Life of King Robert Bruce—Historical catechism of ancient history.

Chicken (Edward). The colliers wedding, a poem. London: Printed by J. Evans, and Son, 42, Long Lane, West Smithfield. 12mo. pp. 24.

First and last lines.—"I sing not of great Caesar's might

* * * * * *

We thus do end the collier's wedding."

[Contains many references to old marriage customs.]

Choice Notes from "Notes and Queries." Folk-Lore. London, 1859. 12mo. pp. vi. 304.

Christmas Day. The old heathens feasting day in honour to Saturn their idol god, the papists massing day, the prophane mans ranting day, the superstitious mans idol day, the multitudes idle day whereon because they cannot do nothing they do worse than nothing, satans, that adversaries working day, the true christian mans fasting day. Taking to heart the heathenish customes, popish superstitions, ranting fashions, fearful provocations, humble abhominations committed against the Lord and his Christ on that day and days following. London: Printed for Henry Cripps and are to be sold at his shop in Pepes Head Alley, near Lombard Street, 1656. 4to. 2 leaves to the reader, pp. 28.

———— History of the Christmas festival, the new year, and their peculiar customs. Westminster: Printed and published by G. Newcombe, 1843. 8vo. pp. iv. 72.

Clarke (Hyde). On serpent and siva worship, and mythology in Central America, Africa, and Asia. *Journ. Anthrop. Inst.* vol. vi. pp. 247-260.

(*To be continued.*)

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WARWICKSHIRE CUSTOMS, 1759-60.

THE following extracts are taken from a pocket-book formerly in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Chandler (*olim* Sarah Whateley), a connection of mine, who died Dec. 27, 1845, at the age of 89. I think they convey an interesting account of the customs common in Warwickshire at the time written of, and the style in which they are written seems to me not without charm.

The custom of collecting and dividing the milk on Whitsunday is not, I think, commonly met with in books. Mr. T. Q. Couch says that "the young people" of Polperro, Cornwall, had a custom "of going in droves into the country to partake of milk and cream."* And Hone writes that "the Irish kept the feast of milk food, as among the Hebrews; and a breakfast composed of cake, bread, and a liquor made by hot water poured on wheaten bran."† This last seems to correspond with the "frumentary" described by my relative.]

"Receiv'd this little token of affection with many others from my son Richard on Christmas Eve. The usual use made of these pocket companions is to record the events of each day; now mine in my 88th year have so little variety that by way of a change I will set down a few of my recollections of my very early years. Beginning with Christmas Eve in the year 1759 (my third year), I perfectly remember on that day being carried by Thomas, an old Man-servant, to my Grandmother's—living in the Villiage (*sic*) of Wootton Wawen, a mile and half from the Park, my Birthplace. Now as Pride is one of our earliest enemys, I date it to his agency that I certainly recollect on that eventful Day that I was wrap'd round by a scarlet broadcloth Cloak of

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. vol. xii. p. 298.
† *Every Day Book*, vol. i. p. 343.

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my Mother's, bordered with white Fur. The object of my visit on that particular day was to see the Yule Block drawn in the house by a Horse, as a foundation for the Fire on Christmas Day, and according to the superstition of those times for the twelve days following, as the said Block was not to be entirely reduc'd to ashes till that time had passed by. On this subject being named in after years, my good Father said [that] as they were of opinion that such absurd practice would not be of long continuance, they sent me to see it to give me a chance at that early age of remembering that I had witness'd such a foolish ceremony ; and the impression was so firmly stamp'd that even now in my 88th year it appears as visible to my mind's Eye as tho' it had been the transaction upon Xmas Eve now six weeks since. But the close of the days tale remains still to be told. When I had been carried round the Kitchen several times, and told much more than I could then understand, my good Grandmother took me into her little Parlour and set me on her knees by a good fire and without doubt gave me something very nice to eat, but this I do not retain, as my object seem'd to be gratified by their strange sights ; but I well remember old Thomas having orders to tap the Christmas Barrel of old Stingo, and bringing up a very large glass full to shew the beauty of its appearance, and to drink to the health of good old Mistress and little Miss Sally [the narrator]. Whilst this ceremony was performing, Carrol singers were heard at the Door. On its being opened, two tall Women enterd, bearing between them a large Wassal Bowl, finely dress'd on the outside with Holly, Misseltoe, Ribbons, Laurustinus, and what other flowers could be had at that season. But what most delighted me was a pretty silver Cup with a handle on each side slung in the middle withinside, and movd about as it was carried round. They sang a long Carrol, with a chorus after each verse, repeating the word *Mirth*, &c. which I could not understand, and I well remember I was sadly puzzled to know the meaning, and ask'd my poor brother when I return'd home, who imediatly sang the whole of it to me, explaining this great difficulty, and asking me why I did not enquire of Grandma or old Thomas. . . . . .

"The 25 May 1760 was Whitsunday. On that morning my usual attendant came wispering into my room, and told me I had a little

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brother come to live with me, but I must be very quiet, as my mother was very unwell in the next room, as little brother was asleep; but if I would be a very good child she would dress me, and then wrap me round with Mothers beautiful scarlet Cloak (the same I had before been indulged with) and take me to the hall window to see my Father distribute the Milk. It was a good old custom at that time in the parish of Wootton for the poor Women to go to the farm Houses on the morning of Whitsunday and milk the Cows; and the Milk was then divided amongst them; and every poor family indulged in a luxury on that day named *Frumentary*, something like rice Milk, only that it was made with baked Wheat instead of rice, and when properly palated with sugar and spice was a very nice article. I do not recollect being present at this ceremony at any other time, and the Window where I was plac'd to overlook the poor people below in the Court is still present to my thoughts. It was large and lofty, yet yielding but little light, for the panes of Glass were so very small, and the stone mullions by which the space was divided so very stout, which will not be wonder'd at when I say that the Walls of the House were rather more than four feet in thickness; and this said Hall Window was so far distant from the floor that even a tall Person could not look out without mounting upon a stout Oak Table which stood under, us'd for no other purpose. To render this mounting up easy a neat pair of steps was kept at one end, and when upon the Table you were just right for a seat upon the Windowboard, which was just four feet wide, and a shutter occasionally drew up, so that it was a safe seat for a Child; but this account may be truly call'd *much ado about nothing*. . . . . .

"The village of Wootton Wawen was in direct road betwixt London and Birmingham. About an hundred yards to the right hand of the bottom of the Bridge stood a May Pole which I recollect being dressd in due form for several years, and a high holiday it was considered by the neighbouring population. Round this said May Pole was a rude seat, on which Men, Women, and Children used to crowd for a seat at the appointed hours on Monday morning and Saturday afternoon to witness the passing of the stage coach."

JAMES BRITTEN.

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MAGYAR FOLK-LORE AND SOME PARALLELS.

WITCHES often assume the form of horses; and, if they are caught and shoed, they will be found the next day in great agony with the shoes on their hands and feet.

(A servant we had from the neighbourhood of Kirton Lindsey, North Linc. told me when her mother was confined a man in the village "witched her," so that she could not move in bed, nor could the bed be moved until the man came and "unwitched her," and that one night as her father and brother were out they saw a cat in front of them which the father knew to be the witch. Whereupon he siezed it and "hammered it with a stone." Next day the wizard was found with his face all tied up, and shortly afterwards died; this the girl assured me had happened quite recently!—W. H. J.)

Friday * is a most unlucky day, so is the 13th of the month.

If a dead body be carried across a field, that field will become sterile.

If a man come into a house where a baby is asleep and will not sit down, he will spoil the baby's sleep.

If you kill a swallow, the cow's milk will turn to blood.

It is unlucky to look into a looking-glass after the candles are lighted.

(When a boy, one of my aunts who lived in Newcastle-on-Tyne used to tell me of a certain girl that she knew who was very vain and fond of standing before the looking-glass admiring herself. One night as she stood gazing, lo! all her ringlets were covered with dripping sulphur, and the devil appeared peeping over her shoulder; strange stenches and noises filled the room as the horror-stricken girl ran screaming into the street. I well remember the indescribable thrill that ran through me whenever I passed the window of that "chamber of horrors" after dark.—W. H. J.)

The stork is held in great reverence, and must not be hurt; large

* If you are merry on a Friday, you will weep on a Sunday. If thirteen sit down to dinner, one of the number will die that year.

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old cart-wheels are placed on the chimneys for them to build their nests on.

The lady bird must not be killed on any account; the following (rhyme, in the original) is sung by the children when one is caught, as they allow it to run on their hands and fly away:

"Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away! fly away!
The Turks are coming; they will
Throw you into a well full of
Salt water; they will take you
Out of that, and break you on the wheel!"

If when going out on an errand you forget anything and go back to fetch it, that errand will be an unsuccessful one.*

It is unlucky to meet a priest, nun, hearse, or a hare, if going on a journey. (Cf. If a collier on his way to work meet a woman wearing a white apron, he will not go to work, as it is a sign of very bad luck.—Staffordshire. The fishermen when going to sea will turn back and wait a tide if they meet a woman wearing a white apron.—Holderness.—W. H. J.)

It is unlucky to cross your knife and fork at table, or to leave the knife edge upwards.

If while a child is sitting on the ground, another child steps over its outstretched legs, the child thus stepped over will cease growing, and can only be cured by the same child stepping over it in the opposite direction.

A dog howling, or digging up the ground, or an owl hooting (called the death-bird), is a sure sign of death. Also the ticking of the death-watch, cracking of a looking-glass or a drinking-glass;† or if the person appears to some one else, or any unexplained noise, such as rapping at the door, clattering of horses' hoofs, or creaking furniture.

If you wish to find out a thief, stick a pair of open scissors into a sieve, and let two people put their forefingers under the ring of the scissors, one under each, repeating the following:

"My little sieve, my little sieve,
Tell us whether X. is a thief."

If the sieve turns, the person named is the culprit.

* This superstition is also held in Holderness, Lincolnshire, Finland, and Algeria.—W. H. J.

† "If a glass cracks that you are drinking out of, you will die that year." Holderness.—W. H. J.

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If you put on crape when you are not in mourning death will soon follow.

A black cat * is an omen of evil. (To have a black cat is lucky: if it come to you, it is exceedingly so. Lincolnshire.—W. H. J.)

Try that wine, it's from the cask where the black cat sat, *i. e.*, the best wine. Has this any bearing on "Old Tom"?

If your left eye itches, you will be merry; if your right, you will cry before long: if your left palm itches, you are to receive money; if your right, you will have to pay: if your left ear sings, you will hear good new; if your right, bad.

There are a great many curious superstitions in regard to the selecting of lucky numbers in the lotteries, such as, "When any great one dies," *e. g.*, the Emperor, Archbishop of Vienna, &c., "all the old women put in the following numbers:

"1st. The day of the month he died;
"2nd. The month;
"3rd. His age;
"4th. His birthday;
"5th. 17. For life or death,"

or—

They take a glass jar, and place in it numbers 1 to 90, written on very small and very thin squares of paper. A garden spider is then put into the jar, the top covered with perforated paper, and the whole set over-night in a dark place. Next morning, some of the paper squares will be found drawn up into the web which the spider has constructed during the night; the numbers on such squares are noted, and deemed the lucky numbers to put into the lottery.

If you break a lizard's tail off, the tail will wriggle about till sunset. (If a snake be cut in two pieces, you must be very careful not to allow the pieces to join; if you do, they will grow together again. On a relation's lawn, the gardener has been seen to observe this most scrupulously. Holderness.—W. H. J.)

Menses a cure for corns.

Water customs at Eastertide:

Easter Monday. Amongst the better classes, the boys sprinkle the girls with rose-water, and receive from them eggs (hard-boiled and

* Holderness and Staffordshire.

coloured): amongst the rustics, the lads drag the lasses to the well, and pour buckets of water over them.

The servants in towns are sprinkled by the shop-keepers; and boys go from house to house sprinkling all the females, just as our street boys go about wishing all "A merry Christmas."

On Easter Tuesday the girls sprinkle the boys in some places, but this is not universal.

The boys use their hard-boiled eggs in a game which is played by one boy holding his egg in his hand, while another aims a Kreuzer at it; if the coin stick, he appropriates the egg; if not, and he misses catching his piece of money, or it falls, the owner of the egg takes the money.

Lead is cast to foretell future husband's trade.

Poppy-seeds are crushed in honey, made up like rolley-polley puddings, twisted into horse-shoes, and called so: these are sent by post, as we do Valentines. Sometimes instead of seeds there is plum jam, or walnuts pounded in honey. These are made at Christmas.

The navel cord is kept by the mother of the child in a box with the name of the child, together with the date of its birth. (When it falls off, if it fall on the floor, the child will always wet its bed. Common notion in Holderness and North Linc.—W. H. J.)

Bells are rung to protect towns against lightning.

When any one is dying, a little bell is rung, thus: ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ –. In Budapest, a man watched day and night for fires from the belfry of the Hôtel de Ville: upon his seeing a fire, he gave a stated signal on the bell, and put out a red flag in the direction of the fire. At night, beginning at 7 p.m. in winter and 8 p.m. in summer, every quarter of an hour, when the clock chimed, the watcher cried in Magyar "Laudatur Jesus Xtus." It was also the custom to ring the parish church bell at 3 a.m. every morning, because that was the hour the last man died of the plague.

When any one sneezes, men say "To your good health," the Germans in Hungary, "May God help you." This is said to be in remembrance of a disease that often ended in death, and which began by sneezing.

When people sit down to a meal, some one of the company wishes

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all "a good appetite," and upon rising one wishes the rest "good health."

Beware of a marked person. (Beware of those whom God hath marked. Yorks.—W. H. J.)

Wood fires are general, and the moaning noise which the wood sometimes makes while burning is said to be "a poor soul in purgatory"; salt is to be thrown on such a fire.

When Christ was hiding under the olive trees of Gethsemane, and while the Roman soldiers looked for him, a plover flew up and screeched "Buvick! buvick!" (He is hiding), and so betrayed him. This is the reason that since then the plover has been in disgrace.

The origin of Lake Balaton: "One day as a man was tending his goats, one of the kids ran away. Whereupon the herdsman picked up a stone to throw after the runaway; from the spot where the stone had lain water poured out in such quantities as to drown man and goats, and formed the present lake. In stormy weather fossils are cast up, which the peasants call 'goat's claws,' and are looked upon as a proof of the truth of the above-mentioned tradition. Very dark wine grown at Eger (Erlau) is called 'Turk's Blood,' or 'Bull's blood.'"

Whenever treasures are hid, a blue flame flickers over them at night and the treasure is thrown up, so that coins, &c. may be found on the ground over which the flame played; if such coins be found, search is made for the hid treasure *in silence.*

(In an adjoining field to Beelsby (Lincs.) a treasure is supposed to be hidden, and at times two little men wearing red caps, something like the Irish leprechauns, may be seen intently digging for it. Do not disturb them or on nearer approach you may find but two red-headed goldfinches swinging on a thistle.—*Vide* "From the Heart of the Wolds," *Cornhill Mag.* August 1882.)

If you stumble, something valuable lies near that place, and folks are in the habit of going back to look for it after a stumble.

Every corn of wheat, if split, will be seen to bear the impress of the Madonna and Child.

After Sept. 5th, water melons are not good, because St. Lawrence has *spoilt* them.

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When a light is brought into a room, the person who brings it in wishes those already in the room "good evening."

No. 13 in Richard Wagner's life: "The composer was born in 1813; his Tannhauser failed in Paris, March 13th, 1861; he died in the 13th year of his married life, and on the 13th of Feb. 1883. His name contained 13 letters."—*Egyetertes* (*Concord*) *Journal.*

Lore of the rebounding shot: Paul Kinizsy is a semi-mythical hero in Hungarian history, who distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks. After his death a marble slab was erected over him, and, according to the popular tradition, a Turkish soldier, recognising the grave, discharged his musket at the slab, and was killed by the rebounding shot. (Turkish saying, "Kinizsy was the terror of the Turk even in his death.")

(At Peterborough we are told that when the cathedral was occupied by Cromwell's soldiers, one of them having charged his musket in order to destroy the four evangelists in the roof above the altar was struck blind by the rebound of his own shot.*)

Styes may be cured by some one spitting into the eye of the afflicted. This superstition has more than once caused a difference of opinion, when the person operated upon was ignorant of this branch of medical lore.

Execution in Serajavo, the capital of Bosnia, Nov. 27th, 1882: "A Bosnian gendarme being shot for desertion to the enemy, the mob crowded round his corpse, and everyone tried to get a rag or tatter of his clothes still smoking with his blood, for such pieces of cloth are considered infallible charms against being wounded on the field of battle. The week before this execution two brigands were shot in Banjaluka; the original sentence was hanging, but the military commandant of the place altered it to being shot in deference to the culprits' religion, they being Mohammedans, and according to that belief he who dies on the gallows cannot enter Mohammed's paradise." —*Concord Journal.*

The origin of Easter Eggs: The historian Ælius Lampridius narrates that on the day when Marcus Aurelius was born, a hen belonging to his mother laid an egg all covered with red spots, which was

* Cf. "The Knight and the Necromancer," *Gesta Romanorum.*

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the cause of much astonishment and speculation. A well-known augur being appealed to, examined the egg and said that "the new born infant would one day become the emperor." The mother, in order to protect the child from persecution, kept the secret until A.D. 224, during which year Marcus Aurelius was nominated emperor. From this date it became the custom among the Romans to send eggs to each other which were dyed different colours, and were accepted as signs of congratulation.

The Christians adopted this custom, sanctified it, and attached great importance to it, sending coloured eggs to each other with the understanding that they wished each other increased spiritual power, in order to conquer their passions, and to be victorious over the world and sin by their holy life, thus imitating the example of Christ. The object henceforward of Easter Eggs was to remind the recipients that they, like Marcus Aurelius, were destined to be emperors, and so must prepare themselves for that time.—*Concord Journal*, March 23, 1883.

A correspondent of the *Világosság* (Light), a paper published in Kaposvár, writes: "There is a great upstir among the population of Falu-Szemes, for every night during the last fortnight, between the hours of 7 and 9, there is a violent knocking at one of the windows of the house where the engine-man lives, not far from the Manor House. Sometimes the knocking is at the kitchen door, and sounds as if some one was banging it with their fist. This comes so repeatedly, that the engine-man's family dare not stay in the house. At first, the man himself was not alarmed, but contented himself with firing a revolver five or six times in the direction of the noise whenever he heard it; and, as he discharged, on an average, twenty and thirty shots every night, his windows were naturally riddled; yet no one was to be seen, nor, in spite of all his expenditure of powder and ball, was any one wounded. The news soon spread, and now there are five or six people keeping watch over the haunted house every night; they all hear the noise, but cannot see any one. Crowds are flocking in from the neighbouring villages to see and hear: all hear, but none see.

"The belief is, that some disturbed ghost is haunting the place, and that there must be a skeleton in the house somewhere which belongs to the disturber, and which must be returned to the place from

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whence it has been taken before peace can be restored." March 21st, 1883.

(At Burton Agnes Hall, East Yorks. there is a skull of a female, and, if it be buried out of the house, the whole place is disturbed with the most unaccountable noises, which last until it is brought into the Hall again: it now peacefully reposes in a closet in the wall.—W. H. J.)

"*Nemere*," a paper published in Transylvania, March 16th, 1883, says, "Mrs. A. G., of Szemerja, coming home last Friday night, found a little red man sitting by the oven: the moon shone on the oven, and the outline of the little man could therefore be distinctly seen: his size was about that of a man's arm; a black cap crowned his head; his dress was red; his face and hands covered with hair. The woman's blood ran cold, as she stood staring at the strange being, who sat immovable in the moonlight: after some time, the creature advanced a few steps and disappeared. That night was spent in prayer; and in the morning she scrubbed the place where the little man had sat with garlic, and fumigated the whole place: but all in vain, for that very night the little red man sat by the oven again. As the woman entered the room, he approached her; when (either actuated by fright or by returning courage) the woman threw the can she held in her hand at the goblin: in one moment, he was on her back, thrust her head down, and scratched her forehead. She fainted! and was bedfast for three days; nor did she recover until she had taken some dust from the place where the goblin sat, and drank of it three times, and she herself and the place had been fumigated three times! The little man was seen by other people last Saturday, after he had left the fainting woman, but has since disappeared. No doubt she must have seen some stray monkey, which had got loose by accident: but the good people of Szemerja are fully convinced that it was a goblin, if it was not the devil himself, as it has left traces of its footsteps behind, which are exactly like those of a goose."

"In the award of the parish of Ipolysátg, dated 1256, which is kept in the archives of the Great Chapter at Gran, mention is made of a double hill, marking the boundary 'ad fossam gigantium.' Mr. Louis Höke enquired into this, as to the folk-tradition concerning it, and found, on the banks of a dyke cut in the rock, a stone slab, in the

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centre of which he found the impression of a bocskor,* ankle deep, which, according to tradition, is the footstep left behind by an adventurer prince, who, in jumping a match with the Giant of Drégely, tried to jump across the valley of the Ipoly (Eipel). On a small ledge of rock is shown the seat of the Giant of Drégeley, with two footprints of human size in front of it: these are said to be those of the giant. Another footprint is said to belong to the Giant Palást, and is twenty-six English inches long, and proportionately wide. Human footprints in the rock are also shown in the neighbourhood of Tesmag, Selmecz-bánya, Ajbánya; also in Transylvania, near the Fairies' Cave, and at Csucsa and Kápolna."

Near Szotyor, in Háromszék, there is a rock which is called the "Giant's Stone," on the top of it there is a cavity resembling the heel of a man: the diameter of this hole is five feet, and tradition says it is the imprint of a giant's heel.

Cf. At Nurnberg there is the impress of a horseshoe on the top of the parapet, said to have been left by the horse of a popular hero as they leaped from the ramparts across the moat.

If a person has any difficulty in turning the handle of a door, he is said to have forgotten to say his prayers.

(A relation, a member of a Holderness family, told me that her great-grandfather was well known in the whole neighbourhood as being a watcher in the church porch on S. Mark's Eve, at midnight. He said he had often seen the whole village pass by him into the church, and then return; but not all: and those who returned not were those who would die during the coming year. The villagers always came to him, in case of sickness in their family, to ask if the afflicted would recover. If the watcher fell asleep, he himself was doomed!—W. H. J.)

On All Souls' Day in Vienna, and all over Austria, a piece is played in all the theatres, called "The Miller and his Child," the plot of which is the above-mentioned superstition.

Wm. Henry Jones.
Lewis L. Kropf.

Thornton Lodge, Goxhill, Hull.

* A kind of shoe and legging, made by wrapping cotton, &c., round the foot and leg; also worn by Neapolitan peasants.

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NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

Trolls of Norway.—The following is from a paper on "Norway," contributed by Mr. A. Sidgwick to the Report of the Rugby School Nat. Hist. Soc. for 1869, p. 54:—

"I will conclude with a tale that I heard from the captain of a steamer on the Storfjord.

"In the 14th century the Black Death, after decimating a certain village on the fjord, was proceeding northward in his fatal career. To do so he had to cross a certain hill, and so up he went. Now it chanced that a Troll lived in this hill, who had no idea of having trespassers on his property, be he Black Death or any other man. So he rolled down stones on the head of the invader, and killed him.

"This must be a true story for two reasons:—first, because the Black Death went no further north than this village; secondly, because the stones which the Troll rolled down are there to this very day, and I saw them with my own eyes." JAMES BRITTEN.

Irish Folk-tale adopted in Fiction.—In *Harper's Magazine* for July last (pp. 201-208) Mr. Charles Reade publishes an Irish story, which he calls "Born to Good Luck." The phraseology and *mise en scène* are such as to lead one to suppose that the tale is either an invention of the author or at least founded on events of recent occurrence. It is, however, in all essential points identical with the folk-tale, "Doctor Cure-all," given by Patrick Kennedy, in his "Fireside Stories of Ireland," pp. 116-119; and analogous stories may be found in other collections, *e. g.* "The Charcoal-burner" in Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld*, pp. 139-149. JAMES BRITTEN.

Burial at Sea.—A sailor belonging to Peterhead told me that it is a common belief among sailors that a dead body "buried" at sea, when it falls from the plank and touches the water, turns the face to the ship, and sinks in that position. All the bodies he has seen committed to the deep did this. W. GREGOR.

Thirteen at Table.—The "fret" that thirteen sitting at table is unlucky, and that one of them will soon die, is widely spread. Here is

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an addition to the "fret." It is more unlucky still on Saturday, and it is the one that rises first from the table that dies. Here is a "case in point" from the parish of Keith, Banffshire. Thirteen sat down on a Saturday lately to supper at a farm, after accomplishing some work in which kind neighbours were helping. The farmer who was the first to leave the table caught cold next day at church and died soon after of inflammation of the lungs.

It may be added that if one is seized by any illness when in church, it is the death-illness. W. Gregor.

The Cornish Buccaboo.—I am inclined to think that the Cornish legends about the Buccaboo (who is usually rendered in the mediæval manner as the devil—who, in fact, is used to account for most of the pre-Christian myths of old Europe) refer to a sea-god—an old Cornu-British Poseidon, or Neptune, or Dagon, and ocean or fish deity—possibly the personification of the tempestuous Atlantic. One ground for this theory is that the Newlyn fishermen were wont, even until modern times, when they had "a good catch," to throw a fish into the sea as an offering to the Buccaboo. Hence their neighbours gave them the nickname of "Newlyn Buccas," or propitiators of the Buccaboo. Had they really believed this mysterious personage was the devil I can hardly suppose they would have so acted.

Our local legend of the Buccaboo and Tolcarn points in the same direction. The Buccaboo is said one night to have stolen some of the fishermen's nets (a myth for the storm catching the nets and sinking them, just as was the case only a few weeks ago when scores of nets were destroyed in Mounts Bay). Some of these nets belonged to certain members of Paul choir. They caught the Buccaboo as he was stealing the nets, and chased him to the top of the hill, chanting the Apostles' Creed, which greatly frightened him. When he reached to the top of the rock he flew across the ravine or "coombe" to the Tolcarn rocks, where he turned the nets into stone (the veins are curiously reticulated on some of the rocks). This looks like a rude typifying of the defeat of the heathen sea-god by Christianity. The belief in the Buccaboo haunting the place is not yet extinct, and children fear the spot after dark.

I may say that no one who has seen a storm on the Cornish coast

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can wonder at the primitive population having personified the storm and the ocean into a semi-malevolent deity—terrible but capricious and capable of propitiation. W. S. Lach-Szyrma.

Cornish Michaelmas Legend.—There is a Cornish legend still extant that the devil on Michaelmas Eve touches a blackberry which then becomes poisonous. It is unsafe after Michaelmas day to eat blackberries in case of meeting the poisoned one. W. S. Lach-Szyrma.

QUERIES.

Skimmington Riding (*ante*, p. 330).—In a paper on "North Devon Customs and Superstitions" (*Trans. Devon. Ass.* vol. ii. pp. 38-42) is an account of a Skimmington riding, in which the procession consists of two stuffed figures of a man and woman on horseback, back to back, preceded by a man carrying a pair of ram's horns on a pole or on his head, followed by noisy music of ladles, pots, frying-pans, &c. and smacking of whips. After the procession the horns are nailed up sometimes to the church porch. The rustics have a tradition that by using this ceremony they can legally establish a cattle fair. Is there any other instance known of this tradition beside the Charlton horn fair in Kent, which is said to be somewhat similar? A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1754, pp. 16-17) says that he has "been much offended at the amazing quantity of horns always to be seen at Highgate, some fixt on long poles, some on walking-staves, and some in the Inn rooms neatly gilt and decorated." Is this likely to refer to a procession similar to the Skimmington, or was there any cattle-fair in the neighbourhood at which they might be used in the opening ceremony? Alice B. Gomme.

NEW BOOKS.

Det arnamagnæanske Håndskrift NR 187 *i oktav, indeholdene en dansk Lægebog udgivet og forsynet med en Ordbog of Viggo Såby Første Hæfte Kjøbenhavn Thieles Bogtrykkeri* 1883.

This work, just issued by "Universitets-Jubilæets danske Samfund," is a valuable contribution to the study of folk-medicine. It consists of prescriptions for the cure of various diseases. Along with these are

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given several formulæ or incantations. The longest of the formulæ apply to the cure of diseases of the eye (pp. 22-24, 88, 89). There are also charms for other ailments or supposed ailments, *e.g.*:—"Contra sagittas tyranni" p. 47, "Ad sanguinem restrin" p. 71. Here is one. "Ad vares, qui nimis sanguinant":—"Qui manu mense Octobri vi nocet, tria ves tresse nth: Max. nax. pax."

The Collected Writings of Dougal Graham, "Skellat" Bellman of Glasgow. Edited with Notes, together with a Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction and a Sketch of the Chap Literature of Scotland, by George MacGregor. For subscribers and private circulation. Glasgow: T. B. Morison. 1883. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 267; pp. 249. [250 copies printed.]

Dougal Graham was born in Stirlingshire about 1724. When he was twenty-one years of age he joined the Pretender's army in its famous march to Derby. As he was informed in person it is probable he was merely a camp-follower. In some measure he seems to have acted the part of a press correspondent at the seat of war; for five months after the battle of Culloden he presented the world with a minute *History of the Rebellion* composed moreover in rude verse. In 1752 a second edition appeared. He wrote and circulated many chap-books which were exceedingly popular, and his abilities were recognised by appointment to a post he coveted, that of "skellat" bellman (*i.e.* ordinary bellman) of the city of Glasgow. He died in July 1779.

The folk-lore contained in the chap-books in Mr. MacGregor's second volume is exceedingly interesting, and the context throws a flood of light upon Scotch life and character in the middle of the last century. At p. 34 (vol. ii.) there is reference to the Scotch belief in the urgent need of baptism to prevent uncanniness (cf. Napier's *Folk-lore of the West of Scotland*, p. 30); and references to elf-shot (p. 57), penny weddings (p. 59), witchcraft (pp. 81, 104-105, and elsewhere), evil eye (p. 103), devil-lore (pp. 113, 136, 138), will be found abundantly. At p. 102 we hear of the "sworn birley-man of that barony" interfering in domestic affairs. At p. 229 the office seems to have fallen in importance, for we read: "Now Wise Willie

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was so admired for his just judgment in cutting off the saw's nose, that my lord in a mocking manner made him burly-bailie of Bucky-Nine." In the "Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork," part ii. Teague thus describes the funeral of his wife: "O my dear Mary, she was buried in all manner of pomp, pride, and splendour; a fine coffin with cords in it, and within the coffin along with herself she got a *pair of new brogues*, a penny *candle*, a good-headed old *hammer*, with an Irish *sixpenny piece*, to pay her passage at the gate, and what more could she look for?" (pp. 152-153). In the "Comical Transactions of Lowthian Tom" we have the familiar story of the master thief (see p. 77). "The History of Haverel Mines" (pp. 133-143) and the "Ancient and Modern History of Buckhaven" (pp. 207-237) are full of curious folk-lore. Mr. MacGregor has added occasional useful and pertinent notes, and has compiled a necessary glossary. It need scarcely be said that Dougal Graham's works are somewhat freer in tone than are the tales of the nineteenth century, but the coarseness is perhaps more apparent than real. To future historians of Scotland Mr. MacGregor's volumes will be invaluable for the light they throw upon social customs, conversation, and thought.

The Council at their last meeting decided to hold three meetings of the Society for the reading and discussion of papers during the coming winter season in December, January, and February. Mr. Clodd will read a paper at the December meeting, on the "Philosophy of Punchkin." Notice will be given in the December *Journal*, but special notices will not be sent to each member. The date fixed is Friday, December 14th.

Mr. Robert Charles Hope is engaged upon a new folk-lore work, to be entitled *Holy Wells, Springs, and Fountains, their Legends and Superstitions*. This work is an attempt to gather together the legends and superstitions connected with the above scattered throughout Great Britain and Ireland, with the addition of a few from other nations. The subject is one of considerable interest and variety, and throws no small amount of light on the manners and customs of our forefathers. Intending subscribers should apply to the author, a Member of the Society.

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The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in *The Academy* of 13th October, drew attention to the mythological characteristics of the "Robin Hood Legend." He writes: "Is he not, like William of Cloudesley and William Tell, a faint Western echo of the solar heroes of Aryan mythology? William Tell has been conclusively identified with William of Cloudesley, whose very name goes far to establish his relation to the Nibelungs, the heroes of Cloudland; and it is no less difficult to separate William of Cloudesley from Robin Hood. Hence, we may affirm, almost in the words of Prof. Max Müller, that Robin Hood, like 'William Tell, the good archer, is the last reflection of the Sun-God, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses.' Like other solar heroes, he has his faint reflection in Little John, who stands to him in the same relation as Patrocles to Achilles, Telemachus to Ulysses, Gunnar to Sigurd, or Lancelot to Arthur. Maid Marian will therefore be the dawn maiden, to be identified with Briseis, Brynhild, and Guinevere. Friar Tuck is one of the triumvirate who appear also in the Cloudesley and Tell legends, and may possibly be represented in the southern version of the legend by Pantaloon, Columbine being the dawn maiden and Harlequin the solar hero. As for the name of Robin Hood, which Mr. Bradley endeavours to explain, I would venture to conjecture that we may find him in the Hotherus of Saxo-Grammaticus, who of course is the blind archer Hödr, who, in the Edda, slays his brother Balder. Hödr means the 'warrior.' In the later version Hagen, who is undoubtedly Odin, has been confounded with Hödr; while in the English legend Robin Hood and Little John, if they are to be identified with Balder and Hödr, the brother archers of the Teutonic sun-myth, seem to some extent to have changed places. The fact that the Robin Hood ballads are localised only in those parts of England in which there was a Scandinavian element is in itself significant as to the channel through which the legend reached our shores."

In the Anthropological section of the British Association, Mrs. R. G. Haliburton read a paper on "Primitive Astronomical Traditions as to Paradise," dealing principally with the traditions of the American Indians and other races with respect to the Pleiades.

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THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL,

CONTAINING—

FOLK-LORE NOTES FROM INDIA. By Mrs. H. Rivett-Carnac.
MONMOUTHSHIRE NOTES. By Edward Peacock, F.S.A.
CONTINENTAL FOLK-LORE NOTES.
DERBYSHIRE AND CUMBERLAND COUNTING-OUT AND CHILDREN'S GAME-RHYMES. By Robert Charles Hope.
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By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A.
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XI.

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FOLK-LORE NOTES FROM INDIA.

By Mrs. H. Rivett-Carnac.

FOLK-LORE is attracting so much interest, both at home and abroad, and the field in India is so vast, that it may fairly be hoped many valuable gleanings may be the result of drawing attention to the subject. Every one who associates in the smallest degree with natives of India must often come across quaint sayings—still quainter superstitions and customs; and, though the scientific folk-lorists are few, there are many who might contribute interesting jottings, and these small gleanings, insignificant as they at first appear, may yet, when gathered together, make up a goodly sheaf from which the more scientific and learned may sift the golden grains. It is with this hope that the following anecdotes have been collected.

As folk-lore touches on many and varied subjects, an endeavour has been made to bind these gleanings into separate small sheafs. The first place has been given to a few of the curious customs and sayings which have passed within the writer's ken, connected with a very widespread belief in the evil eye. A belief current in every country in Europe, and which for centuries brought misery and death on many hundreds of deluded men and women, sacrificed to the general dread of witches. A belief which holds good to this day in equatorial Africa, and causes miserable scenes of frenzy and bloodshed; wretched men and women being dragged to the slaughter because the angel of death has entered the city or village and claimed his toll. A belief which, in civilised Great Britain, still lingers in the hearts of the people, even yet not wholly rooted out. The story of

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"A Waif" is taken from an account written just after the occurrence. That of Phulloo Kooree is an account of what happened not long ago on the estate of a neighbour, who has kindly furnished the particulars, The story of "A Ryet" actually took place in the neighbouring city. and the details were supplied by a Government official. The Irish tale was related circumstantially by the person to whom it occurred, some thirty years ago, in Ireland.

"One cold morning in December we drove some distance from our camp, to look on at a Volunteer drill which was to take place on the parade-ground. We had mistaken the hour, and found that the only occupants of the parade-ground were a flock of sheep. It was early, the sun's rays were just glinting across the river, the air was keen, and our dogs evidently thought a good gambol was the right way to begin the day. Before we could stop them, they were busy scattering the sheep in all directions; and it was only when a frightened wail went up from a snug bundle of rags close to us that we realised the sheep had a guardian. The dogs were called off, and the coachman was told to give some few copper pice to the poor mite. This he proceeded to do, accompanying the gift with the amusing injunction, 'Cry again, little one, and you'll get something more.' We walked up to see what manner of small creature it was to whom this advice was given. The pinched little face and shivering form of a small girl of six or eight met our gaze. She was busy folding her thin, white rags, trying to gather them up into a skirt round her poor little waist; and it was piteous to see the trembling little fingers trying to make the wretched rag of a cloth take the proper folds. She wore, as a protection from the cold, an old piece of sacking falling from her head to her heels, tattered and full of holes. When asked the cause of her tears, she pointed to her swollen, small feet, and said they pained her. They were badly swollen and puffed. We asked what had happened to them; how had they become so bad? Looking up, she answered at once, that some one had cast the evil eye upon her. Nothing loth, sitting shivering beneath her sacking cloak, she promptly answered the many questions that were put to her, and described what had happened. 'One evening while she was tending her sheep, an old man with a long white beard—and her small hands were stretched out

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to show us the length—and with long, very long moustache—and again the small hands were stretched out to emphasize its length—had come up to her. The old man carried in his hands a big basket, such as the fruit-sellers use; and he it was who had cast the evil eye upon her. Since the moment he had come and stared at her, her face, her hands, and her feet had all swollen.' It was all said simply and naturally, yet with the evident strength of a firm belief in the fact. When asked where her father and mother were, she answered, pathetically, that they had long since 'gone to Ramjee's home.' 'Had she no one, then—no brother or sister to take care of her?' 'Yes, she had one sister and a brother-in-law. The sheep were the Collector sahib's sheep, and he often petted them; so that was why they came round her at first; but now the dogs had frightened them away.' Presently the scattered flock returned, driven by a respectable-looking man. We told him the dogs were to blame, and that he was not to scold the small atom. He spoke quietly and kindly to her; said she had long been ailing, and they did not know what to do for her, as she would eat earth and lime. We watched the poor wee thing trot painfully off after her reassembled flock, with her little hoard of Gorakhpur pice tight shut in her trembling small fingers; and we felt it would be well if Ramjee's home opened wide its gates for her also, poor wee waif and stray."

This little episode aroused our interest in the native superstitions regarding the evil eye, and resulted in our collecting a few more examples. Phulloo Kooree, a well-to-do man, came one day to complain to the owner of the estate on which he lived that he had a fine calf, which in a year or so would be worth fifty rupees; but which was dying. This calamity, he said, was being caused by Boodhun Khara's evil eye, which had already slain one or more of his cattle. The two men were near neighbours, and quarrelled; whereupon Phulloo took his grain to be parched elsewhere. This Boodhun resented; it had always been his right to parch the village grain; his family had held the right for generations. Therefore, to bring his neighbour to a sense of the heinousness of his conduct, he resorted to the expedient of turning on the evil eye. Boodhun was sent for, and remonstrated with. Whereupon he openly declared he had done the

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deed, and that the animal would surely die, unless Phulloo agreed to return to his old ways and let him have his grain to parch. This Phulloo declined to do. He was recommended some medicine for the calf, but he evidently thought it would be hopeless to attempt to cope with an evil spirit. He declined the offer and the calf died. Then the whole village took up the quarrel and sent Boodhun to Coventry. No one went near him, his sin being great, as he a Hindoo had caused the death of a calf.

Boodhun then called a punchayat, or village council; Rajpoots, Brahmins, as well as other castes, being appointed arbitrators. The conclusion arrived at was that Phulloo had done wrong in the first instance, in going to another grain-parcher. Finally, a compromise was effected, and the two neighbours are now on the most friendly terms.

In September 1879, one morning, as the Collector of G . . . . was making one of his usual inspections of the city, a man rushed out and implored him to interfere on behalf of his wife, who was being kept prisoner by a neighbour. On the Collector stopping to inquire into the matter, he was led to a house where a tall Ryet confronted him and said—"Yes, the woman was there, and he meant to keep her, and what's more he'd kill her if she did not cure his child. That it was well known she had cast the evil eye on a child once before, and had cured it afterwards. That she had been in his house all night, and though they had placed the child in her arms she wouldn't cure it.' True enough, the poor little child was there; it had been ill since the previous day, and was evidently dying. The wretched woman who was accused had been kept a close prisoner all night in a small room. The little child died; it had, no doubt, been dangerously ill for some time: possibly, its death was accelerated by the excitement around it. But the father firmly believed its sickness had been caused by the evil eye, and that the woman who had wrought the evil could have saved the child's life had she been so minded.

Apparently, in Ireland the possessor of the evil eye is occasionally good-naturedly minded to counteract its effects. The following anecdote was related by an Englishwoman, and is given as nearly as possible in her own words. Being asked if she knew of any super-

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stition connected with breathing on a child, she answered, "No"; but proceeded to relate what had happened to herself in Ireland some thirty years ago. "We were quartered in Ireland at Castletown, county Limerick. I was very young at the time, only about twenty-two. I had dressed my little girls so nicely, I thought, in blue merino frocks and straw hats. It was Sunday, and we were going to chapel or for a walk; I forget which now. Presently a respectable-looking woman met me and admired the children, asking if they were mine, and praising them. Fancy my feelings when she suddenly spat on each of their new hats. I was frightened; I never stopped to ask why did she do it, but hurried away as fast as I could. I was afterwards told by an Irishman, to whom I spoke about it, that the woman who had done this must have been a kind-hearted person; for, knowing that she possessed the gift of the evil eye, she had spat on the children to prevent their falling sick."

Some curious idea of the power to cause evil, and to counteract the evil lying latent in the same individual, may be traced also in the old adage "a hair of the dog that bit him"; a belief which holds good now in India, as it once did in England. The following occurrence took place on an estate in the Azimgarh district. A black dog happened one day to fly at a boy who was passing by. It jumped at the lad and bit him severely. All the friends and neighbours clustered round him and warned him that his days were numbered. There was no hope for him; the dog was mad, and in twenty-one days he must die. An effort was made by the owner of the estate to induce him to have the wound burned with a hot coal; but he would not face the ordeal. He became very depressed, and begged for some red broadcloth, "Sultani banat," of which he was anxious to make up some pills. As broadcloth was not available, red salon (Turkey red) was solemnly administered in a dose of three pills. This remedy is a favourite one for sick cattle. To make assurance doubly sure, the lad procured eight annas, and adjourned to a neighbouring quack, who, after some passes, blowings on the wound, and incantations, produced three hairs of the dog that bit him. On this, the lad's mind was tranquilized, and the twenty-first day passed without any calamity.

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In connection with this strange belief in the efficacy of red broadcloth, it may be interesting to quote an idea current in the Awagarh district. The people have it that the common broadcloth (banat) is not made in England, but in an island in the sea by a race of people with the bodies of men and the heads of horses. They bring cargoes of this cloth in ships, which they anchor off the shore. The purchasers lay down the money in an appointed place, and the cloth-dealers leave their goods in exchange. On one occasion the purchasers tried to cheat, by leaving *plated or gilt brass coins*. When the next cargo of broadcloth came it was found to be made of paper.

The superstitions and ceremonies connected with sickness or charms to avert calamities are of course numerous. The following is an account of what actually occurred in Benares in August, 1879, during an outbreak of cholera, and is quoted from a letter received at the same time: "Cholera is very bad just now in Secrole, a part of the city near the Government offices. In connection with it I heard the other day of a curious custom called 'Chillonwa' (passing on or pass over). Noticing one night a number of men with bamboo-staves sitting at the cross-roads near the house, I asked what they were waiting for, and was told that they were watching for the 'Chillonwa,' to prevent its coming into their village. It seems that the people in Secrole thought that if they killed a buffalo and a calf and carried the heads away and put them down in a neighbouring village the disease would leave them and cleave to that village. The villagers around naturally objected to this mode of transplanting the disease, and there was very nearly a pitched battle. Yesterday morning, when going about another cholera-stricken part of the town, I came upon a place where a good deal of grain had been burnt on the ground; and, on asking what it meant, the people said that oil had been poured over the grain, which was then set on fire in the hopes that the disease would depart in the smoke."

There would seem to be some sense in this latter ceremony, as the fumigating and disinfecting powers of the smoke are well known. Fire as a purifier has probably been used from time immemorial. A friend, who has a thorough knowledge of the habits and customs of the natives, recalled to mind that when he was a boy, in Calcutta, he and

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his companions used to delight in coming across rice and flowers strewn across the road; boylike, they used to tramp through the grain, scattering rice and flowers right and left, to the infinite horror of the passing natives. Not a native would step over such a line across the road, as the firm belief was that the person so doing would fall sick of the disease, which it was intended should be thus passed on by the offerings. These offerings were usually to be seen at early dawn, as if the panic-stricken sufferers had hastened forth by night, hoping to secure some unwary, early wayfarer, as a pass over.

That this idea had taken a strong hold in the popular mind was further corroborated by a fact which took place, in 1879, at Benares. A poor woman had lost several children; they were all born dead. At length the husband, in a fit of despair, took the body of the last-born child, and buried it where cross-roads met, believing firmly that the trouble would pass to the first woman who walked over the spot where the child was buried.

There is one rather touching superstition, prevalent amongst native women-servants, which deserves to be recorded. When a mother returns from church exhausted and fatigued, and with nourishment failing the small infant dependent upon her, the women-servants have a saying that it is one of the ways the Lord has of providing for the wants of the poor and starving babies all over the world. The mother must not grieve nor be alarmed; for it is known that when mothers go to church their nourishment goes to satisfy the poor and hungry wee things who need it so much. How ever such an idea has arisen, there is a touching tenderness about it which must appeal to most women's hearts, and few would grudge the wee waifs and strays their Sabbath dole. Whether such an idea has emanated from an European source, or has grown up in the native mind, is worth inquiry.

The superstitions connected with trees, shrubs, and flowers, ought to open out a wide field. Almost every country has its sacred trees, or trees to which blessing or bane is attached. Here, in India, the *Ficus*, or peepul-tree, is held in most reverence. Not long since in the neighbourhood of Benares, an old woman was observed walking round and round a certain peepul-tree. At every round she sprinkled a few drops of water from the water-vessel in her hand on the small

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offering of flowers she had laid beneath the tree. A bystander, who was questioned as to this ceremony, replied, "That is a sacred tree; the good spirits live up above amidst its branches, and the old woman is worshipping them."

There is an amusing legend connected with the neem and tamarind-trees, which is amusing as showing that doctors disagree all the world over. Natives say that the neem-tree is wholesome to sleep under, but that the "imli," or tamarind-tree, is noxious. In support of this theory, they tell the following tale. Once upon a time, two celebrated hakeems (doctors) lived, the one at Delhi the other at Lahore. They were far cleverer than any other doctors in the country, and their fame extended far and wide. But the Lahore doctor was jealous of his brother of Delhi, and determined to try and ruin his reputation. Accordingly, the next time that a very serious case came before him, he told his patient that he was quite beyond his skill, but that he had better go to the celebrated hakeem who lived at Delhi, and see what he could do. He warned him, however, that, throughout his journey to Delhi, he must never sleep under any tree save a tamarind-tree; no matter how much it might prolong his day's journey, under a tamarind-tree only must he sleep. The poor sufferer did as he was told, and arrived at last at Delhi, in a most exhausted and precarious state. The Delhi doctor, knowing that his brother at Lahore had no love for him, was at first much astonished and puzzled at his sending him a patient. One, too, whose case seemed really serious. Suspecting some treachery, and that it was a device to cause him harm, he began to question narrowly the patient. At last, he discovered the orders given to him about sleeping every night beneath a tamarind-tree. Immediately he saw through the deep-laid snare to catch him. He therefore impressed upon the patient the importance of his returning by easy stages to Lahore, and the vital importance to him of always sleeping beneath a neem-tree. The advice was as patiently and strictly carried out on the homeward journey as had been the opposite advice on the outward journey; but the results were different. The sufferer arrived at Lahore completely recovered. The neem had conquered the tamarind. There is, doubtless, some truth underlying this legend. Possibly the tamarind gives out some

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noxious vapours at night, or its foliage is less impervious to drenching dews. There must be some solution of the belief, for such beliefs are usually based on some well-founded experience. In Switzerland no native of the country will sleep under a walnut-tree; even a few minutes' nap on a hot summer's afternoon is seriously deprecated, and the people will get up and move to some more favoured shade rather than run the risk of the only assured one sleep that the shade of the walnut-tree must entail. In *Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines*, by E. Beaufort, there is, curiously enough, an allusion to the same idea. Miss Beaufort writes, "The peasants of Syria declare that it is unhealthy to sleep under walnut-trees, and the dragomans always advise us not to do so."

A pretty and graceful legend attaches, in India, to the Tulsee plant, which carries one back to the old tales of days gone by. Only in England the rose-tree plays the sort of part the Tulsee plays out here. In almost every village the Tulsee plant in its mud pillar may be seen, either growing up at the door of a hut, or close by the village well, or near the village shrine. The story is that Krishna, in one of his many roamings, fell in love with a fair young wife, who scorned his suit. Unable to win her affections, he determined to remove her husband, the obstacle to his success; and in due course the husband was killed. But the brave leal-hearted wife ascended the funeral pyre; preferring death with the husband she loved to life with the hated lover, she cast herself into the flames and expired. From her ashes sprang up the shrub, which, in remorseful memory of her constancy, Krishna called by her name of Tulsee.

Ghazipur, India.

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MONMOUTHSHIRE NOTES.

THERE are a few notices of folk-lore in William Coxe's *Historical Tour in Monmouthshire* (2 vols. 4to. 1801), which may prove of interest to readers of the *Folk-Lore Journal*:—

"In many parts of this county the poor of every persuasion still retain the custom of begging bread for the souls of the departed on All Souls Day; the bread is called *Bara ran*, or Dole bread."—Vol. i. p. 30.

Christchurch.—"This church contains a curious sepulchral stone, on which are carved two rude whole-length figures of a man and woman, with their arms folded, standing on each side of a cross. The inscription on the border is in Gothic characters, and, though in some parts illegible, shows it to be the tomb of a man and his wife, who died in the fourteenth century. A superstitious belief prevails among the lower class of people in these parts, that sick people who touch this stone on the eve of the Ascension are miraculously cured. At that time, the children who are thus exposed remain during the whole night in contact with some part of the stone. Mr. Sturge, who has given, in the *Archaeologia* [vol. v. p. 78], a *fac-simile*, relates that in 1770 not less than sixteen were laid out on it; but the custom is gradually falling into disuse; the clerk informed me that only six or seven now make their appearance."—Vol. i. p. 40.

"Abergavenny church.—In the middle window of the north aisle of the choir is a colossal figure of S. Christopher, with a long beard and flowing hair, carved out of a single piece of wood. I am informed by my friend Mr. Evans, that in Roman Catholic times it was the custom at funerals to carry the corpse into the northern aisle, and present it to S. Christopher, whose figure was usually there placed; and that

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still in several places (so prevalent is long habit) the bearers frequently carry the coffin through the northern aisle."—Vol. i. p. 193.

Skyrrid.—"To this place many Roman Catholics in the vicinity are said to repair annually on Michaelmas Eve to perform their devotions. The earth of this spot is likewise considered as sacred, and was formerly carried away to cure diseases and to sprinkle on the coffins of those who were interred; but whether this superstitious practice still continues I was not able to ascertain."—Vol. i. p. 199.

The author refers to a book entitled *A Geographical, Historical, and Religious Account of the Parish of Aberystruth in the county of Monmouth.* . . . . . By Edward Jones, 1779, in which there is much about fairies, written from the point of view of a sincere believer in their existence.—Vol. ii. p. 249.

"Among the early specimens of his [John of Rent's] magical skill, while a farmer's boy in the vicinity he confined a number of crows, which he was ordered to keep from the corn, in an old barn without a roof, that he might visit Grosmont fair. 'And sure enough,' said the old woman who told me the anecdote, 'they were there, for they made a terrible clatter, and would not fly away till Jack himself came and released them.'"—Vol. ii. p. 337.

A parallel legend is told of the Hermit of Lindholme, on Hatfield Chase, Yorkshire, near Doncaster. When a boy he was left at home by his parents to keep the sparrows from the corn while they went to Hatfield feast. They had not been long there when they observed their son amusing himself among a crowd of boys. On their remonstrating with him for his disobedience, the boy told them that he had shut up all the sparrows in the barn. "How can that be?" inquired the father, "thoo knaws that the barn hasn't hed a door to it for the last twelvemonth." "No, but I reared a harrow in the door-stead," replied the young miracle-worker, "and none of 'em can get through it." And so sure enough it was. When the father and mother got home all the sparrows were lying dead on the barn floor, and there never has been a sparrow seen there since, except one, and that was as white as snow.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg.
3 September, 1883.

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CONTINENTAL FOLK-LORE NOTES.

THE following scraps of folk-lore were noted down from the conversation of persons of the middle-class in Switzerland and Würtemberg, during the year 1881. As such old-world sayings are still half believed among educated people, it is probable that a rich harvest of superstitions might be reaped among the poorer and more ignorant portion of the populations of those countries.

Swiss Superstitions.—It is unlucky to mention the date at which the birth of a child is expected. If you have reason to think that a child is bewitched, place a bible under its pillow, then the spell will be broken. This bible-charm was used by the mother of a Calvinistic pastor in the year 1880.

Never go out for pleasure on the Lake of Bienne on one certain day, —it is, I think, the 25th of July,—if you wish to escape death. The general belief in this superstition was greatly strengthened in 1880, for a steamer capsized on the fatal day and all on board were drowned.

An unmarried woman should not be the first person to cut a pat of butter, for if she does so she will never marry though she may have many suitors.

Friday is the proper day on which to cut a baby's nails.

If the fowls huddle together outside a hen-house, instead of going to roost, there will be wet weather.

If a child suffers much pain while it is teething, hang a necklace of amber round its neck, then the teeth will appear quickly and easily. Amber necklaces made specially for this purpose are advertised in the country papers.

Never bring the flower of the periwinkle into the house ; if you do so strife will follow.

A birthday-cake must have lighted candles arranged around it, one

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candle for each year of life. Before the cake is eaten the person whose birthday it is should solemnly blow out the candles one after another.

If people wed when the *bise* is blowing the wife will be the master.

It is unlucky to dream of cherries or fish.

There are fifty-two unlucky days in the year, and on these days one should not marry.

When the soup is burnt it is said that the fox has dipped his brush into it. Is it possible that our English word "bishopped" refers to some beast fable in which Reynard plays the part of an ecclesiastic?

If you lose your engagement ring you will be very unfortunate.

Always make a new-born child a present when you go to see the mother.

The sunset glow on the waters of the Lake of Morat is called "the blood of the Burgundians," but this name is, like the following legend, probably modern.

When the devil showed all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them to our Lord, he hid the hill which lies between the Lake of Morat and the Lake of Neuchâtel under his thumb, for the ways of its inhabitants were so much to his liking that he could not make up his mind to part from them.

Hundreds of people flocked into the town of Fribourg from the outlying villages during the summer of 1881 to see a celebrated woman doctor who had the power of giving sight to the blind and speech to the dumb. This wonder-worker could, according to the general belief, not only make the lame walk but could knit together a broken spine and make the crooked straight.

Würtemberg Superstitions.—The first dream that you dream in a strange house will be fulfilled.

It is lucky to see a spider in the morning, but unlucky to see it in the afternoon. In some villages wedding guests walk round the altar before leaving the church, the bride walks before the women and the bridegroom before the men.

Firearms and crackers are constantly exploded during the last days of the vintage.

Never leave a solitary scrap of food on a plate, for if you do so bad

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weather will follow. If a child's stocking slips down bid it fasten it up quickly for fear that it should bring bad weather.

If a bat flies into a house and settles on a person's head that person will become bald.

When you kill a pig send your neighbours some of the meat. This custom is also English. In Lincolnshire "pig-cheer," *i. e.* the inward parts of the pig which cannot be salted, are distributed among the neighbours after a sufficient portion has been put aside for family use.

A Würtemberg *Pfarrer* told me that he had great trouble with his people on account of their obstinate belief in witchcraft. Formerly he lived in a village which was the dwelling-place of a well-known wizard. This wizard had received many sackfuls of apples from a certain rich and pious peasant, but on one occasion the peasant refused to give him more, when he came to ask for a further supply. "You will be sorry for this," said the wizard, as he went away. And sure enough the man was sorry, for in a few days one of his children sickened, and after a short illness died. On the burial-day another child fell ill, and it also died. A third was also attacked by the fatal disease. While it lay dying the father said to his fourth child, "Your turn will come next"; and, when he was reproved for speaking thus, he obstinately asserted that the whole family was bewitched. A Jew, who lived in the village, came to the *Pfarrer* soon after and told him that he believed that the children were all put to sleep in the bed where the first child had died, and that therefore they were infected by the fever-germs that it had left behind. He also said that he would lend the children beds if the *Pfarrer* could persuade the parents to take them. This was needless, however, as the peasant himself changed the sleeping-place of the children, and the malady spread no further. The whole family believes to this day the wizard caused this calamity to fall on their house because he had been sent away empty-handed.

On another occasion a rich peasant-woman sent for a wise man to tell her why a fine young horse had fallen ill. The man told her it was bewitched, and after drawing a magic circle he declared that whoever first stepped within the line would be the guilty person. A poor old woman to whom the peasant-woman had been very kind appeared

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almost immediately, and entered the circle. From that time her rich neighbour detested her and warned the neighbours against her. The poor creature was persecuted so constantly that she had to appeal to the *Pfarrer* for protection, and he caused the chief sinner to be threatened with prison by the legal authorities, while he himself spoke of penalties "worse than prison," and told his people from the pulpit that he should "leave this sin lying on the congregation till the poor outcast was again kindly received by her fellow parishioners." At this threat the persecution ceased, but it is to be doubted whether the opinion of the villagers was in the least changed.

In Holstein there is a saying that if you eat the three first daisies that you find in the spring you will not suffer from fever during the year.

In Hamburg people say "the angels are playing at skittles," when it thunders. It is the custom in this city to take out the marking letters from the clothes in which a corpse is buried. If this is not done a person of the same name and from the same house as the dead man or woman will speedily die.

In Greece there will be a wedding in the house where myrtle grows in the form of a crown.

Professor Stephens mentions several variants of the story of Thor slaughtering one of his goats in his *Professor S. Bugge's Studies on Northern Mythology Shortly Examined*, p. 116, but he does not appear to have met with the following folk-tale, which is evidently the old heathen legend slightly altered:—

"Once upon a time, in the early days of the world, the Lord God often took upon Him the form of a man and descended to earth, and walked about among men. Now one night He was belated at the hour when all creatures seek repose, in a village high up in the mountains of Bigorre. He called to beg hospitality at the doors of many rich people, but one and all refused to take Him into their houses, and He could find no shelter except in the hut of a poor cowherd. And as the cowherd had nothing to set before the poor traveller for supper, he generously killed his only calf, and made it ready, and set meat before Him. And God said to the poor cowherd, 'My dear host, put aside all the bones of that calf except this one, which I will take.'

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The cowherd obeyed, and when they had supped he laid the bones of the calf in a row at one end of the hut, and the two laid down and slept. At daybreak the cowherd arose and went out, and he saw his calf whose flesh they had eaten the night before eating the grass before the hut; and he had got all his bones except the one which the Lord God had taken, and which sounded merrily in a great bell that hung round his neck. But the village, with its wicked and inhospitable inhabitants, was swallowed up entirely, except the cabin into which the Lord had entered, and in its place there was a great lake, whose clear waters were as blue as the sky. That lake is called Lhéon."—*A Lady's Walks in the South of France*, by Mary Eyre, London, 1865, pp. 293-294.

DERBYSHIRE AND CUMBERLAND COUNTING-OUT AND CHILDREN'S GAME-RHYMES,

Copied down from word of mouth, by ROBERT CHARLES HOPE.

I.

Ink, pink, pen and ink,
I command you for to wink,
Rottom bottom dish clout,
O. U. T. spells out,
So out goes she.—(Derbyshire.)

II.

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Eating cherries off a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.—(Derbyshire.)

One, two, three, four,
Maggie at her cottage door;
Eating plums off a plate,
Five, six, seven, eight.—(Cumberland.)

III.

Horcum borcum Curious Corkum
Herricum berricum buzz;
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead.—(Derbyshire.)

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IV.

Eeney Pheeney Figgery Fegg,
Deely Dyly ham and egg,
Calico back and stony rock,
Arlum barlum bash.—(Cumberland.)

V.

I have a little nutmeg tree,
And nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear.—(Derbyshire.)

Game-Rhymes.*

I.

Cock Robin is dead, and lies in his grave,
Hum, ha! lies in his grave.
Place an old apple-tree over his head,
Hum, ha! over his head.
When they were ripe and ready to fall,
Hum, ha! ready to fall,
There comes an old woman a-picking them up,
Hum, ha! a-picking them up,
Cock Robin jumps up, and gives her a good knock,
Hum, ha! gives her a good knock.—(Derbyshire.)

II.†

There was a jolly Miller, and he lived by himself,
As the wheel went round, he made his wealth;
One hand was in the hopper, the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab.—(Derbyshire.)

III.‡

On the carpet you shall kneel,
As the grass grows in the field,
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
And shew me the girl you love so sweet.
Now Sally's married, I hope she'll enjoy,
First with a girl, and then with a boy,
Seven years old, and seven years young,
Pray, young lady, walk out of your ring.—(Derbyshire.)

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* The first six Game Rhymes are singing games.
† Compare *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 86.
‡ Compare *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 84.

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IV.*

Oranges and lemons,
Says the bells of S. Clemens.
Brickdust and tiles,
Says the bells of S. Giles.
You owe me five farthings,
Says the bells of S. Martin's.
I do not know you,
Says the bells of S. Bow.
When will you pay me?
Says the bells of Old Bailey.
When I get rich,
Says the bells of Shoreditch.
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.—(Derbyshire.)

V.

A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
We'll catch a fox
And put him in a box,
And a-hunting we will go.—(Derbyshire.)

VI.

I'm on Tom Tinker's ground (3 times)
Picking gold and silver.—(Derbyshire.)

VII.†

Chickery, chickery, cranny crow,
I went to the well to wash my toe,
When I got back a chicken was dead.

One is chosen to be the hen, and one to be the fox, all the rest are supposed to be chickens. The game is played as follows. The chickens in Indian file take hold of each others waist, the first one holding the hen's waist, the next one hers, and so on. The verse above is said by the hen to her chickens, after which they all go with the hen to search for the dead chicken; on their way they meet the fox, when the following dialogue between the hen and fox ensues:

Hen. What are you doing?
Fox. Picking up sticks.

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* Compare *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. p. 86; Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. cclxxxi.

† Compare *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 170.

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Hen. What for?
Fox. To make a fire.
Hen. What's the fire for?
Fox. To boil some water.
Hen. What's the water for?
Fox. To boil some chickens in.
Hen. Where do you get them from?
Fox. Out of your flock.
Hen. That I'm sure you wont.

The fox now tries to get hold of one of the chickens, who, holding tightly on to one another with the hen, try to dodge him and prevent being caught. If the fox succeeds in catching them, they all with the fox try to dodge the hen, who makes an effort to regain possession of them.—(Derbyshire.)

VIII.

In this game only three players are required: the Lover, the Lady, the Fairy.

It commences in this manner. The lover seeing the lady a little way off, says, "Yonder stands a lovely lady, whom she be I do not know, I'll go and court her for my beauty, whether she say me yea or nay." He approaches her, and falling on one knee says, "Madam, to thee I humbly bow and bend," to which she replies, "Sir, I take thee not to be my friend"; she then retires, and he falls to the ground, and, supposed to be dying at his rejection, cries, "Oh, if the good fairy doesn't come I shall die." Whereupon the good fairy appears, touches him with her wand, and he is immediately well again.

A Derbyshire servant-girl taught this game to myself and some others when children many years ago.

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[I have still some more titles to fill in under this letter. The first editions of Sir George Cox's *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*, *Tales of Ancient Greece*, and *Tales of Thebes and Argos*, are unfortunately mislaid at the British Museum, and I should be glad of the transcripts of the titles and contents of these volumes. There are still the *Celtic Magazine*, *Contemporary Review*, *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Crypt*, and other journals to finish, and some of the chapbooks, such as *Cinderella*. These will be given later on.]

NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES, AND NEWS.

The Cuckoo and the Swift.—A labouring man from Hampshire tells me that in his part of the country it is considered very unlucky to kill either of these birds. A farmer who made light of popular superstition went out one day and, by way of bravado, shot seventeen swifts. He was the owner of seventeen fine cows; but before seven weeks were over every one of his cows died. My informant seemed to look upon the swift as an *uncanny* bird, and called it by a name I had never heard before, devil-screecher.

EDGAR MACCULLOCH.

Stang Riding (*ante*, p. 302).—I send you the words used in a "stang riding" thirty years ago here. An effigy was paraded in a cart round the town at night, drawn by young men, the spokesman recited the lines at each stopping-place, and finally the figure was burnt, opposite the dwelling of the delinquent if possible:—

"Ran-a-dan Dang,
It's for neither my cause nor your cause that I ride the stang;
But it is for *yan* (one) Dobbin the people all *knaw*,
For he's banged his wife, *an* it's *again* our law.
And gentlemen all, as you will have *hard*,
All this happened in Tommy Dodd yard.
He banged her, he banged her, he banged her indeed,
He banged this poor woman afore she *stead* need.
Upstairs aback out bed,
There he broyed her 'till she bled;

Downstairs aback out *chest*,
There he broyed her without rest.
If ever he does the like again, as I suppose he will,
We'll tie him on a donkey's back and *tak* him to the mill.
Hip, hip, hooray ! ! !"

GEORGE FRANK.

The following passage is taken from *Rambles in Upper Wharfedale*, by B. J. Harker, 1869, p. 22. I can vouch for the general accuracy of the doggerel, as I have heard it frequently in the North Riding: "But in the place of a stang they had at Grassington a cart, in which the spokesman with several others were drawn through the different parts of the town, till they had been all over it, and then they were taken to Linton church, round which they went three times in order to escape local law. The following is a copy of what was said on these occasions:

"Heigh dilly, how dilly, heigh dilly, dang,
It's naether for thy part nor my part
That I ride the stang.
But it is for Jack Solomon,
His wife he does bang.
He bang'd her, he bang'd her,
He bang'd her indeed;
He bang'd t' poor woman,
Though shoo stood him na need;
He naether tuke stick, staen, wire, nor stover,
But he up wi' a besom and knock'd her ower.
So all ye good nabors who live in this row,
I pray ye take warning for this is our law;
And all ye cross husbands who do yer wives bang,
We'll blow for ye t' horn, and ride for ye t' stang.
Hip, hip, hip hurrah."

F. C. BIRKBECK TERRY.

The Death Light.—"Whenever somebody has died within our mountains, people still observe the custom to light a big fire, called the 'death light,' on the top of the Alps,"—thus Rosegger in his first novel, wherein he describes the life and manners of the people of Styria, refers to one of their time-honoured customs. May we not trace in this usage a symbolic sense and a relic of pagan belief concerning the human soul and its destiny after being separated from the body?

H. KREBS.

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St. Elmo's Light.—"St. Elmo's Light," that at times appears on the masts and yards of boats and ships, goes by the name of "Corbie's Aunt" among the fishermen and sailors on the north-east coast of Scotland. Its appearance is looked upon as the harbinger of foul weather. See K. 42. 6 in S. vi. p. 115 ante. W. GREGOR.

Skimmington Riding (*ante*, pp. 330, 365).—An article on the horns of Highgate, together with the ritual connected with their use and two or three attempts to account for an absurd custom, may be found in Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. ii. pp. 40-44. E. G.

Witchcraft in the Highlands.—Recently a lady from a distant part of the kingdom had occasion to visit a certain village, situated on the west coast of Ross, and reside there for a short time. In course of her sojourn there she on one occasion felt slightly indisposed, and her friends at once set her illness down to witchcraft and the influence of the evil eye; and a witch-doctor was forthwith called in, who subjected her to his usual course of treatment. The treatment, which was both simple and inexpensive, consisted in taking water, before sunrise, from a stream running south, immersing a piece of silver in it, and liberally splashing the patient in the face with it! From some cause or other, which we have not heard explained, the treatment failed, and other and more rational means were resorted to, which, we are glad to say, proved more successful. Sometimes this treatment is slightly varied by the witch-doctor breathing all over the patient, at the same time muttering a Gaelic incantation! When practicable, the patient is made to swallow large quantities of the prepared water. It is an essential condition to successful treatment that the patient should be kept in profound ignorance of the intended treatment, the first intimation of which should be a splash of cold water in the face. To this end the witch-doctor cunningly diverts the attention of his patient, and then applies the water unsparingly. It is very important that the piece of silver used for that purpose should be of the shape of a heart. Some witch-doctors are provided with antique heart-shaped silver brooches, which are treasured as invaluable heirlooms from generation to generation on account of their healing virtues. Some of the natives wear amulets round their necks as a protection against witchcraft and the evil eye, and carry moles' feet in their purse to

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ensure them against want of money.—*Weekly Scotsman*, Nov. 10, 1883.

Seventh-Son Cure.—In the steamer which took me from Barra, there sailed a man from South Uist, in charge of his grandson, a little boy about eight years old, whom I had examined in a school a few days before. The child was afflicted with "king's evil," the marks of which appear on brow and neck, covered by flannel. It seems that in Minglay there lived a native, who was the last of seven sons in direct male descent without any intervening daughter. According to popular notions, this endows him with a power of curing the malady, like the once potent "royal touch" which gave name to the disease. The supernatural physician enjoyed great local fame for many cures believed to have been effected by him. He had already seen the boy twice in Uist and Barra, and this was the third and last visit which was necessary for completing the cure. The child landed with his guardian in the boat by which I left the steamer, and they proceeded at once to the house of the famous man. It appears that he operated on the patient with no human eye to see, and using no simples of any kind, but merely recited, in the old orthodox fashion, a "rhyme" or charm over the sore. He charged no fee, though, as in all such transactions, a piece of silver, however small, must be presented as essential to good luck. The grandfather was intelligent and conversible, and we talked freely on the subject; and he had hopes of cure, based, he said, on previous success.—*Good Words*, November, 1883.

Folk-lore in America.—Daimonology or Pneumatology.—Under this heading are some interesting notes in the *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for* 1881 (Washington, 1883),—Section, Anthropology, by Otis T. Mason. The definition given is "The study of human beliefs, of social organization, activities, instrumentalities, with reference to the supra-sensitive, the so-called spirit world" (p. 507). In the annexed bibliography I note the following:—

Bassett (F. S.) Superstitions and Legends of the Sea. *United Service Mag.*, May, June, July, November.

Beauchamp (W. M.) Indian Missions of the Colonial Period. New York. *Church Eclectic*, July.

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Bigelow (H. R.) Curiosities of Superstition. *Maryland Med. J.* October.

Brinton (Daniel G.) The Names of the Gods in Kiche Myths, Central America. Read before the Am. Phil. Soc. Nov. 4. Printed by McCalla and Staveley, Philad.

Dorsey (J. Owen). How the Rabbit Caught the Sun in a Trap; to illustrate the method of recording Indian languages. 1*st An. Rep. Bureau of Ethnol. Smithson. Inst.* pp. 581-583.

The Young Chief and the Thunders, an Omaha Myth. *Am. Antiquarian*, vol. iii. pp. 303-313.

Fiske (John). What is Mythology? *Atlantic Month.* July.

Grinnell (Dr. F.) The Sioux Sun Dance. *Cincinatti Lancet*, July.

Hedge (F. H.) The Philosophy of Fetishism. *Unitarian Rev.* March.

Hyatt (F. S.) Lunar Lore and Portraiture. *Pop. Sc. Month.* Aug.

Klett (Francis). The Cachini, a dance at the Pueblo of Zuña. *Wheeler's U. S. Geog. Surv. W. of* 100*th Merid.* vol. vii. pp. 332-336.

Miller (O. D.) Solar Symbolisms in the Ancient Religions. 2. *Am. Antiquarian*, vol. iii. pp. 218-227.

Powell (J. W.) Sketch of the Mythology of the North American Indians. 1*st An. Rep. Bureau Ethnol. Smitheon. Inst.* pp. 19-56.

Riggs (S. R.) A Dog's Revenge; illustrating the method of recording Indian langnages. 1*st An. Rep. Bureau of Ethnol.*, Washington, D. C., p. 587.

Smith (Erminnie C.) Myths of the Iroquois. *Am. Antiquarian*, vol. iv. pp. 31-39.

W., M. E. Tree and Serpent Worship. *Western Jour.* Feb. pp. 22.

From the list as given by Mr. Mason I have omitted works by the Duke of Argyll, Cox, Dorman, and others well known on this side. The list is, bibliographically speaking, by no means so detailed as one might desire. As the Smithsonian *Report* is for 1881, though published in this year, I presume that when no year is given in the list 1881 is to be read.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

1, Alfred Terrace, Glasgow.

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NOTICES.

The Legends of the Panjâb. By Captain R. C. Temple. Bombay and London (Trübner). 4 parts. August to September. 8vo. Pp. 1-192.

It is to be hoped that Captain Temple's constant and valuable labours in folk-lore will be assisted as far as possible by members of this Society. The collection before us has now reached its fourth monthly part, and can fairly claim the sincere sympathy of all our members, and many who are not our members. Failing a folk-lore society in India, Captain Temple's publications are exceedingly valuable, because every student of culture knows that India so often supplies the key to many of our western Aryan customs and early fancies. The stories given in this collection are the legend of Râjâ Rasâlû, the story of Sarwar and Dâni, of Dhanna the Bhagat, fragments about Sakhi Sarwar, the marriage of Ghâzi Sâlâr, and the legend of Gurû Guggâ, the last of which is not yet finished. The story of Râjâ Rasâlû, it may be observed, is much longer, and differs in many respects from the version given by Mr. Swynnerton in these pages. We shall in future endeavour to notice the monthly issues of this important collection as they appear, so that our members may know what is being done by the single-handed efforts of Captain Temple in a field that is rich in all kinds of lore ; and we cannot but hope that the result of his labours may be as well known and appreciated here as they ought to be. Every public library should certainly possess these collections.

Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Españoles. Jumo-Agosto 1883. Sevilla: Francisco Álvarez y Ca., Editeurs, Zaragoza 21. Tomo i. pp. xiii. 303.

At page 232 of the Journal attention was called to *Folk-Lore Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Españoles.* The first volume has now made its appearance. It consists of three parts. "Costumbres populares andaluzes," by Luis Montoto, to be continued; "Cuentos populares españoles anotados y comparados con los de otras coleciones

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de Portugal, Italia y Francia," by A. Machado y Álvarez, to be continued; and "Superstitiones populares recojidas en Andolucia y comparadas con los portuguesas," by A Guichot y Sierra, also to be continued. There is an Introduction by Sr. D. Machado y Álvarez. Sr. Mototo begins with "El corral de casa," goes on to "El corral de vecinos," giving a most graphic account of the houses in which the people live, their mode of living, then something about their plays, their drinking customs, their festivals, their baptisms, marriages, and deaths, in nine chapters. The second part consists of twelve folk-tales. The third part gives the popular superstitions of Andalusia. They are classified, and each superstition is numbered; and when there is a similar one prevalent in Portugal or in Castile it is added. If the work is carried out as it has been begun it will form a complete cyclopedia of Spanish folk-lore. It can be recommended to all students of folk-lore, and is indispensable to them. The work is got up with neatness.

Sr. D. Machado y Álvarez is now publishing in the Spanish newspaper, *El Progreso*, Madrid, a series of articles on the folk-lore of colours, under the title "Folk-lore de los colores." It is to be hoped the learned author will at no distant date issue the articles in book form. He has translated into Spanish Mr. Fenton's article, "Folk-lore in relation to Psychology and Education" (*Folk-Lore Journal*, pp. 258-266) for insertion in *El Boletin de la Institucion libre de Enseñanza.*

The Folk-Tale Committee have decided to recommend certain of the tabulations now in hand for printing in the Journal. These are now being examined, and it is hoped that next year we may begin printing. More workers are still required in this important work, though the Committee are bound to acknowledge that the work already sent in and in hand has quite come up to expectation.

A meeting of the Society will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 14th, at 8 o'clock, at 22, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, when Mr. Edward Clodd will read a paper on "The Philosophy of Punchkin," and Mr. W. G. Black one on "An Additional Chapter in Folk-Medicine."

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The Folk-Lore Society.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL,

THURSDAY, 5th JULY, 1883.

Two important propositions were made by the Council last year in order to bring the work of the Society more prominently before the public; and the Council think that the result of carrying out these propositions is in many respects satisfactory.

(1) The publication of the *Folk-Lore Journal* in monthly parts has been favourably accepted by the Members, and, having served to make the Society more widely known, the Council think its continuance in that form is justified. A few Members have expressed their wish to have a yearly volume instead of the monthly issues, and this wish has been acceded to by the Council. The Council, however, cannot but express their strong sense of disappointment at the want of active co-operation in the work of the Society. The *Folk-Lore Journal* circulates in most of the counties of England, Scotland, and Ireland, through the medium of the Members of the Society (see *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. p. 205), and yet contributions of original collections from the rural districts come from only a very few quarters. The Council would urge upon the Members the importance of this medium of intercommunication for the purpose of recording the fast-dying customs of our own country and other lands. There is so much to be done in collecting and comparing this important evidence in the history of man, that every effort ought to be made to see that the work is done and done well.

(2.) The Folk-Tale Committee have received a limited but

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still very acceptable amount of support. For the purpose of guiding members in their work, the Committee published a list of books accompanied by an explanatory statement in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for February, pp. 41-51. The following members have registered their names to work upon Folk-Tale Tabulation :

G. L. Apperson . . .	*Hitopadesa, Tuscan Fairy Tales,* South African *Folk-Lore Journal,* Dasent's *Tales of the Fjeld,* Sébillot's *Littérature de la Haute Bretagne.*
Edward Clodd . . .	Frere's *Old Deccan Days,* Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales.*
J. W. Crombie . . .	Spanish Folk Tales.
G. L. Gomme . . .	Maspero's *Contes Egyptiens.*
Sydney Hartland . .	Petrie's *Sicilian Tales.*
Rev. W. H. Jones . . .	Magyar Folk Tales.
A. Lang	Savage Folk Tales.
Alfred Nutt . . .	Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands.*
H. B. Wheatley . .	Croker's *Fairy Legends of Ireland.*

Tabulated stories already received are as follows :

The Crimson Rock.
Uncle Curro and his Club.
Spirits of the Departed.
Lucifer's Ear.
Dame Fortune and Sir Money.
John Soldier.
Good and Bad Fortune.
John Comfortable v. Death.
The Devil's Mother-in-law.

From Caballero's *Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluses.*
The Three Riddles.

From *Cantos Populares Espanoles.*
The Candles.
The Ring of Rabbits.

From *El Folk-Lore Andaluz,* by Mr. J. W. Crombie.
The Beautiful Glutton.
The Fairies' Sieve.
The Three Golden Apples.
The Little Convent of Cats.

From *Tuscan Fairy Tales.*
Story of Long Snake.
The Lion and the Ostrich.
Story of Little Red Stomach.

From *South African Folk-Lore Journal,* by Mr. G. L. Apperson.

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The Council again desire to draw the attention of their Members to the great importance of this branch of the Society's work—a work that will furnish materials for the scientific study of Folk-Lore, as a branch of anthropology. Volunteers for the collections not yet taken up are still required, and the Council urgently invite Members to co-operate. Beside the list of works drawn up by the Committee and printed in the *Folk-Lore Journal* as mentioned above, there are doubtless others, beside scattered stories, and the Committee will be glad to receive any information concerning these unnoticed collections. The Folk-tale Committee hope to print in the *Folk-Lore Journal* from time to time the tabulations received, each tabulation being first examined and approved by the Committee.

The Council have to congratulate the Society upon the amount of material already received for printing, and promises to be fulfilled at no distant date are not lacking. The Council must particularly mention the Zulu Nursery Literature contributed by Dr. Callaway. The value of these collections has long been recognised, and to continue and supplement the already printed stories is a work to which the Council look forward with more than ordinary pleasure.

The Bibliography of Folk-Lore is being proceeded with. Letters A. B. (author's names) are printed and C. is nearly ready for the press. Suggestions, corrections, or additions will be very gladly welcomed, so that when the sections are published as a whole they may be as nearly complete as possible

The work before the Society can best be understood by the Members, and the need for renewed assistance both in money and labour can best be shown by the following statement of the MS. in hand waiting to be printed:

SUTHERLAND STORIES AND FOLK-LORE. By Miss Dempster.
MALAGASY PROVERBS. By Rev. H. E. Houlder.
THE DENHAM TRACTS. Edited by James Hardy.
SCOTTISH PROVERBS AND LOCAL RHYMES.
MAGYAR FOLK-TALES. By Rev. W. H. Jones.

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These will it is thought make separate volumes, and the two following might be printed in the *Folk-Lore Journal*,

FOLK-LORE COLLECTED FROM THE STATISTICAL ACCOUNTS OF SCOTLAND.
FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON. By Mrs. Gutch.

Of the work promised and now being compiled for the Society the following are the most important items:

ZULU NURSERY LITERATURE. By the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. John's (Dr. Callaway).
FOLK-LORE AND PROVINCIAL NAMES OF BRITISH BIRDS. By the Rev. C. Swainson.
EAST SUSSEX SUPERSTITIONS. By the Reverend W. D. Parish.
THE FOLK-LORE OF LINCOLNSHIRE. By Edward Peacock, F.S.A.
INDEX TO THE FOLK-LORE IN "NOTES AND QUERIES." By James Britten, F.L.S.
THE FOLK-LORE OF CORNWALL. By Miss Courtney.

It will thus be seen that the Society needs much additional support to accomplish its already promised work. Gradually the field of folk-lore is being enlarged, and a future of great interest and value lies before the Society, if only it is able by the labours of its members to increase its workers and funds. It was suggested early in its career that local secretaries should be appointed both at home and in the colonies and abroad, and this suggestion met with the favourable opinion of the Council. But unless there are more signs of vigorous assistance being forthcoming it is useless to enter upon an extensive and complicated organization, which must entail more expense upon the funds of the Society. Let it however once be ascertained that the members generally take as much interest as the few who have come forward and worked hard in the cause and the Council will not be backward in recognising and aiding any attempt to further the true interest of the science which the Society is called upon to investigate.

The roll of members has increased from 285 last year to 301. At the suggestion of the President a statement of assets and liabilities has been drawn up as well as a statement of the actual yearly receipts and expenditure from the commencement of the

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Society. From this it will be seen by the Members that the Council have kept within the limits of their income, though the temptation to go beyond has at times been very great.

During the year the Council lost the valued services of Mr. Henry Hill, who had been one of its members from the first. Mr. Hill had endeared himself to a large circle of friends, and his services to the Society were considerable. The vacancy thus caused was filled up, under Rule V., by the election of Mr. Edward Clodd.

In order to relieve Mr. Gomme of some portion of the work now performed by him, it is proposed to appoint an additional Honorary Secretary, who shall take charge of the financial and non-literary portion of the duties, and the Council therefore recommend that a variation in Rule V. be made so as to admit of this being done. The Rule as altered would stand as follows:

> V. The affairs of the Society, including the admission of Members, shall be conducted by a President, three Vice-Presidents, and a Council of twelve Members, who shall from among themselves elect a Director, Treasurer, and Secretary. The Council shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number, *and, should it be deemed advisable, to appoint an additional Honorary Secretary.*

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FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

(*a*)—EXPENDITURE FROM 1ST JANUARY, 1878, TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1882.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1878.—Subscriptions				280	16	3
1879.—Subscriptions	248	14	6			
Sale of Henderson's Folk-Lore, up to Dec. 1881	74	12	11			
				323	7	5
1880.—Subscriptions	231	17	7			
Sale of Aubrey's MS. up to Dec. 1881	5	14	9			
				237	12	4
1881.—Subscriptions ... ... —	231	15	10			
Sale of Gregor's Folk-Lore up to Dec. 1881	28	14	7			
				260	10	5
1882.—Subscriptions, &c.	207	6	5			
Sale of Sindibad, &c.	-	-	-			
				207	6	5
				1,309	12	10
To excess as per balance sheet				126	18	3
				1,436	11	1

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1878.—General expenses (for details see yearly accounts)	41	15	0			
Printing Folk-Lore Record, i. ...	105	17	6			
				147	12	6
1879.—General expenses	84	12	5			
Printing, binding, &c. Folk-Lore Record, ii.	106	1	6			
Henderson's Folk-Lore ...	144	18	5			
				335	12	4
1880.—General expenses	103	3	3			
Printing, binding. &c. Folk-Lore Record, iii.	114	19	0			
Aubrey MS.	154	1	9			
				372	4	0
1881.—General expenses	173	17	7			
Printing, binding, &c., Folk-Lore Record, iv.	88	6	0			
Gregor's Folk-Lore	88	10	6			
				350	14	1
1882.—General expenses	78	13	5			
Printing, binding, &c., Folk-Lore Record, v.	70	16	3			
Sindibad, Portnguese Stories .	80	18	6			
				230	8	2
				£1,436	11	1

(*b*)—Balance Sheet up to 31st December, 1882.

	£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
To excess of expenditure from (*a*) account, amount being due to printers	126	18	3	By arrears of Subscriptions:— Received up to 30th June, 1883 ...	40	19	0			
To Balance in favour of Society	48	10	9	Outstanding but recoverable ...	21	0	0			
								61	19	0
				By amount of Compounding Fees				73	10	0
				By amount due for Sales of Books during 1882 (not yet come to account), say				40	0	0
				By value of books (not included in this account) ...						
	£175	9	0					£175	9	0

(Signed) W. R. DRAKE, *Treasurer.*
G. L. GOMME, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE *for the year ending* 31*st December*, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

1882.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought from last account...		163	14	1
Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1878	6	6	0
	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1879	6	6	0
	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1880	16	16	0
	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1881	49	7	0
	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1882	201	5	8
	On account of Subscriptions due 1st January, 1883	6	6	0
	Interest on Investment	0	15	9
	Sale of Books :—			
	Henderson £12 0 6			
	Aubrey 5 14 9			
		17	15	3
	Compoundings	10	10	0
		£479	1	9

1883.
Jan. 1st Balance carried forward... ... ... £100 7 8

Examined and found correct,
(Signed) JOHN TOLHURST, J. S. UDAL, *Auditors.*

PAYMENTS.

1882.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st.	Printing Account (Messrs. Nichols) :—						
	General Printing	34	19	6			
	Folk-Lore Record, &c.	305	0	6			
					340	0	0
	Assistance Folk-Lore Journal				12	0	0
	Bankers' Stamps				0	4	8
	Petty Cash Payments, per the Hon. Secretary :—	£	s.	d.			
	Advertisements	8	1	6			
	Stationery	0	8	5			
	Carriage		12	10			
	Copying and clerical assistance	3	16	6			
	Postages	8	13	4			
	Expenses of Annual Meeting, 1882	1	3	4			
	Index to Sindibad and Folk-Lore Record, vol. v. ...	3	13	6			
					26	9	5
					378	14	1
	Balance in hand :—						
	At Bankers	95	3	0			
	In hands of Honorary Secretary	5	4	8			
					100	7	8
					£479	1	9

(Signed) W. R. DRAKE, *Treasurer.*

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STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS.

We, the Auditors appointed to examine the Accounts of the Folk-Lore Society, hereby certify that the Treasurer has produced to us the Bankers' pass-book and the accounts and vouchers for the year ending 31st December, 1882, and we also certify that the above statement of Receipts and Expenditure is correct.

We have also had presented to us a statement of Expenditure from the beginning of the Society and a Balance-sheet. Without examining these in detail we are satisfied as to their correctness in principle and certify accordingly.

(Signed) John Tolhurst.
J. S. Udal.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society was held on Thursday, 5th July, 1883, at the residence of the President, 13, Belgrave Square, at 4·30 o'clock p.m.

The Right Honorable Earl BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A., President, took the Chair.

The PRESIDENT moved the adoption of the Report of the Council.

The Honorary Secretary having read the Report,

Mr. ALFRED NUTT seconded the motion of adoption.

Mr. EDWARD WALFORD asked some questions as to the publishing of the Society's books, and he was requested to bring the matter before the Council.

The Report of the Council was carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary then read the Treasurer's Account and the Statement of the Auditors.

It was proposed by Dr. KARL BLIND, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That the Account and Statement be approved and adopted, and that the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Auditors and Treasurer."

It was moved by Mr. JOHN FENTON, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That Mr. A. Lang, M.A., Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., and Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., be the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"That Mr. Edward Brabrook, Mr. James Britten, Dr. Robert Brown, Mr. Edward Clodd, Sir W. R. Drake, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Alfred Nutt, Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, Mr. Edward Solly, Mr. William J. Thoms, Mr. W. S. W. Vaux,

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and Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, be elected Members of the Council for the ensuing year."

It was moved by Captain McNEILL, seconded, and resolved, "That Mr. John Tolhurst and Mr. J. S. Udal be the Auditors of the Society for the ensuing year."

It was moved by Mr. NUTT, seconded by Mr. EDWARD WALFORD, and resolved unanimously, "That the thanks of the Society be given to Mr. W. J. Thoms for his services as Director."

Pursuant to notice, it was then moved by Mr JOHN FENTON, seconded by Mr. H. B. WHEATLEY, and resolved unanimously, "That, considering the value of the results of folk-lore research in education and in investigations into the psychology of children, the Council be requested to instruct the Folk-tale and Proverbs Committees to put themselves in communication with the Froebel Society, with a view to bringing about a co-operation between students of folk-lore, education, and psychology."

The Meeting then resolved itself into a Special General Meeting under Rule X. in order to consider as to altering Rule V. It was moved by the PRESIDENT, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That Rule V. do read as follows :—

> "'V. The affairs of the Society, including the admission of Members, shall be conducted by a President, three Vice-Presidents, and a Council of twelve Members, who shall from among themselves elect a Director, Treasurer, and Secretary. The Council shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number, *and, should it be deemed advisable, to appoint an additional Honorary Secretary.*'"

It was proposed by Mr. JOHN TOLHURST, seconded, and carried unanimously, "That this Meeting desires to express its best thanks to Earl Beauchamp for his kind and valuable services as President of the Society."

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1883-1884.

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INDEX.

Abercromby (J.), a Gaelic charm by, 192
Accounts, 406-408
Africa (South), rainmaker's customs in, 216
African Nanci story, 284-287
"A-hunting we will go," singing game, 386
Almanach des traditions populaires, notice of, 95
Alvarez (Fran.), *Poesia Popular*, notice of, 231; *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanoles*, notice of, 399
America, folk-lore in, 397-398
Analysis of folk-tales, 41-51
Ananci stories, 280-292
Andrews (Mrs.), query on buttoning garments by, 197
Angalàpona (the), fabulous Malagasy animal, 173
Animal sacrifice in Egypt, 92
Animals, fabulous, among the Malagasy, 169-174; superstitions connected with (Yucatan), 256
Ant, hero changes into, in Malagasy folk-tale, 203
Anthropology and the Vedas, 107-114
Apperson (G. L.), index to the folk-lore of Horace by, 115-118

Babylonian folk-lore, 16-22
Balam, spirits among the Maya (Yucatan), 251-253
Balaton (Lake), origin of, 358
Ball, game of in Irish folk-tale, 316
Banbury (Oxon), nursery rhyme in, 196
Barnard Castle, term of reproach, 227
Basingstoke parish church, New Year's Eve custom in, 333
Bat, superstition about the, 382
Beetle-lore, 188, 189
Bells, custom of ringing at death (Magyar), 357
Bells used in Morris dancing, 122
"Belly and the members" (fable), Malagasy parallel to, 240-241
Bewcastle, term of reproach, 227
Bible, divination by the, 333
Bible, evidence of as to savage man, 109
Bibliography of folk-lore publications in English, 77-84, 344-350, 387-394, 403; of American folk lore, 397
Birds mourn for Christ's death (Spain), 295
Birth-custom (Cornwall), 59
Birth, assistance demanded by fairies from women at time of, 25; fairies take away children at, 56
Black (W. G.), the hare in folk-lore by, 84-90; illustrations of folk-lore from works of fiction, 299-300; bibliographical list of American folk-lore, 397-398
Blind (Dr. K.), on May-chafer and spring songs in Germany, 187-190
"Bogle Hole," spirit of, 226
Bogy stories among the Malagasy, 169-174
Bones, dead men's, used by rainmakers (Polynesia), 215
Bounds, beating the, custom analogous to, 156
Brabrook (E. W.), on May customs in Provence, 301
Branwen, Irish parallel tale to, 123; additions to tale of, 268
Bread thrown over bride, 120
Brinton (Dr. D.), on folk-lore of Yucatan, 244-256
Britten (James), on children's street songs, 90, 196, 267; on Irish folk-tales, 52-55, 184-187, 316-324, 363; on trolls in Norway, 363; on Warwickshire customs (1759-60), 351-353; on witchcraft in churning, 123; witch-spell on cattle, 166
Brood of ducks, proper name for, 124

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Brothers, the two, Irish folk-tale, 185-187
Buccaboo, Cornish legends of, 364
Buckingham, nursery rhyme in, 196
Bugbears for frightening children, 197, 302
Bulkeley (Warren), on name for brood of ducks, 124
Burns, curing by charms, Durham, 91
"Bushel" (the), New Year's Day custom called, 192-193
Building superstition, 23-24
Burial at sea, superstition, 363
Burmah, rain customs in, 214
Busk (Miss R. H.), on name for brood of ducks, 124; some folk-lore notes, 92-93; peacocks foreboding ill-luck, 227; St. Swithin and rain-makers, 267

Cairnbulg (Aberdeenshire), marriage customs in, 119-121
Caledonia (New), rain-maker's customs in, 215
Camel's hair, charm for curing fever, 194
Candles, superstitions connected with, 381
Cattle, sick, cure for in Tiree, 167; witch-spell on, 57 58, 166
Cesaresco (Countess E. M.), on songs for the rite of May, 153-163; on May chafer, 297-298
Changelings, fairy, 56
Charms, 331, 332, 334, 336; for children's complaints, 195; used in Durham, 91; Gaelic, 92; Indian, 374-375; Magyar, 359; Persian, 194-195; stone celts as, 191; to remove witchcraft from cows, 57
Cheshire custom, 59; lifting men and women in, 269; wedding custom, 227
Chess, game of, 134-138
Childbirth customs, Magyar, 357
Children, customs and superstitions connected with, Durham, 91; Greece, 219; Malagasy, 237; Peshawur, 328-329; Scotland, 120-121; Swiss, 380; nursery rhymes of, 90, 384
Chilian fairy tale, 221-226
China, charms used in, 195; marriage custom in, 196
Chinese and Malagasy parallel, 193
Cholera, charm for cure of (India), 374
Christmas customs (Warwickshire), 352
Churning, witchcraft in, 123
Clouston, (W. A.), *the Bakhtyar Nàma*, notice of, 197-198
Cockchafer, verses on (Germany), 188
"Cock Robin is dead," singing game, 385
Colours sacred to rain-gods (Yucatan), 246
Continental folk-lore notes, 380-384
Conundrums (Malagasy), 38-40
Coote (H. C.), on a building superstition, 23-24
Cornwall, custom at birth of first child, 59
Cornish legends, 364, 365
Counting ditties in Malagasy, 103-106
"Counting out" rhymes, 384
Cows, taking milk from by witchcraft, 57-58
Croatia, spring and rain customs in, 156
Crombie, (J. W.), on bugbears for frightening children, 197; Scotch riddle, 267; some Spanish superstitions by, 295-296
Crops (growing), ceremonies to propitiate the gods for (Yucatan), 245-247; protecting spirits of, 251
Cross-beam, death-bed must be under, 196
Cuckoo and the swift, unlucky to kill (Hampshire), 394
Cumberland counting-out and game rhymes, 384-387

Dahle (Rev. L.), collections of Malagasy folk-lore quoted, 2, 5, 69, 73
Daisies, superstition about, 383
Darmester (James), *Essais Orientaux*, notice of, 94
Day (Rev. Lal Behari), *Folk-tales of Bengal*, notice of, 303
Days, lucky and unlucky (Switzerland), 381; (Yucatan), 248
Dead, dirges for the (Malagasy), 69-77
Death omens (Greece), 217, 218; (Magyar), 355; customs; feast for the food of the soul (Yucatan), 248-249
Death-bed superstition, 196
Death light, note on, 395
De la Borderie (A.), *Les deux Saints Caradec*, notice of, 199
De Jubainville (H. d'Arbois), *Introduction à l'Etude de la Litérature Celtique*, notice of 199
Derbyshire counting-out and game rhymes, 384-387
Devonshire, superstition in, 333-334
Diseases among cattle, cures for, 331
Divination by the bible (Ludlow), 333, (Persian), 194

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"Diviner" in Yucatan, 245
Divining-rod, note on, 28-30
Dog, superstition connected with, 227; howling, sign of death (Greece), 217
Dog (mad), cure for bite of (India), 373
Donà or Pily, fabulous Malagasy animal, 172
Donkey as cure for children's complaints, 195
Dorsetshire, superstition in, 332
Dramatic representations of May, 163, 189, 190
Drought, customs in times of (Peshawur), 325-328
Ducks, brood of, proper name for, 124
Durham, witchcraft and charms used in, 91
Dwarfs among the Maya (Yucatan), 254

Easter eggs, origin of (Magyar), 359-360; and the hare, connection between, 121-122
Easter customs (Magyar), 356
Education, folk-lore in relation to, 258-266
Eggs, game with, Magyar, 357; in Easter customs, 356
Egypt, animal sacrifice in, 92
Elf shots, 300
Elijah (prophet), associated with rain, 214
Evil eye, among the Greeks, 219, 220; belief in India, 369, 370-373; belief in Somerset, 228

Fables, Malagasy, 201-211, 233-243, 305-316, 337-343; Sierra Leone, 290
Fairies, stories of, from Monmouthshire, 379; Scotland, 25-27, 55-58; haunting houses, 167; taking children, 168; marry under trees, 90-91
Fairy-help, 27, 56
Fanany (the), fabulous Malagasy animal, 169
Featherstonhaugh (Rev. W.), on Barnard Castle, 227
Feet washing ceremony (Aberdeenshire), 119
Female imps among the Maya, 255
Fenton (John), Folk-lore in relation to psychology and education by, 258-266; an Egyptian variant of Sindbad by, 60
Fern, burning it, supposed to bring rain, 213-214
Fern seed, 26
Festivals, May, 153-163, 187-190, 297; Malagasy, 104
Fever, charm for cure of (Persia), 194
Fire worship (Yucatan) 247
Fires in May-day observances, 158
Fisher folks marriage customs, 119-121
Fisherman, superstition concerning, 355
Flesh, human, made into venison, eaten by lover in legend, 144, 145
Folk-lore bibliography, 77-84, 344-350, 387-390, 397; from works of fiction, illustrations of, 299-300; of Horace, 115-118
Folk tales, analysis of, 41-51
Folk tales, Chilian, 221-226; Irish, 52-55, 184-187, 316-324, 363; parallel tale to "Thor and his goats," 383
Football played on New Year's Day (Orkney) 332
Fonndation sacrifices, 23-24, 302
Fowl's heart used in cure for witchcraft, 91; fowls' houses put in mourning at owner's death, 93
"Fox and Hens," game called (Derbyshire), 386
"Fox and Geese" game, Malagasy equivalent for, 97
Frank (G.), on stang riding, 394-395
Friday, unlucky day, 354
Friend (Rev. H.), on Malagasy and Chinese parallels, 193; on Chinese marriage customs, 196
Fruits and crops, superstitions connected with, 248-251
Funeral customs and dirges among the Malagasy, 69-77

Gaelic charm, 192
Games, children's, Cumberland and Derbyshire, 384-387; Malagasy, 40, 97-106; with hard-boiled eggs (Magyar) 357; ball, in Irish folk-tale, 316; football in Orkney, 332
Garments, buttoning on right or left side, 197
Germany, May-chafer and spring songs in, 187-190
Ghosts, belief in (Magyar), 361
Giants and dwarfs among the Maya (Yucatan), 254
Gloucestershire, the divining rod in, 29-30
Gods (rain), 211-217, 246, 267
Gomme (G. L.), bibliography of Folk-lore publications in English, by, 77-84, 344-350, 387-394; *Folk-lore relics of early village life*, notice of, 302-303

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Gomme (A. B.), on charm for "sty" on eye, 331
Grain, burnt, cure for cholera (India), 374
Gravel complaint, cure for, 124
Greek folk-lore, 217-220
Gregor (Rev. W.), Stories of fairies from Scotland, by, 25-27, 55-58; some marriage customs in Cairnbulg and Inverallochy, 119-121; well superstition, 227; Kelpie stories, 292-294; burial at sea superstition, 363; "thirteen at table," 364; St. Elmo's light, 396

Hair (dog's), cure for bite of mad dog, 373
Handtmann (Von C.), *Neue Sagen aus der Mark Brandenburg*, notice of, 335
Hare, folk-lore of the, 84-90; connection of with Easter eggs, 121-122
Hallow-fires, 26-27
Heart (fowl's), stuck with pins, as charm, 91
Hope (R. C.), on Derbyshire and Cumberland counting-out and children's game rhymes, 384-387
Horace, index to the folk-lore of, 115-118
Horse-shoe charm (Persia), 194
House in Malagasy folk-tale, 277
Houses (haunted), belief in (Magyar), 360-361; haunted by fairies, 167

Idiotcy caused by standing under certain trees (Russia), 194
India, folk-lore notes from, 369-377
Insect bites, 93
Inverallochy (Aberdeenshire), marriage customs in, 119-121
Ireland, building superstition in, 23
Irish folk-tales, 52-55, 123, 184-187, 256-257, 316-324, 363
—— method of obtaining bad weather, 330; proverbs, query on, 93
Iron as cure for witchcraft, 123-124
Italy, May-day customs in, 297; superstitions in, 300-301
"Itrimobé," man-eating monster among the Malagasy, 233

Jackson (Miss), *Shropshire Folk-lore*, notice of, 229-230
Jaundice, cure for, in Tiree, 167
John o' Kent's magical skill, anecdote of, 379
Jones's (Rev. W. H. and J. L. Kropt) Magyar folk-lore, by, 354-362

Jug (chattering), a death warning, 121
Kelpie stories from North of Scotland, 292-294
King's evil, charm for (Devonshire), 334; cure for, 59-60; "seventh son" cure, 397
Kinòly, fabulous Malagasy animal, 172
Knots (fairy), 55
Kraus (Dr. F. S.), *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven*, notice of, 198
Krebs (H.), note on the death light, by, 395; Easter eggs and the hare, 121-122
Kropt (Lt.), Magyar folk-lore, by, 354-362

Lach-Szyrma (Rev. W. S.), Cornish legends, by, 364
Ladybird, unlucky to kill (Magyar), 355; songs in Germany, 187
Landberg (C.), *Proverbes et Dictons du Peuple Arabe*, notice of, 199
Làloméne, fabulous Malagasy animal, 173
Lang (A.), Anthropology and the Vedas by, 107-114
Legends: Babylonian, 17-19; Cornish, 364; Malagasy, 201-211, 233-243, 273-279, 305-316; of King Rasalu of Sialkot, 129-152
Lehmann (K. von) and H. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, *Die Njalssage insbesondere in ihren juristischen Bestandtheilen*, notice of, 270
Lemons, hero changes into, in Malagasy folk-tale, 203
"Lifting" custom in Cheshire, 269
Lincolnshire, witchcraft in, 354
Lindholme, hermit of, legend of, 379
Linen (household), omens from, 219
Lochee, superstition in, 30

MacCulloch (E.), note on the cuckoo and the swift, 394
MacGregor (G.), *Collected Writings of Dougal Graham, "Skellat" Bellman of Glasgow*, notice of, 366
Magicians, power of to turn into beasts (Yucatan), 249-250
Magyar folk-lore and some parallels, 354-362
Malagasy, the Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-tales of the, 1-15, 33-40, 65-77, 97-106, 169-174, 201-211, 233-243, 273-279, 305-316, 337-343
Malagasy and Chinese parallels, 193
March customs, 154-156
Marriage customs and superstitions in Cairnbulg and Inverallochy, 119-

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121; Canton, 196; Cheshire, 227; Greece, 157, 219-220; Neapolitan, 31; Savage, 110-112; Switzerland, 380-381; Tiree, 167; Wurtemberg, 383; May, 157; under trees by fairies, 91
May-chafer and May songs, 297-298; in Germany, 187-190
May day customs (Italy), 297; Spain, 298; Provence, 301
May-day festivals, 153-163, 187-190
May-marriages, lucky in Greece, 157
May plays, 163, 189-190
May-poles in Essex, 157; Warwickshire (1759), 353
May songs, 153-163, 187-190, 297-298
Maya witch story, 250
Mermaid tradition, 31; Irish story of a, 330
Michaelmas legend (Cornish), 365
Milk, customs connected with, on Whitsunday, 353
Money omen, 219
Monkey as cure for children's complaints, 195
Monmouthshire folk-lore notes, 378-379
Moore (T. H.), Chilian fairy tale by, 221-226
Morris dance, derivation of, 122-123
Myrtle foretells wedding (Greece), 383
Myths, parallels of, 112
Music among the Malagasy, 99-100

Nature myth (Malagasy), 310
Neapolitan custom, 30-31, 195-196
Neem trees, legend connected with (India), 376
New Year custom in Orkney, 332; in Basing-stoke Church, 333; Sussex, 192-193
Nine, sacred number, 167
Normandy, witchcraft in, 331
Northallerton, riding the stang at, 59
Notes, folk-lore, 28-31, 59-62, 90-93, 121-124, 166-168, 191-196, 226-229, 267-270, 297-302, 330-335, 363-365, 394-398
Notices and News, 32, 62-64, 94-96, 125-128, 168, 197-200, 229-232, 270-272, 302-304, 335-336, 365-368, 399-400
Numbers, lucky (Magyar), 356-; unlucky, 363
Nursery rhymes, 90, 92
Nutt (A.), on additions to Branwen, 268; Irish parallel tale to Branwen, 123; Irish folk-lore jottings, 330; Richmond Castle tradition, 193-194; notes on the Robin-cycle, 166; variant of Sindbad, 93

Oberle (K. A.), *Ueberreste Germanischen Heidenthums im Christenthum*, notice of, 199
Omens among the Greeks, 217-220; evil, meeting a hare, 85, 87; ill, Magyar, and some parallels, 354-355
"Oranges and lemons," singing-game (Derbyshire), 386; Malagasy equivalent to, 98
Orkney, New Year custom in, 332
Otter's bladder used to cure gravel complaint, 124
Owl, uncanny bird (Yucatan), 248

Palmer (Rev. A. S.), an Irish folk-tale by, 256-257; *Folk Etymology*, notice of, 126
Panjabi and other proverbs, 175-184
Peacock (Edward), early notices of folk-lore in Yorkshire by, 61; stone celts as thunderbolts, 191; "Bogle Hole," 226; Monmouthshire folk-lore notes, 378-379
Peacocks foreboding ill-luck, 227; feathers unlucky, 93
Peepul tree held as sacred (India), 375
Persian folk-lore, 194-195
Peshawur, folk-lore of, 324-330
Pigeons' feathers in pillows, 300
Pigs, custom connected with, 382
Pito-real, herb invisible to man, magical powers of (Spain), 295
Plover, said to have betrayed Christ (Magyar), 358
Polynesia, rain-maker's customs in, 215
Poppy seeds sent as Valentines (Magyar), 357
Provence, May-day customs in, 301
Proverbs, Babylonians, 21; Malagasy, 38; Panjabi, 175-184; Sanskrit, 177; on rain, 267-268; on dogs, 92; Welsh and Irish collection of, 93
Proverbs in regard to education of children, 258-266
Psychology and education, folk-lore in relation to, 258-266
Punning in Malagasy songs, 67

Queries, 32, 61-62, 93, 125, 197, 270, 302, 335, 365

Rain, customs for procuring, Croatia, 156; Peshawur, 325-328
Rain saints, 246, 267; *see* "St. Swithin"

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Rasálu, king of Sialkot, four legends of, 129-152
Red (colour) used in cures (India), 373-374
Rhymes and sayings, 62, 90, 92, 196, 267, 269, 331-332; Yorkshire local, 164-165
Richardson (Rev. J.), Malagasy music quoted, 99-100
Richmond Castle, tradition of, 193-194
Riddles and conundrums (Malagasy), 38-40; Scotch, 267
Rivett-Carnac (Mrs. H.), folk-lore notes from India by, 369-377
Robin-cycle, notes on the, 166
Robin Hood, 368
Roebuck (T.), proverbs quoted, 180
Rome, building superstition in, 23-24
Rosemary, tradition concerning (Spain), 295
Ross-shire, remedy for complaint of gravel in, 124
Roumania, building superstition in, 24
Rutherford (W. G.), *Babrius*, edited by, *with introductory dissertations*, notice of, 125-126

Sacrifice, animal, in Egypt, 92
St. Christopher, corpses presented to figure of, 378
St. Elmo's light, 396
St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary, Irish folk-tale of, 256
St. Mark's Eve, method of foretelling death on, 362
St. Médard, rain-maker, 267
St. Swithin and rain-makers, 211-217, 267
Salt used as charms, in Greece, 217; Yucatan, 250
Sanskrit proverb, 177
Sarah Winyan, Nancy story called, 287-290
Sargon I., Babylonian monarch, legend of, 17-19
Savage folk-lore, 107-114
Sawyer (F. E.), on New Year's day custom, 192; Persian folk-lore, 194-195; St. Swithin and rainmakers by, 211-217
Sayce (Rev. Professor), on Babylonian folk-lore, 16-22
Scotland, fairy stories from, 25-27, 55-58; Kelpie stories, 292-294; marriage customs, *see* "Cairnbulg," "Inverallochy"
Sébillot (Paul), *les Littératures populaires de toutes les nations*, notice of, 168
Seniority among the Malagasy, 240
Serpent (the good), Chilian fairy tale, 221-226
Seventh son has power of curing king's evil, 59-60, 397
Sibree (Rev. James, junior), on the Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-tales of the Malagasy, 1-15, 33-40, 65-77, 97-106, 169-174, 201-211, 233-243, 273-279, 305-316, 337-343
Sindbad, an Egyptian variant of, 60, 93
Singing, knowledge of, among the Malagasy, 65
Siona (the), fabulous Malagasy animal, 174
Skimmington riding, 365, 396
Skyrrid (Monmouthshire), earth at, considered sacred, 379
Slipper used as charm (Greece), 218
Snakes believed to be immortal (Spain), 296
Sneezing, custom of blessing after (Magyar), 357
Somerset (Mid), superstition in, 228
Songömby (the), fabulous Malagasy animal, 169
Songs, Babylonian, 21-22; children's, 90; Malagasy, 65-77; for the rite of May, 153-163, 187-190
Sorcery in Italy, 300
Souls of departed, begging bread for the (Monmouthshire), 378
"Sowans," custom when making, 56-57
Spain, May songs in, 298; superstitions in, 295-296
Speech, oratory and figures of (Malagasy), 6-15, 33-38
Spiders, superstitions connected with, 381
Spittle, charm to prevent evil eye, 373
Spirits, wandering, gifts from (Persia), 194
Stang, riding the, 59, 298-299, 330, 394-395
Stephens (Prof.), *Dr. Bugge's Northern Mythology shortly examined*, notice of, 230-231
Stone used by Yucatan diviners, 245
Stone celts, superstition regarding, 191
Stork, reverence paid to (Magyar), 354
Stornoway, superstition in, 59-60
"Sty" on the eye, charm for curing, 331; Magyar, 359
Suicide, hares committing, 86
Superstitions of the hare, 84-90; Magyar 354-364; of Yucatan, 244-256; *see* "Malagasy folk-lore"

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Sussex, New Year's day custom in, 192-193
Swan maiden story, Ananci story parallel to, 284-287; Irish parallel story to, 316-324
Swallows, superstitions about (Spain), 295-296
Swallows' songs, antiquity of, 154-155
Swiss superstitions, 380-381
Swynnerton (Rev. C.), folk-lore from Peshawnr, by, 324-330; four legends of King Rasálu of Sialkot, 129-152

Tabulations of folk-tales, 128, 168, 200, 232, 272, 304, 402
Tales (folk-), analysis of, 41-51; Ananci, 280-292; German, 265; Irish, 52-55; Malagasy, 201-211, 233-243, 273-279, 305-316
Tales (folk), in regard to education of children, 259-266
Tamarind-tree, legend connected with (India), 376
Taylor (Rev. I.), on riding the stang, 298-299, 330
Temple (Capt. R. C.), Panjabi proverbs by, 175-184; *The Legends of the Panjáb*, notice of, 399
Terry (T. C. Birkbeck), on stang riding, 394-395
"There was a jolly miller," singing game, 385
Thirteen at table unlucky, 363
Thumb, doubling the, to prevent witchcraft, 91
Thunderbolts (stone Celts) used as charms, 191
Tiree, ancient superstition in, 167
Tobacco chewing, origin of, in Malagasy folk-tale, 211
Tokan-tóngotra, fabulous Malagasy animal, 171
Tomb worship, 157
Tomb at Christchurch, Monmouthshire, sick people cured by touching, 378
Treasures, hidden, to find (Magyar), 358
Trees, fairies celebrate marriages under, 91; superstitions connected with (India), 375-377
Trolls of Norway, 363
Tuesday, unlucky day (Greece), 217
Tulsee plant (India), legend connected with, 377

Vedas (the) and anthropology, 107-114
Vikings, query on graves of, 270
Vintage, fire-arms exploded during (Switzerland), 381

Wake (C. S.), Ananci stories by, 280-292
Walker (Mrs.), some Greek folk-lore by, 217-220
Warwickshire customs (1759-60), 351-353
Water, hero changes into, in Malagasy folk-tale, 203
Water customs at Eastertide (Magyar), 356-357
Weather, bad, Irish method of obtaining, 330; fowls prognosticate changes of, 380
Well superstition, 227
Welburn, riding the stang at, 298-299
Welsh proverbs, query on, 93
Whistling and ghouls, superstition (Persia), 194
Whitsunday custom (Warwickshire), 353
Whooping-cough, cure for in Lochee, 30; Tiree, 167
Witchcraft: spells on cattle, 57-58; on churning, 123; in Durham, 91-92; in works of fiction, 299-330; in the Highlands, 396; Italy, 300; in Lincolnshire, 354; Magyar, 354; in Normandy, 331; in Peshawur Valley, 328; in Somerset, 228; in Wurtemberg, 382-383
Witch story (Yucatan), 250
Witches, requisite to Ananci stories, 287; hare, an ally of, 86; ride on magpies' tails on May night, 158; scratching a, to break the spell, 58
Wind, high, bird said to predict (Yucatan), 248
Woman, childless, regarded as accursed (Peshawur), 328
Wood (H. T.), on Cheshire wedding custom, 227
Wurtemberg superstitions, 381-382

Yatman (Rev. J.), on death-bed superstition, 196
Yorkshire local rhymes and sayings, 164-165; early notices of folk-lore in, 61, *see* "Richmond Castle"
Yucatan, the folk-lore of, 244-256
Yule-block custom (Warwickshire), 352

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